

59 JANUARY, 1908

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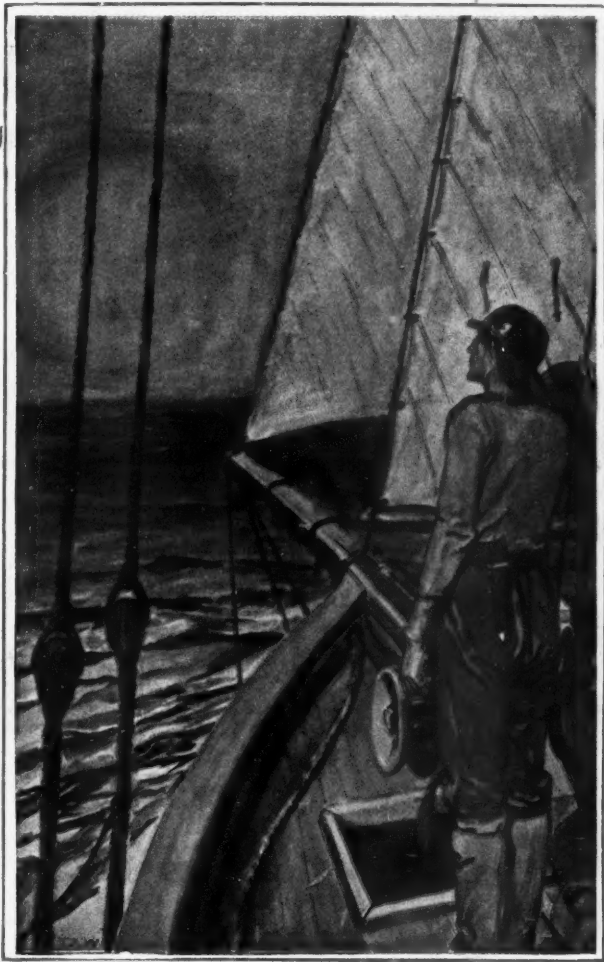
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# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

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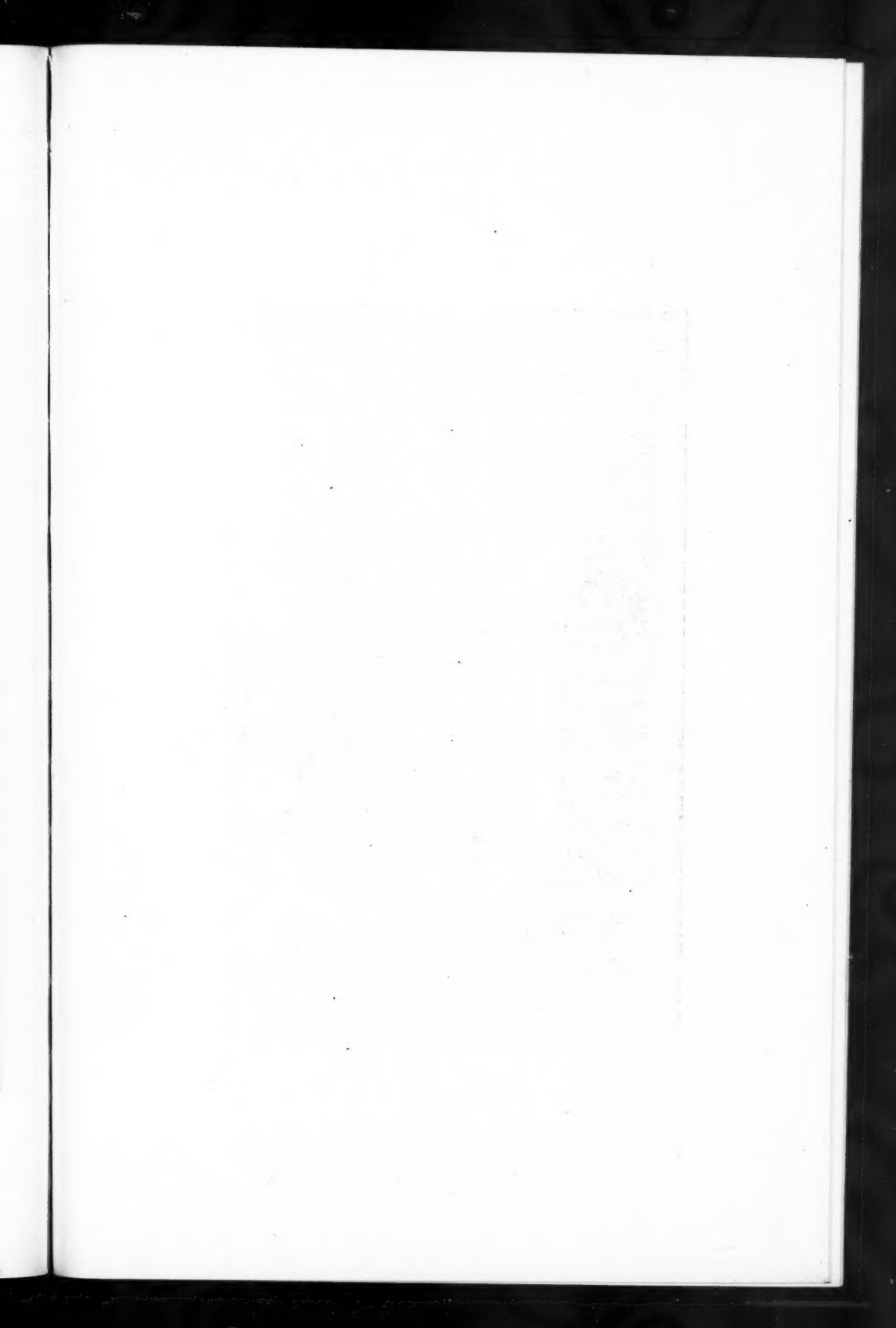
*Please hand me that!*



*"Pears"*

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

*"All rights secured."*





*Drawn by J. A. Williams*

*"A vessel larger than our little fishing sloop could not have threaded its way among the icebergs."—See "The Smoky God," page 380.*



# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVII

JANUARY, 1908

NUMBER FOUR



## Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THERE is something of the family matinee spirit in the theater *nationale*. The initial session of the Sixtieth Congress, representing a run of two year stands—three-score years, attests the growing popularity of the legislative branch of the nation.

In the morning a swarm of callers came to pay their respects in a brief manner to the President and various departments. Senators and congressmen found their way to the various committee rooms at the Capitol at an early hour. Later in the day the corridors and halls were filled with visitors, and an express wagon caravan brought floral offerings for members and senators. The rules of Congress now prohibit any decorations on the floor. Heretofore on opening days the Senate and House were a perfect bower of flowers, suggesting a wedding. Now that no flowers are permitted, the messengers ceremoniously receive the bouquets with gracious thanks for those to whom they are addressed. The flowers are taken to the hospitals while they are fresh and fragrant with the sweet odors of June-time. The perfume of many blossoms lingered in the corridors on that opening day, and everyone looked goodnatured.

Even the Supreme Court participated in the opening rush. There was a line in the corridor extending around the rotunda, waiting for the pulling of the cord that would admit them to the Supreme Court room, that they might step into that quiet place where the judges in somber array, beneath the light falling on them from the ceiling,

listen to arguments before the highest tribunal of the land, from which there is no appeal.

Congressmen were as busy as if on the committee of arrangements at a Sunday school picnic. Around the telegraph office there were many messengers coming and going with telegrams of congratulation. Thirteen new senators and many new congressmen launched public careers on that day.

\* \* \*

The center of the day's rush was on the floor of the House of Representatives. Here there was a buzz of conversation and hearty greetings among members. New-coined jokes were ready for the cloak room groups. The spirit of goodwill apparent presaged little partisan conflict for the coming session—Republicans were on the Democratic side, and Democrats mingled freely amid the Republicans, and everyone as social as an elevator boy before Christmas. It was "How are you?" here, and "Glad to see you again" there, with all the hearty earnestness of spontaneous greeting that could be witnessed in no legislative assembly except the United States Congress. Everybody was on the floor at that time—not only senators and congressmen alone; I was there myself with other friends of congressmen, to see that the ship of the Sixtieth Congress was duly launched. In the room back of the speaker's desk, I came across William J. Bryan, holding a conference with a number of friends. His overcoat was thrown across a chair and he

was looking the very pink of good health—a little stouter, a little less hair, perhaps, but “the peerless one” in every way to old friends and admirers.

The galleries were filled to overflowing. When the figure of Bryan appeared in the doorway, there was a rapping of desks and a quick burst of applause from the galleries as he marched up to the desk which he formerly occupied as a member of Congress fourteen years ago. A hearty handshake and greeting for him on all sides emphasized the popularity of the “silver tongued orator” who has twice been a candidate for the presidency.

In conversations, he gave out suggestions in reference to the various currency measures handed him to look over. The suggestions which he offered fourteen years ago, guaranteeing the deposits in the national banks, placing them under federal supervision, and thereby securing the absolute and unqualified confidence of the people in the national banks, was resurrected. Many of the Democratic members brought their bills to him to inspect, for here was the prelude of the presidential campaign of 1908 already on the boards. While holding no public office, Mr. Bryan was evidently regarded as the leader of national democracy, and he remained on the floor on the opening day of Congress at the full dress rehearsal.

At the noon hour the floor was cleared of all visitors, and the Sixtieth Congress was a fact. As I passed out through the corridor, I dropped into the speaker's room, and there was “Uncle Joe” sitting at his desk with a pink carnation in his buttonhole, leaning back in his chair while he smoked his cigar and commented on affairs with direct, homely philosophy. Secretary Busby was alone with him and was trying his best to keep the cigar ashes off the clothing of the speaker, that he might make a trim appearance in the grand march. The climax of the opening exercises was when “Uncle Joe” marched down the aisle on the arm of John Sharp Williams, leader of the opposition, who introduced the speaker amid hearty applause.

After the speaker took the oath of office by raising his left hand, he administered the same to new members collectively, delegations from five or ten states standing in the opening near the speaker's desk. When the name of Oklahoma was called there were hearty cheers for the new star in the flag.

\* \* \*

THE campaign for parcel post is being vigorously pushed. Members of Congress from the western districts, where there has been a sad misunderstanding in reference to the plans of the department, now sympathize with the movement. It has been said that parcel post would largely favor the mail order houses, but this statement is not borne out by the fact that mail order houses are vigorously opposing the introduction of the parcel post, as planned by Postmaster General von L. Meyer, who wishes, as a matter of common justice to American citizens, to reduce the postage on parcels from sixteen to twelve cents, this being the rate now obtaining in foreign countries.

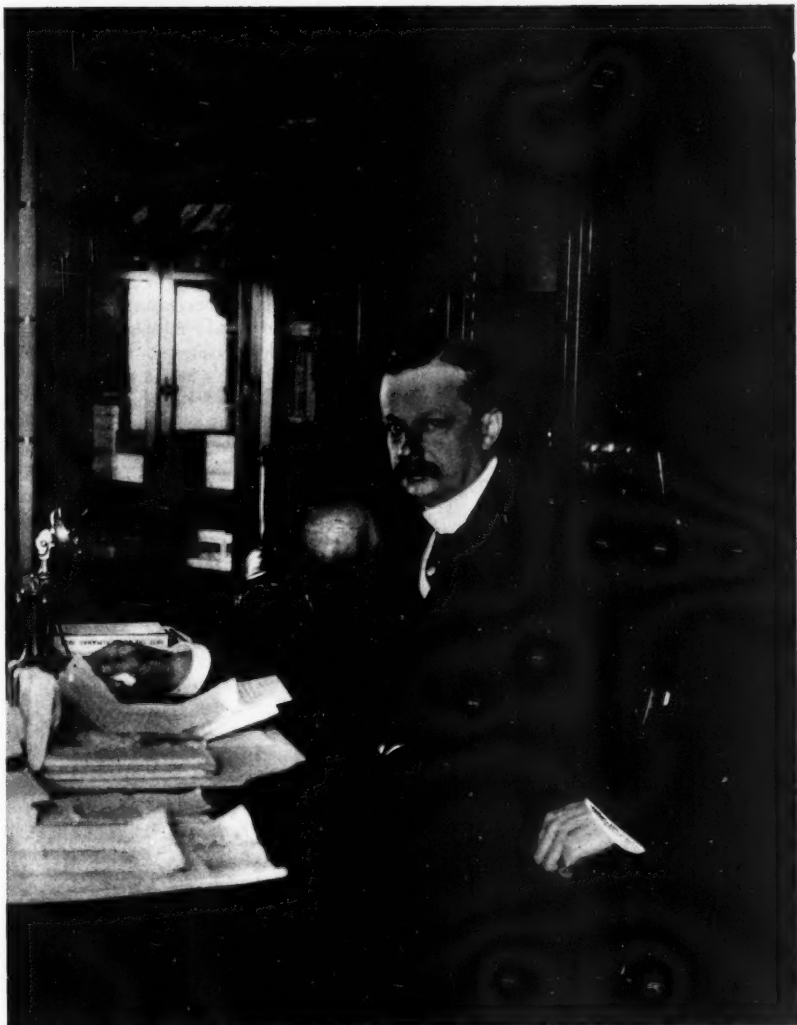
The one point that appears to be overlooked in the discussion is that the local country merchants are protected up to eleven pounds weight by a rate of two cents a pound on all parcels sent out from points where there are free delivery routes. Instead of interfering with the local trade, this plan would greatly enhance it for the reason that farmers could order by mail or telephone from merchants near at hand.

The rapid growth of the rural free delivery routes shows that something must be done to utilize this machinery more completely than is now being done, for at the present time it is comparatively lying waste, but the time is coming when the small bag and mail pouch of the carrier will develop into a parcel route, giving all local dealers a just and equitable advantage.

In Oklahoma alone there are 734 rural free delivery routes, and the total number throughout the country at the present time is 38,200, and constantly increasing.



CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER



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POSTMASTER GENERAL VON L. MEYER

With all these routes in good working order, it is positively profligate that the machinery should not be used in the manner which was originally intended in developing them. If the people will simply look into the matter and make insistent demand for that which is inherently their right, and not be blinded by unreasonable prejudice, they will have at their command, conducted on a fair and satisfactory basis, a postal service that will

not be a revolution, but merely an evolution of the present system.

Postmaster General von L. Meyer is continually giving the people comprehensive information on this subject, making it quite clear that parcel post will be something more than a mere name; it will be the forerunner of a widespread movement toward making the question of good roads a great, living reality. When the "dirt" highways of the

country are cared for in a manner creditable to a great nation, the people will have proved their capacity to properly administer the more extensive business of the metal roads, and consideration of the ownership of the railroads will then be in order. With so glaring a disgrace as our public roads and by-ways staring us in the face, the development of parcel post making a demand for more fre-



HANNIS TAYLOR, EX-MINISTER TO SPAIN, TAKEN IN EDINBURG ROBES (L.L.D.)

quent travel and better roads, will solve some vexatious phases of the "good roads" phantom, and make the agitation something of a pertinent reality.

\* \* \*

AMONG the interesting incidents that have just come to light concerning the October panic in New York City, is one of an old lady who pushed her way through the lines of depositors who cordoned the

building. That was the day when the newsboys were admonished not to yell the tale of failures too loudly in calling "wextra!"

The policemen were insisting that the old lady could not step out of the place in line which rightfully belonged to a late-comer, but she glanced at the keepers of the peace with disdain, that was increased seven-fold when she turned to survey the line of people anxiously waiting to withdraw their deposits.

"Do you suppose that I am one of *theses*?"

"Who else can you be, madam? You really must take your place in line."

"I shall never take my place in *that* line," she responded positively. "I am not a withdrawer; I have here a thousand dollars of my savings which I intend to place in this bank today, just to show these people that I have every confidence in our public institutions and in our government."

\* \* \*

The public, like a flock of sheep, follows each new movement, and there seemed to be a general impulsion into the streets, which had to be cleared of the curious; it might be said that at least for once in its existence Wall Street was under "martial law," for it seemed that if private fortune and public enterprise were hanging in the balance, every citizen in New York was determined to be "in at the death." It was doubtless a surprise to many when Wall Street weathered the storm, but the strain of those few days will long be remembered by the chiefs of the financial world.

People hardly knew when the cloud began to lift—rumors of cash payments began to be afloat. It was the old story that "the way to resume is to resume," but the recent flurry has taught one lesson—the positive necessity of co-operation and the absolute interdependence of all human operations. It has been remarked that at no time in the history of the country have the wage-earners and financiers so clearly realized the perils of a bank failure, or how closely allied to their own are the financial interests. When banking, business and industrial institutions understand that their interests are identical, they will form an invincible force against disaster. They will be like a big family of brothers and sisters, who have little "spats" among themselves, but let an outsider attack one of the members, and all the rest rally to his or

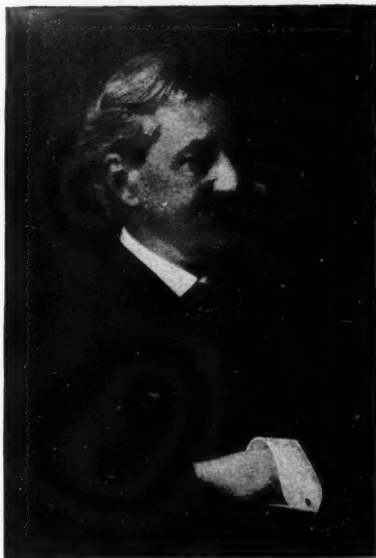
her aid. The flurry on Wall Street will not have been in vain if it has welded the financial and working interests into one magnificent phalanx of American progress.

\* \* \*

THE present quartermaster-general of the army, James B. Aleshire, won his spurs originally as an Indian fighter on the plains of the Northwest. He was a member of the class of 1880, to which Lieutenant George W. Goethals also belonged. General Aleshire's appointment was met with general approval in army circles.

He was quartermaster of the volunteer service in 1898, and served under General Shafter in Cuba. Later he saw service in the Philippines, having charge of the entire transport service between Manila and the United States.

The general is a man of keen business understanding and instincts, and Uncle Sam



GOVERNOR AMOS I. CUMMINS OF IOWA

is certainly to be congratulated on his selection. His suggestion that it may be necessary to enforce a draft to secure the requisite number of the right kind of recruits for the regular army aroused a storm of discussion, but it further proves that he means business.

THE reiteration of President Roosevelt's positive declaration that he will not accept or be a candidate for nomination for a second elective term has clarified the presidential situation. It has brought hope to the friends of other candidates, but it has in no wise changed the earnest and uncompromising purpose of his friends for the reelection of President Roosevelt for his second elective term, to insure a continuation

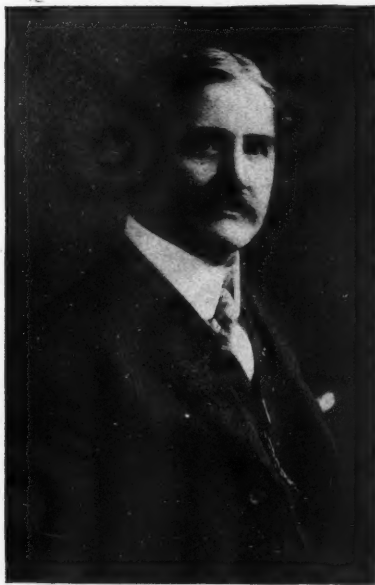


Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

SCOTT C. BONE, EDITOR OF THE WASHINGTON HERALD

of those policies which have gained for him the admiration and confidence of his countrymen.

As Senator Jonathan Bourne, Junior, has remarked: "The President's resurrection of his 1904 declaration does not affect the political situation. No intelligent person can honestly question his sincerity. Roosevelt, as the individual, undoubtedly wishes, at the end of this term, to be relieved of the burden of public duty, but Roosevelt, the public servant and ideal American citizen, must obey the commands of the people if issued, and I, for one, believe the people will command him to serve his country for another four years."

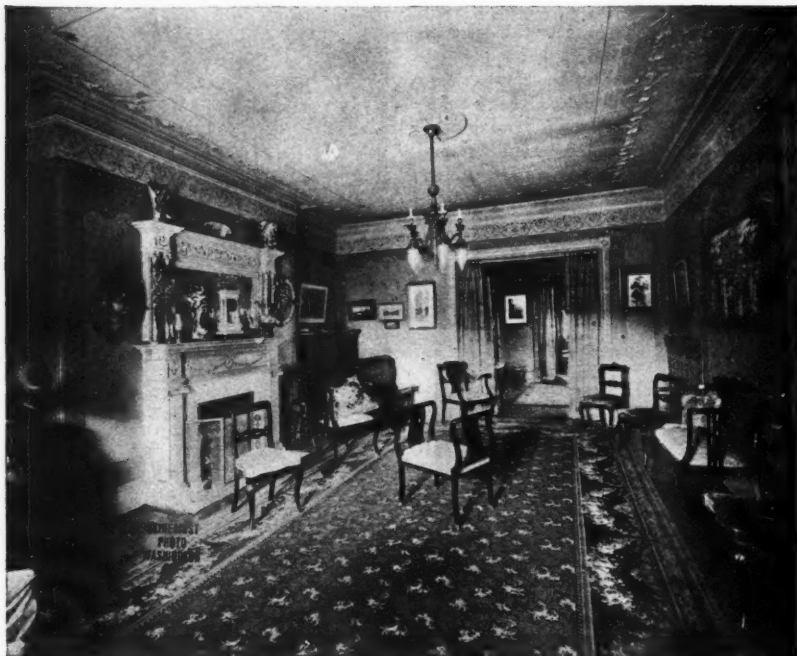
The readers of the National who have the

conviction that President Roosevelt should serve another term, will keep right on sending in manuscripts recording their opinions until the closing date of the offer, February 15.

The judges selected are Governor Amos L. Cummins of Iowa, Honorable Hannis A. Taylor, ex-minister to Spain, and Mr. Scott T. Bone, editor of the Washington Herald. With the matter left in the hands of these

Knox, Foraker and others are making sail to land delegates at the Chicago wharf for the Republican National Convention in June.

The resolution offered in the house by Congressman Clayton of Alabama, forbidding even a third term service as president, may have had an effect in bringing matters to a focus, but the President feels now that his friends must take him at his word



DRAWING ROOM OF GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

judges, our readers may well feel sure of a just decision as to the best article submitted as to why Theodore Roosevelt should succeed himself; these articles are sent in competition for Senator Bourne's offer of a thousand dollar prize for the best article on this subject made through the National Magazine.

The decision will be reached on March 15. In the meantime the presidential cauldron continues to boil.

The return of Secretary Taft will give an impetus to his candidacy, but the friends of Fairbanks, Cortelyou, Cannon, Hughes,

At Concord, New Hampshire, are the scenes so interestingly described in a recent story by Winston Churchill. The old State House especially seems to me almost haunted by the characters that walk through the book.

For years I have made a practice, whenever I pass within visiting distance, of calling on every senator and congressman at his home, and when in New Hampshire recently I called on the senior senator of "the old Granite State". It is especially pleasant to see these public men in private life, because then one obtains a new light upon their





*Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.*

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL J. B. ALESHIRE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY



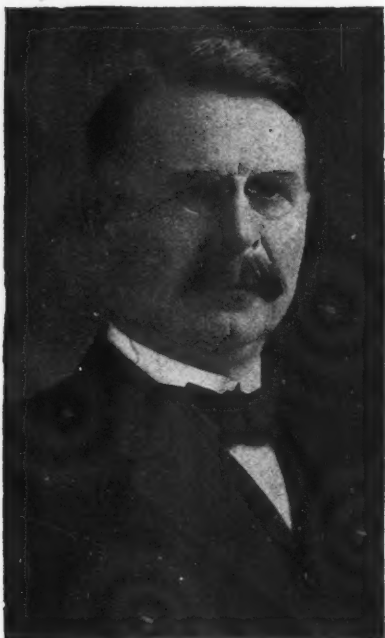
characters, and can better understand the work in which each is interested for his own constituents, or the country at large.

Senator Gallinger has passed the high-water mark of three score years and ten, but he is as bright and lively at heart as a young

St. Louis, a member of this party, states that "the future of South America hinges on the completion of the Panama Canal, and that this country will then furnish the greatest market for the exploitation of American products on the schedule at the present time."

This trade would be truly reciprocal, for while the United States now consumes about ninety-seven per cent. of the products of Argentina, a very large proportion of their imports are from Europe.

The Sixtieth Congress it is believed will enact a shipping bill which will benefit the manufacturing interests of this country and make it possible for them to find an ample market for our manufactures in South America. In the development of foreign trade, Senator Gallinger and that veteran



CONGRESSMAN C. R. DAVIS OF MINNESOTA

man of twenty. I found him located not far from the State House, and at home, just the same genial, hard-working man that he is in Washington. A reward has been offered to anyone who will find the senator not "doing something."

One subject to which Senator Gallinger is especially devoted is our merchant marine. Washington was recently visited by a delegation from the Argentine Republic; they came from the south temperate zone during the winter simply to look after the interests of the ship subsidy bill. By the way, that word "subsidy" has an odious sound, and has done much to retard passage of the bill. This measure if passed, will be the means of building up a flourishing trade between the United States and South America.

Mr. Harvey S. Wentworth, formerly of



CONGRESSMAN OSCAR W. GILLESPIE OF TEXAS

of merchant marine interests. Senator William D. Frye of Maine, will ever feel that their work in the Senate is incomplete until they have secured the passage of a merchant marine bill which will give American shipping interests a larger proportion of the tens of millions paid annually to foreign ship-owners for transporting American products.

**S**TIRRING, dramatic scenes are often recalled when I meet a chance acquaintance of some celebrated statesman who has passed away. In the lobby of the New Willard I found an elderly gentleman who had been a friend of Roscoe Conkling. He said: "It does not seem like Washington to me without Roscoe Conkling. I miss that imperious form stalking about the avenues. Never," he continued, "can I forget the day that Roscoe Conkling resigned. There was great excitement over President Garfield's appointment of the New York collector of the port, and that was the last straw that decided Conkling to act. His feud with Blaine was then at its height, and as Roscoe Conkling sat that morning in his accustomed place, it was noticed that his face was paler than usual as he pointed out a newspaper paragraph.

"I can bear it all until it comes to that,"



CHAS. D. CARTER, INDIAN CONGRESSMAN FROM OKLAHOMA

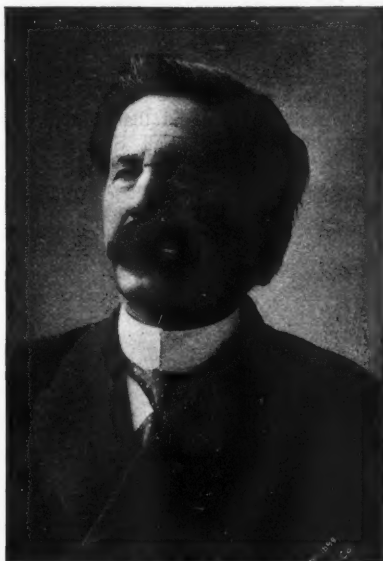
he said. "When they attack my home and my wife, that is the end of public life for me. When the sacredness of my family life is trailed in the dust, that is too much—I am going home, never to return here."

"Tears glistened in his eyes as he pushed back the hair from his forehead.

"Conkling," said my friend, "was far from well-to-do on the salary of a senator.

He said to me that last day, 'Now I am going home to earn money in my profession, and pay the debts that have accumulated while I have been trying to help friends.'

"He retired from public life, and it was a great satisfaction to him that he paid \$40,000 of accumulated debts within one year; no lawyer at that time could command a higher



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LEWELLYN POWERS, CONGRESSMAN FROM MAINE

fee than Roscoe Conkling. His later career was in sharp contrast to the time when I first knew him as a young attorney, in Utica, when he won his first case in the court there."

After I had left my old friend, I began to wonder whether the historians of his time ever gave Conkling the credit due to that brilliant statesman.

\* \* \*

**T**HE stock market fluctuations of October, 1907, which set in during the President's Louisiana hunting trip, suggested to many, who say values in stocks and bonds evaporate over night, that possibly the President had been gunning among the Wall Street bulls, rather than among the bears of the Louisiana cane-brakes. The Southern bears did not have all the excite-

ment, for there were "bears" on Wall Street just dancing with glee as they saw erstwhile valuable stock shrivel and shrink—which indeed meant profit to them, but heavy loss to others. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good!" says the ancient proverb.

One man says, "It is simply a matter of Wall Street being unable to sustain values, and failing to buy in the usual way to support the market; for the reason that the actual supply of currency and funds has for the time been exhausted." The usual flow of currency was, for the moment, stopped and unavailable.

Few people understand that, despite the odium heaped upon Wall Street, heroic

in conditions heretofore considered fundamental. The monetary interests that are forecasting the future political developments of the presidential year, 1908, may prophesy truly, for opinion crystallizes into action in Wall Street, and it is only a question of time when decisions there made will strongly affect the country at large. The financial conditions must always be considered, for the timidity that sweeps over the country when there is news of a "slump" in values is something that must be reckoned with—public confidence, revived and increased is the only thing which can insure prosperous times.

Innocent investors, small and large, suffered more during the recent panic than was at first thought. We may wrap our comfortable mantles about us and say, "Well, let Wall Street catch it. We don't care; we have our food, our clothing and our products back of us," but it will soon be discovered that if there is no market for these products—then we begin to feel less assured of our own prosperity.

This great disturbance of the values of leading corporate interests was largely caused by the inevitable reaction in cases where otherwise valuable properties have been outrageously over-capitalized, and have now encountered and are facing the inevitable day of reckoning. With the Sixtieth Congress in session, the American people will, no doubt, strongly realize that the current and sarcastic claims that Congress is causing needless disturbance is wholly uncalled for. Congress will simply clothe the demands of the people with legislative power, and its action will assuredly restore public confidence in all honest and deserving corporate securities.

While those who pose as authorities on finance are prone to blame some particular person or circumstance, it was "the inevitable logic of events"—that called a halt on the "high finance," that like unhappy Icarus flew too high and too near the blazing sun. The day of final settlement may be delayed, but must surely come at last, and after this temporary disturbance is over, more conservative and honest dealings will result in that enduring confidence, which could not be inspired by the worldly speculative tactics of the last decade.

More than all, it must not be forgotten that a great bulwark of valuable production



REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT G. COUSINS OF IOWA.

deeds are performed daily to support values in that maelstrom of business and speculation; nor do these movements primarily serve merely selfish ends, for the farmer, the laboring man and the merchant are all more or less dependent on the rise or fall of Wall Street interests and values.

Private fortunes have been often imperilled in such emergencies as that of October, 1907, in rendering services to the public which have in them all the elements of the heroic sacrifice exemplified by the soldier on the field.

The recent flurry suggests a revolution

# America.

My country, 'tis of thee  
Sweet Land of liberty,

Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country - thee  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love

I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and tangled hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues erupt,  
Let all that breathe the word,  
Let every voice declare -  
Thee, second, no more!

Our fathers' blood is thine,  
Author of liberty,

To thee we cling;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

Written in 1832,

Free Aug 23/4 1894

MS. A. 9. 2  
Quaker.  
Princeton, N. J.

America: Quaker's Stanzas.

I love thee inland seas,  
Thy green is quiet trees.  
Thy rolling plains;  
Thy rivers, my life's veins;  
Thy mystic canyon depths,  
Thy mountain sides and steep,  
All thy domains;  
Thy silver Eastern strands;  
Thy Salem gate that stands  
Facing the West;  
Thy glowing Southwest winds;  
Thy sunset and twilight fires;  
O land my life's companion;  
Thou I love best.

Henry van Dyke

December, 1905.

S. P. Smith

and immense exports to favorable foreign markets, stands between the American people, and such a general panic as prostrated business in 1893. Then we had good crops; but India, Australasia, the Argentine Republic, Russia, and even Egypt and Continental Europe in many staples, deluged our best markets with competing cereals, animal food, and staples and dairy products. Horses on the ranges went down in price to

years of increasing, persistent drought, lost millions of sheep and cattle, and had, at times, to become an importer of cereals. Argentine also suffered greatly from drought and locusts, and Russia has never since raised a surplus of food, for her own people. The Boer War, our own Spanish embroglio, and the Russo-Japanese war, with the development of our own new settlements, have almost swept our markets bare of horses



DINING ROOM OF SENATOR KNOX OF PENNSYLVANIA

from three to ten dollars per head, with few takers. Cattle and sheep could not be profitably exported in competition with the flood of imports from Australian and Argentine ranges. Wheat fell in some Northern localities to forty-six cents per bushel, and even India sent in her millions of bushels to the Mark Lane brokers

Closely on the heels of that era of panic, came a series of disasters that destroyed this competition, and gave the farmers and herdsmen of America their Golden Age of unrivaled prosperity. India has since known little else but pestilence, famine and at best insufficient harvests. Australia, swept by

and mules, at high prices. These are the things that have made possible a prosperity, which even financial extravagance and dishonesty frantically revealed, could but deprive of its legitimate benefits, but not wholly destroy. The needs of the world and our ability to supply them will soon calm this temporary storm of financial disturbance.

\* \* \*

ONE of the most ardent admirers of the President tells of the time he first met him. It was at a dinner given by a certain senator at his home, and before Mr. Roosevelt had gained any special distinction be



*Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.*

HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE



yond that of being police commissioner and member of the legislature. It happened that he was about the only one of the galaxy of celebrities whom my friend did not know.

"I did not think enough of the young man to even seek an introduction," said my friend. "He occupied the end of the table, and did most of the talking, coming out with positive opinions about everything under the sun, often emphasized by a smashing blow on the table. The conversation turned on foot-ball,

for, in the parlance of the times, 'he has made good.'"

The early prejudices of this man have long since crystalized into profound admiration for the President, which is shared not only by the people of this country but those of other nations who admire a forceful character

\* \* \*



Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR WM. P. FRYE CONTEMPLATING THE FATE OF THE MERCHANT MARINE BILL

and the discussion grew red-hot, the young man insisting 'that the fact of a player having been killed in the game was no argument against its real virtues.'

It seems that, so energetic was the defence of football by Mr. Roosevelt, that the opinion of President Eliot of Harvard was swept aside.

"I thought to myself," he said, "that if there ever was a fresh young guy who needed a good lesson, it was this young man from 'Noo Yo'k.' You can imagine my surprise when, a few days later, I saw that he had been appointed assistant secretary of the navy, and later he went South and organized the Rough Riders. Since then his career is too well known to need comment, but I have long ago decided that the opinionated young man knew exactly what he was talking about;

NOW comes Thomas Edison with plans for building a house inside of twelve hours, at a cost which will make it possible for everybody to own a home, bought or built at a reasonable price. Next spring he is going to build a house from a model which he has constructed, cast or modeled in cement composed of five parts sand and five parts of a mixture in which crushed stone figures prominently. A house twenty-five feet wide by forty-five feet deep and three stories high, capable of housing three families, can be built for \$3,000. The cement is to be poured into molds from the top, until the mixture has filled the entire mold, and thus the edifice could be built in twelve hours, and be completed ready for use in six days; but best of all, it would be a dwelling absolutely fire-proof and needing no fire insurance, and very little in the way of repairs.

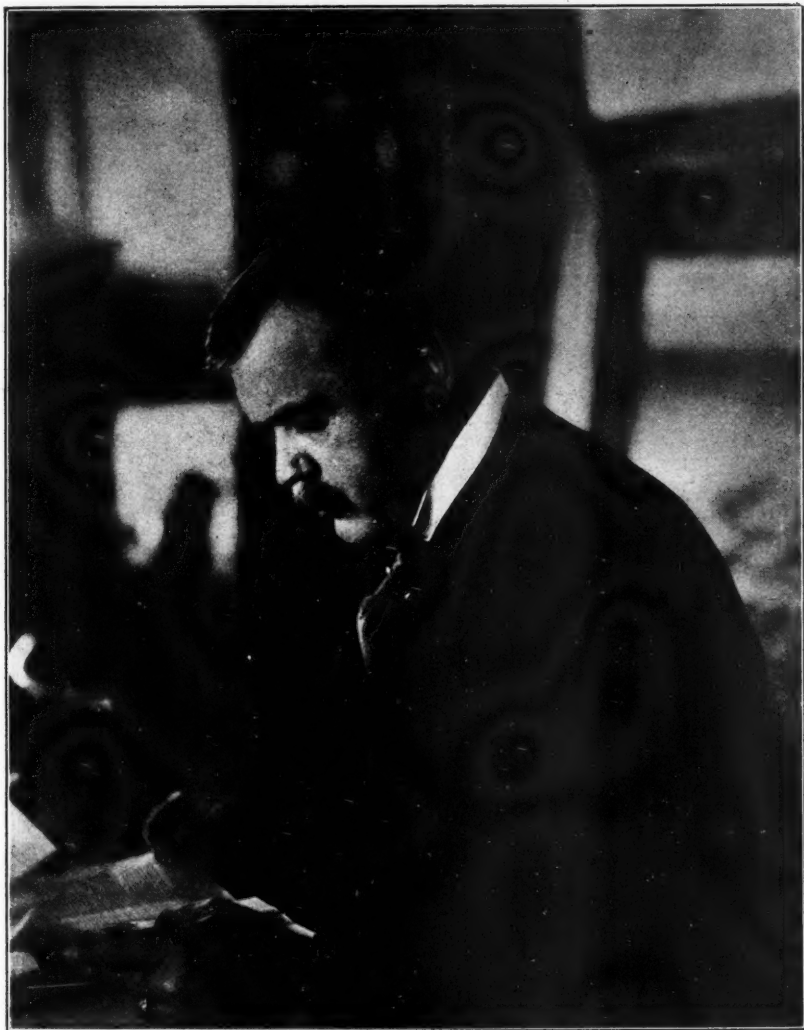
As usual, the "Wizard of Menlo Park" has been working out the utilities of life. The molds for this work are of cast iron and provide all necessary supports or passages for the heating pipes, staircase, floors and roofs; and even the wash and bath tubs can be made in cement if desired. The owners of such a mansion are not likely to be called upon for heavy bills for repairs, when even the window sashes are of cement.

A mold, properly made, will be durable enough to construct 30,000 houses; for these molds, when the house is finished, are carried off to any other locality where another edifice is to be built. When I visit Mr. Edison again on his birthday, I fully expect to be greeted in a concrete mansion made to order.

\* \* \*

ON the President's return to Washington it was announced that he would see the newspaper men in the afternoon of a given day. Promptly on time they gathered before the door of the executive office, and held a genial, social conclave together, waiting for





CHARLES MAGOON, REPRESENTING THE UNITED STATES IN CUBA

presidential visitors to leave. They finally filed into the cabinet room and stood around the table, hats in hands, ready for a greeting, drumming a tattoo on the Derbys with nervous fingers itching for a good "story."

There was nothing stately or formal in the meeting with the President. With his hands on the back of his chair, he stood at the head of the cabinet table, responding to the various

queries, speaking as quickly and readily as though on the witness stand. Many subjects were touched upon, from the contract for government coal to the speed of submarine and torpedo boats, and the constitution of Oklahoma, which the President had approved, but added, parenthetically, that he did not care to give his personal opinion of the constitution, but inasmuch as the majority had concluded

that they wanted it, he was perfectly willing to be guided by their wishes.

Quips were flying; there were quizzical questions from quizzical fellows, and there was high glee when the President told of the experience of the morning with little Quentin, who had entered the office on roller skates and was in a corner of the waiting-room when he was observed by stately Colonel Pete Hepburn, who was astonished, when the boy took off his coat, to see snakes in the sleeve, and

After telling the story of little Quentin and the snakes, the President answered sundry questions concerning international complications, and naively told the story of old Bill Jones, the Missouri sheriff, who insisted, once upon a time, on making an arrest of a certain bad man. After some time he cornered the bad man and had the "drop" on him; when he was asked if he thought the bandit would "come along."

Old Bill replied: "Well, we'll bring him



DRAWING ROOM IN SENATOR FORAKER'S WASHINGTON HOME

still more surprised to find that they were real, live reptiles, brought from the Long Island home. Evidently the Roosevelt boys don't admire toys when they can have the "real thing."

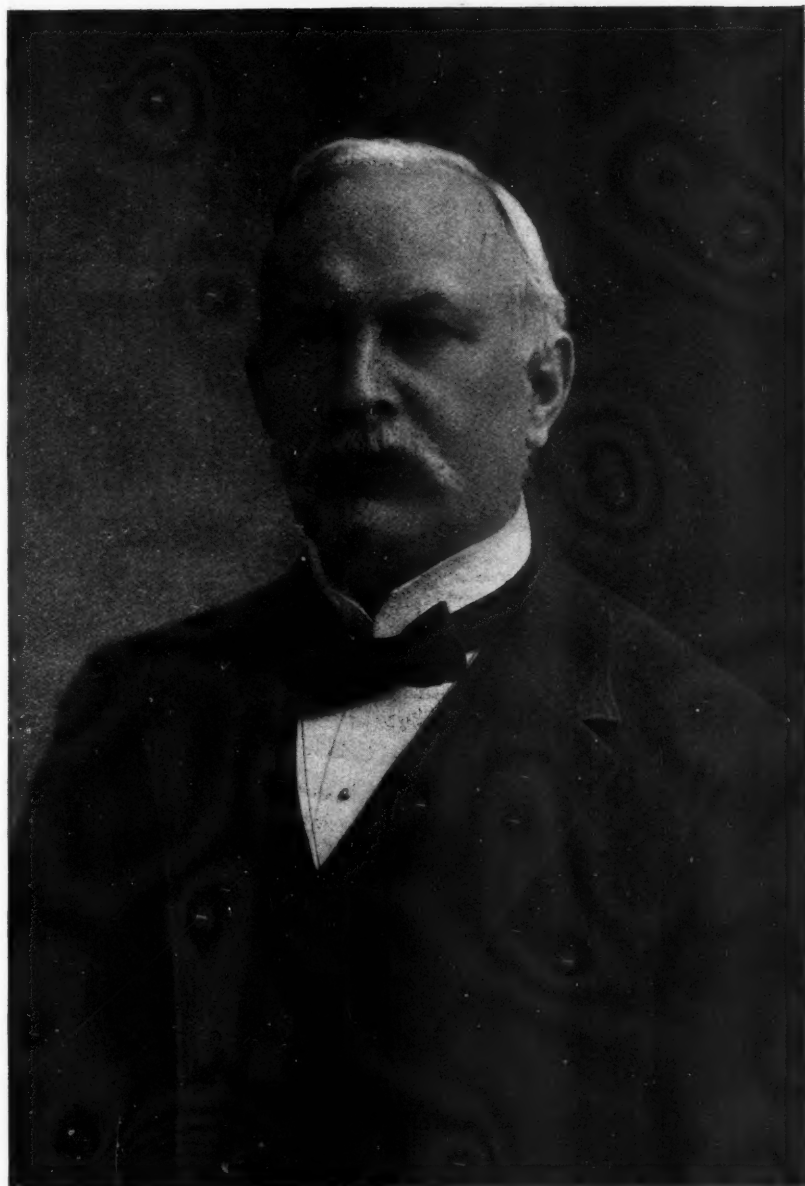
One of the newspaper men asked, very meekly, if the snakes were poisonous, and was told that they were "king snakes." His conferees laughed at him as another recruit for the nature fakirs, who would be able to inform him that king snakes are not poisonous.

The President is never too busy to have a frolic with his boys, or to enjoy such incidents as Quentin's episode with the snakes.

back alive or we will have to prop him up."

The President remarked that the fleet would sail for the Pacific or we should "prop 'em up."

Simmered down into a nutshell, the answer to the query as to why the fleet is to go to the Pacific—it goes in response to the President's policy of speaking direct. When the fleet is sent, if Japan wants to fight, well and good. If she does not want to fight, better still, but there is no contradicting the fact that the fleet is going to the Pacific, as a plain spoken warning to Japan, which she cannot fail to understand.



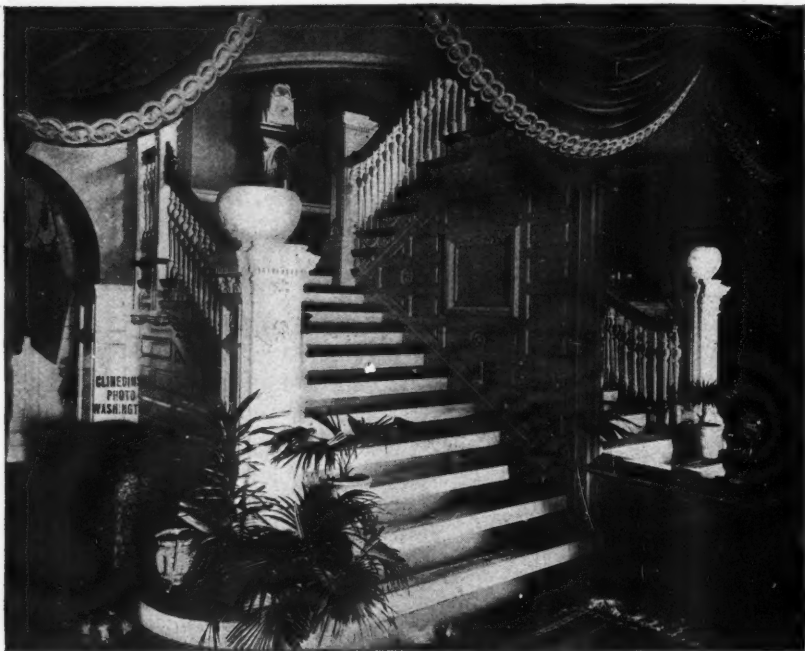
SENATOR JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER OF OHIO, WHO HAS BECOME THE STRONG DEBATER AND CONSERVATIVE LEADER IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE. HE BATTLES FOR CONVICTIONS IN THE TEETH OF POPULAR CLAMOR AND REFUSES TO BE "ELIMINATED."

IT is not often that statistics grow eloquent, but when I heard a friend reading facts from a census bulletin in reference to the crops produced in 1907, I thought that never were rounded periods or the rotund rhetoric culled from the pages of Daniel Webster's orations more eloquent in declaiming the greatness of our country.

His Majesty King Corn added to the wealth of the republic in products \$2,553,000,000, at an average of twenty-six bushels

Good old buckwheat—what should we do without buckwheat cakes?—comes to the front with an average of 7.19 bushels; hardly up to the average attained last year.

Then there are potatoes, with an average of ninety-five bushels to the acre; so you can think of how many potatoes you have raised on your own land, and then test your estimate by what has been done, as recorded in this report. The farmers of Aroostook county, Maine, have reduced potato-raising



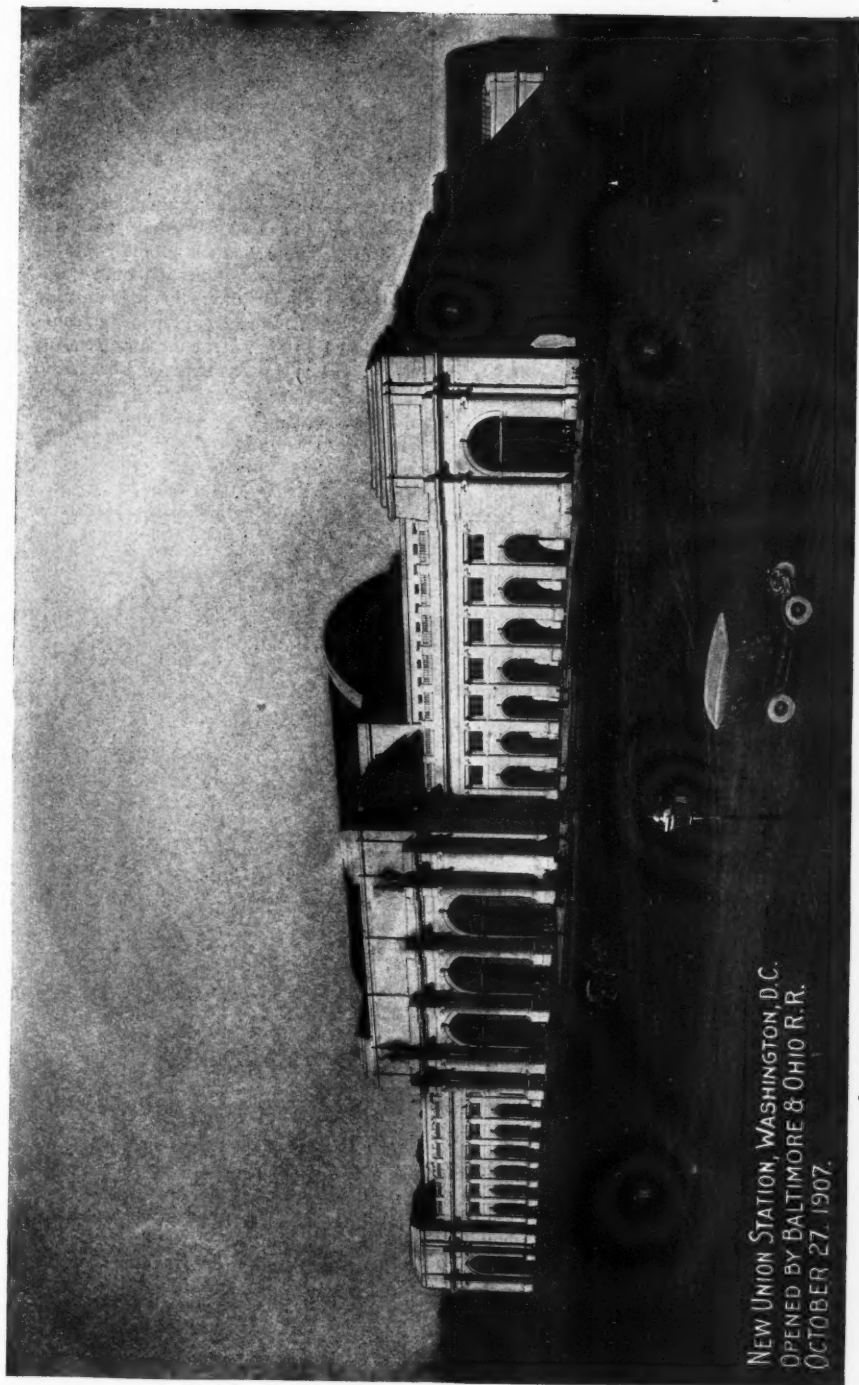
STAIRWAY IN SENATOR FORAKER'S WASHINGTON HOME

to the acre; a record surpassing that for the ten years previous, wherein the average of 25.7 was produced. On the corn list, Illinois stands at the head with 342,000,000 bushels; next the Hawkeye state, with 291,000,000 bushels. The smallest production recorded in the entire list is Louisiana's, set at only 28,000,000 bushels—a small pittance indeed. Minnesota, the state which it will be recalled a few years ago was placed entirely outside the corn belt, with Arizona, produced nearly forty million bushels last year, an average of twenty-seven bushels to the acre.

to a science, and produce magnificent crops, chiefly relying on commercial fertilizers, which the modern farmer prefers because they do not plant weeds among his crops.

The crop of tobacco, 858 pounds to the acre on an average, shows a slight increase over former years, and the total production amounts to 645,000,000 pounds.

The flax fields of the great Northwest averaged nine bushels to the acre, and those who are interested will be glad to know that over 25,000,000 bushels are estimated for the present year.



NEW UNION STATION, WASHINGTON, D.C.  
OPENED BY BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R.  
OCTOBER 27, 1907.

Rice is one of the wonderful developments in agricultural products. Over thirty-three bushels to the acre have been grown, with a total production of 21,000,000 bushels as compared with 2,000,000 bushels ten years ago, showing the greatest increase exhibited in any product. This amphibious crop, that resembles oats and grows in marshes, brings value to wastes hitherto considered worthless.



CONGRESSMAN BATES OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE parting words of Admiral Bob Evans when, bent on making the closing cruise of his illustrious career memorable in the annals of history, he embarked with all the enthusiasm of a young midshipman, assured the people that they would not be disappointed in his men crossing the Pacific, whether it were "feasting or fighting." "I do not fear the afternoon calls, the theaters or the flowers. Navy life has a singular glamor for the young and impressible, and yet seems to lend itself to terse, concise expression such as "Don't give up the ship!" "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead!" "Gridley, when you are ready, fire!" and "We have met the enemy and they are ours!" Few characters in public service today come closer to the hearts of the people than Admiral Dewey, that great

tender-hearted sailor, and "Fighting Bob" Evans, whose very names awaken a thrill of enthusiasm and a suggestion of brisk seabreezes.

\* \* \*

THE question of immigration has been one of the most important that have come up for consideration in the Southern states, and Senator Latimer of South Carolina made a trip to Europe this year to study the conditions. In many of the foreign countries visited he found that the arrangements were almost as strict as those on Ellis Island on this side of the water. All European countries, except Italy, discourage emigration, and it is amazing how well informed the people of Europe are concerning the United States.

Senator Latimer went abroad as a member of the special Immigration Commission, and



GEORGE H. HAM, THE POPULAR RAILROAD MAN OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC AND FRIEND OF EVERYBODY

states that every courtesy was shown him, although some suspicion as to the object of the visit was at first evinced in Germany. There the senator visited many immigrant's homes, and learned the motives for their leaving their native soil, and later saw those same immigrants ready to sail, with bands playing and every token of rejoicing at the prospect of a new home across the sea.

The senator suggests the appointment of





WILLIAM J. BRYAN



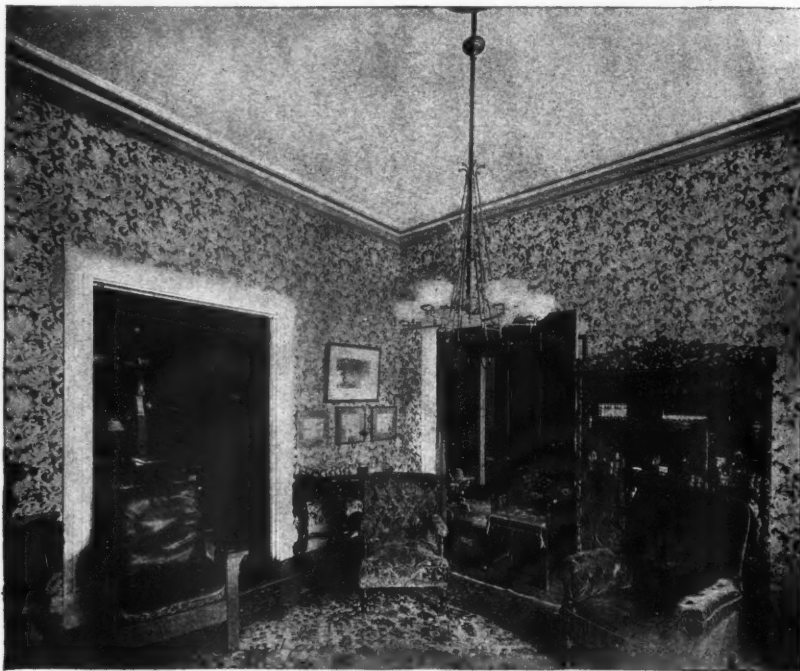
a special immigration commissioner in every state, to study out a feasible and practical plan for locating immigrants and home-seekers in environments that are best suited to their customs and needs.

\* \* \*

OFF for a cruise to the mid-Pacific, where the island of Guam lies 3,000 miles west of Honolulu, and 2,500 miles east of Manila,

with him," and his life on board ship will be much less monotonous, than if he had to serve as ordnance or executive officer, far away from friends and home.

Lieutenant-Commander Schofield does not anticipate any trouble with the people of Guam, who are very peaceable and little inclined to be resentful of American authority. He will see much beautiful scenery and many foreign naval officers, besides American mili-



PARLOR IN SECRETARY TAFT'S WASHINGTON HOME

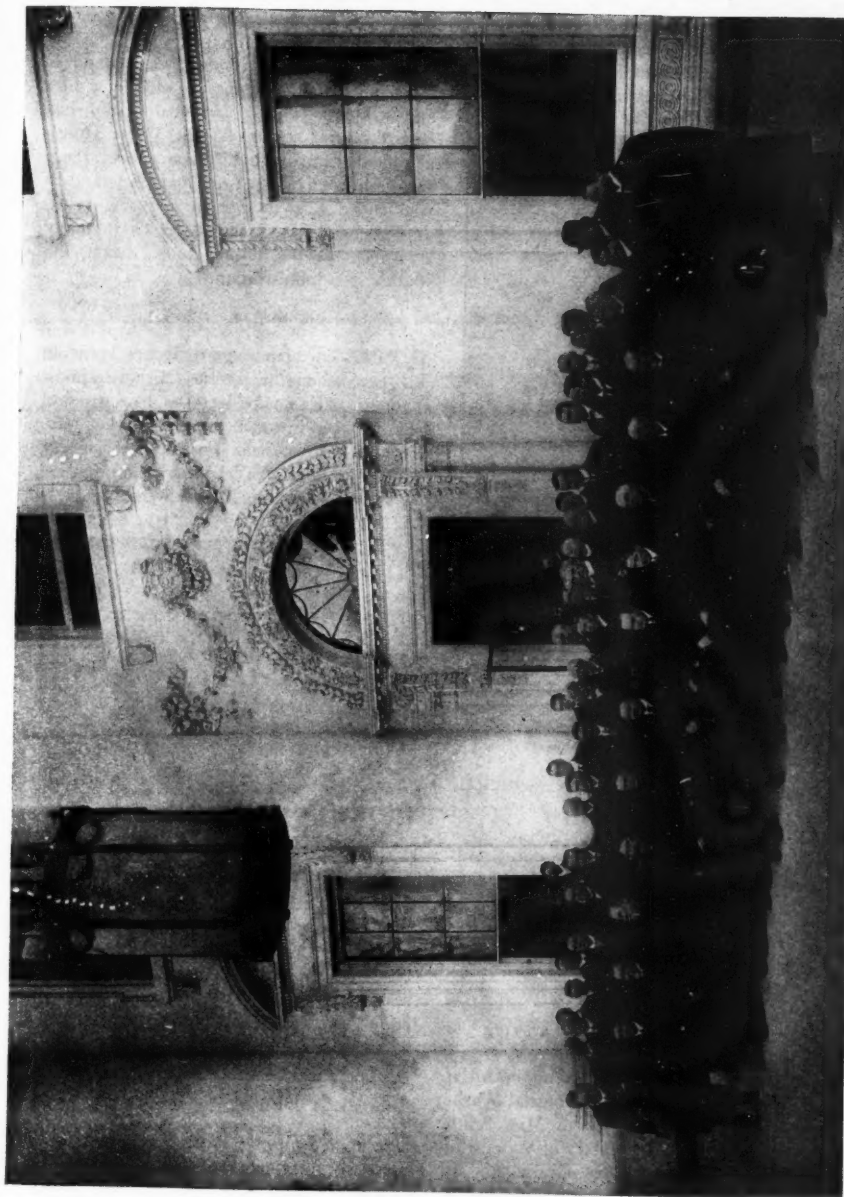
Lieutenant Commander Frank H. Schofield will command the station-ship "Supply," on board of which he will reside with his family, who will accompany him. He will not be wholly confined to the Guam Station, as he will probably make voyages to Manila, Che-foo, Hong Kong, Yokohama, or perhaps Honolulu.

Compared with the duties of many of his brother officers, who are going to sea on a two to three year's cruise, on foreign service, Lieutenant-Commander Schofield has a most desirable assignment, as he "takes his home

tary and civil officials, not forgetting civilian tourists, merchants, traders, "beach-combers" and other "queer white men."

\* \* \*

THE return of Wu Ting Fang to Washington as Chinese ambassador will enliven the diplomatic corps. A call on Mr. Wu is always interesting; he has a store of information and he delights in telling American jokes. It does not matter whether he loses the point or not if he only succeeds in clothing it in American verbiage—but if any-



MEMBERS OF NATIONAL REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE, AT  
THEIR DECEMBER MEETING

one thinks that Wu Ting Fang is at all lacking in nervous, forceful intelligence, there is likely to be a sudden awakening some day. Few Oriental ambassadors have so completely caught the spirit of American ideas



SENATOR DOLLIVER OF IOWA

as Mr. Wu, and his active service in this country inspired dangerous suspicions of over-activity on his part, when things "were doing" in China; but he has come back with a clean slate, and is decidedly *persona grata*.

\* \* \*

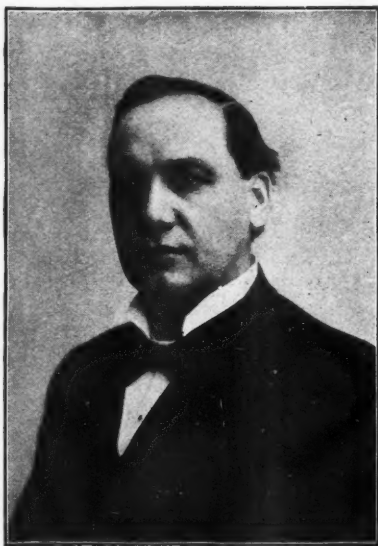
WASHINGTON always has a full schedule of social events during the month of January, for after the New Year's reception at the White House there is scarcely an afternoon or evening that is not the date of some social function.

Among the notable weddings of the social season, one in which executive official Washington participated was that of Miss Edith Root, daughter of the Secretary of State, who married Lieutenant Ulysses Grant 3d. It was what is called by the society editors "a small home wedding," and was characteristic of the quiet domestic life of Secretary and Mrs. Root.

The bride is one of a number of daughters of the Cabinet who have been married during the present administration. She is a young lady of charming presence and is much interested in domestic and home life, and in literary work. Lieutenant Grant has served several seasons at the White House as aide-de-camp with Lieutenant Lee; these two grandsons of the two great commanders who ended a great war in enduring peace at Appomattox have joined hands in many a cotillion at the White House during the Roosevelt administration.

\* \* \*

EVER since those early years spent in Dakota on the prairies, I have almost a human affection for trees, and no wonder! I like to keep in touch with the work undertaken at the American Forestry Association, and was setting forth in quest of information when, in a little park near Washington, I



SENATOR BURKETT OF NEBRASKA

came upon a number of small boys who were vigorously playing. In one corner of the lot was a young man planting trees in the form of sticks and laths, anything that would hold up and "pretend" it was a tree. It was interesting to see how he had adorned that

sand-pile with his creations. I wondered what his idea was.

"My boy, what are you going to be when you grow up?" I asked.

"I'm going to work on a big farm with trees on it," said the little fellow, as he continued to dig vigorously, the while he glanced at the little maid who sat near-by with her doll. Another little chap piped out, "I'm going to work for the big companies, and get a big salary."

I stopped to talk a few minutes with them; they set me to thinking, and I came to the conclusion that there is a disposition among the boys of today to work for corporations rather than to create business in a smaller way for themselves. They would rather have a big slice of the mighty corporation loaf than a little loaf all their own. It is a curious indication of the trend of thought of the present time—dine in a cafe; dwell in an apartment house; work for a corporation.

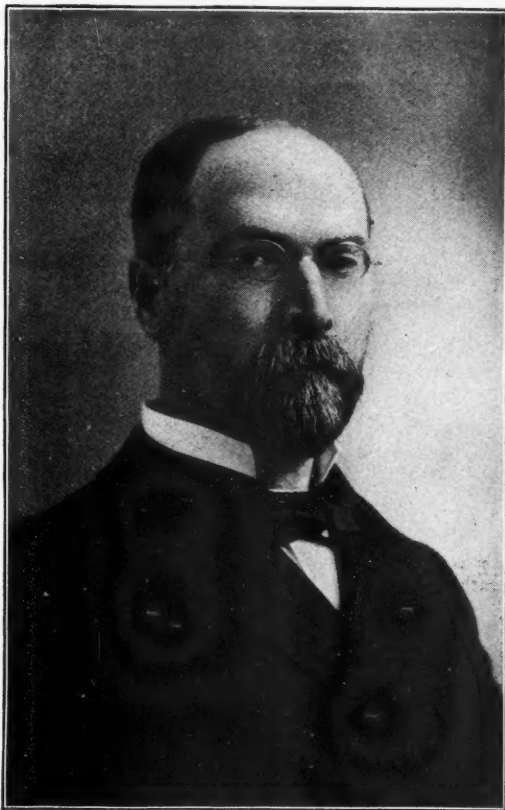
\* \* \*

When I reached the Government Bureau of Forestry, and began to look into facts and figures concerning trees, I came to the conclusion that the nation might learn a lesson from the little fellow planting his pieces of stick. Each individual who cuts down a tree has his duty to perform in the planting of another to take its place. If all the trees which they have set out and preserved grow to maturity, the Pennsylvania Railroad will have timber enough to furnish their own railroad ties for all time to come.

The frightful slaughter of trees that has been characteristic of the early days of the pioneer is at an end. No expert investigation is required to prove that something must be done toward the preservation of the forest and the renewal of much timber already sacrificed, or this country will become as

barren as the red, arid shores of Greece. It is expected that congressional measures will be taken for the introduction of an efficient system of re-forestation.

The acres of charred stumps show the devastation caused by forest fires, many of them set by flying sparks from locomotives, which are a menace to the welfare of the



EX-CONGRESSMAN McCLEARY OF MINNESOTA, SECOND ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL

country. The mountains of the West will be as richly clothed as the slopes and precipices of Switzerland, with mankind checked from wantonly destroying his birthright of trees.

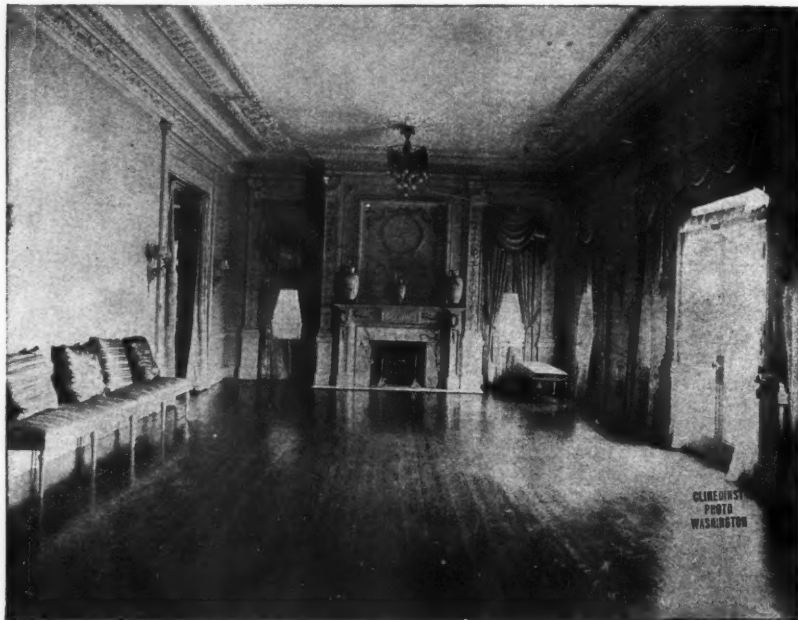
Hopeful signs are abroad—at the Irrigation Congress in San Francisco, one of the first resolutions presented was from women, pleading that the Congress would create and pro-

tect forests in the Appalachian and White Mountains, and it is hoped that the government will at least protect what woodland remains in the country.

\* \* \*

COMING up from the old pier in New York on a Sunday morning, I passed through Wall Street and the financial district. Scarcely a person was stirring on the street; the ash-barrels occupied a prominent

table pandemonium, for beneath the towering cliffs of the twenty-story buildings, the pavements were deserted, and all the financial machinery was at rest. On this beautiful Sunday morning I could but stop and meditate upon this narrow street, whence the quivering arteries of finance convey the life blood of the nation to all parts of the world. Here are great foreign houses reaching every market, whether it be South America, Australia, Europe, Africa or Asia, with all their



BALLROOM OF SENATOR FORAKER'S WASHINGTON HOME

place on the pavements, standing in solemn loneliness where on week days it is scarcely possible to pass through the crowd. The signs of brokers and bankers were suggestive reminders of the battle that had just been fought. The change which recent years has brought to this portion of the city was indicated in the triangular building bearing the name "Delmonico," which years ago was a place much sought out, but now it stood in silent gloom. The frescoes on the frieze of the Stock Exchange seemed to breathe a sigh of relief, as though glad to take a Sabbath rest. There was little to indicate that here but a few weeks ago had raged a veri-

varied complexion of race government and trade, and of all these there was hardly a world-market but felt some thrill of that October battle in Wall Street.

Carrying my grip was a pert telegraph boy, whose eyes, deep-set and wise beyond his years, peered out from underneath a shock of dark hair. He remarked that "Things were slow now—not much doing,"—a sharp contrast to a few months ago, when it was impossible to secure help at any price. Even with a silence in the streets that reminded me of a deserted battle-field, there was something that spoke of the unimpaired energy and vitality of the nation; the spring flowers

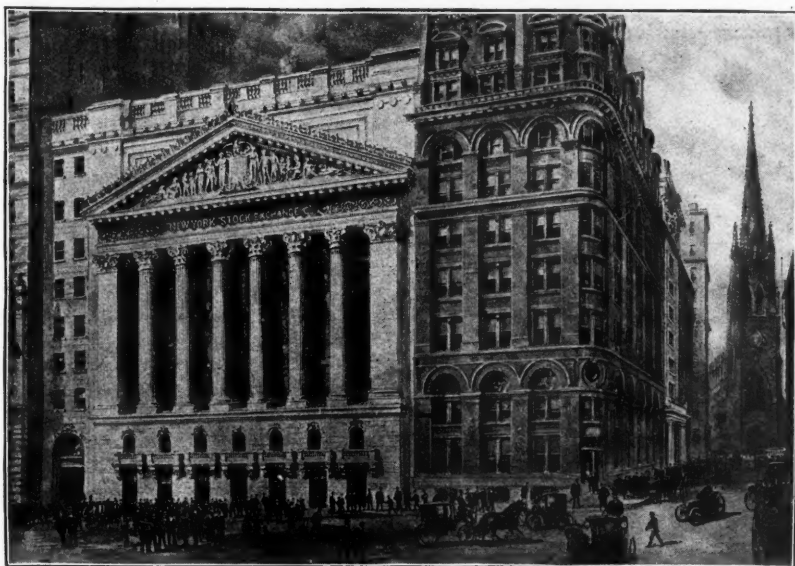


will bloom again even on the trampled ground where a mighty conflict has taken place. There is a promise of prompt action, that, carried into fulfillment, will prevent suffering during the coming winter; for the interests of all the people come first in any currency reform and commercial awakening.

\* \* \*

**W**HEN you see a hawk swooping down upon the barnyard, looking for chickens, there is a feeling that it would be a good

mice and rats than the average tabby ever dreams of doing, though she is kept especially for that purpose. In fact, the Agricultural Department present the hawk as a useful bird, who does not covet the life of the chicks except when his lawful prey cannot be found. They state that it is comparatively rare for a hawk to pounce on a chicken, so it seems a time-honored belief has been largely erroneous. On the other hand, the vole or meadow mouse is known to be the most destructive animal to agriculture of all kinds; it tunnels



NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

thing to take a gun and shoot him. The hawk has become a byword for rapacity and evil, but it seems that he does not deserve his reputation.

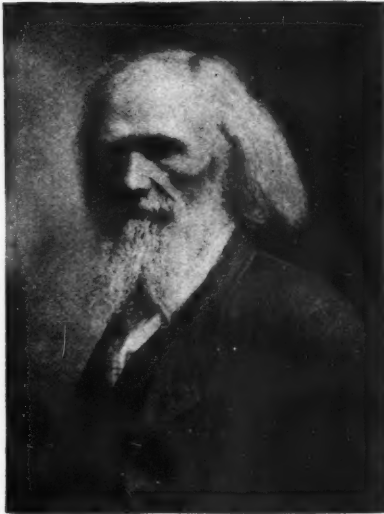
Now come the investigators at the Agricultural Department, who have facts to prove that the hawk and owl perform night-and-day services of inestimable value. The hawk does police duty by day, pouncing on mice and other small depredators who would ruin the crops, while the owl with his eyes adapted to seeing in the dark, takes the night shift. It has been discovered that the wicked hawk that swoops down upon the chickens, and is popularly supposed to decimate the coops of their little fluffy denizens, actually kills more

under the crops, eats the roots of grass and other growths, and has even been known to destroy fruit trees.

In Southern Scotland, not ten years ago, large areas were completely overrun with the vole plague. These injurious rodents were left there without an enemy to control them, and they increased at an astonishing rate, but along came a troop of hawks and it was soon observed that the mice were at once held in check so that their damage was comparatively eliminated.

The marsh hawk is accounted the most valuable species in the United States, because of its habits; and if it were not for its propensity to pounce upon small birds, it

would be cherished as the greatest mouser extant. Snakes and other reptiles that preyed on the grasshopper and other pests have been almost exterminated, and naturalists have agreed that the hawk is now the greatest enemy of the injurious rodents which infest the West and torment the farmer; so, despite the fact that the hawk arouses the cold shivers of poor biddy, as she hastily collects her flock beneath her wings, he is nevertheless to be regarded as a benefactor rather than an enemy to be destroyed without mercy.



EZRA MEEKER

ONE of the distinguished visitors at Washington recently was Governor Duncan Fraser of Nova Scotia. He had just returned from a visit to the Jamestown Exposition, and paid his personal respects at the White House. He talked very freely of the matter of reciprocity treaties, insisting that Canada will not, under any circumstances, make further overtures to the United States, and that this government would have to make the first move if anything of the kind should be contemplated in the future.

He called attention to the fact that the trade of Nova Scotia with England had increased enormously during the past ten years, and also noted the fact that the value per capita of exports and imports is just

twice as much in the Dominion as in this country.

He insisted, too, that Canadian banking laws are equal to meeting situations like that in New York recently, because the banks are required to deposit certain amounts of money in the treasury of the Dominion, and this fund is used to meet any emergency. The government, in return, allows the banks as much as three per cent. on money so deposited, and, in this manner, it is felt that the government and the people are in every instance safeguarded.

\* \* \*

SINCE the first circular on "heads of families" was issued by the Census Department, its research has developed many interesting facts, and much genealogical information. The first census was taken in 1790, and included Vermont, Delaware, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and South Carolina. This mass of information was filed in the State Department, but these interesting annals were destroyed when the British burned the Capitol in the War of 1812.

The first census reveals to us the framers of the Constitution, whose names appear on the minutes of the first Senate—those level-headed men who, in war or peace, have made the future of the nation possible.

In 1790 there were 333,533 families, and each averaged six persons, so that there were approximately slightly more than a half-million families in the United States at the time when the Constitution was adopted. A complete transcript of the names of the heads of families then existing would furnish grateful information to many genealogical enthusiasts. The list of the old names of the people who came over on the Mayflower has long been exhausted. We cannot all be Van Rensalaers, Aldens, Standishes or Lees, but this new schedule of family names will widen the scope of those who are seeking to climb the uncertain branches of their genealogical tree. Patriotic societies will now find something by which to trace the limbs, roots and branches of the family trees.

The work done by this first census was authorized by a special act of Congress, though objections were made to it as liable to "encourage a false pride in family names."





President Washington signed the first census act, and the methods and details of this census were somewhat similar to the exact modes that prevail in the copy-books and records of the Father of His Country. Preserved in the Census Office are twenty-six bound volumes constituting a complete schedule of the family names of the United States from the time of the first census down to the present day. Rhode Island was the last of the original thirteen states to be admitted into the Union, and was not, therefore included in the first census.

Amusing incidents are related in connection with the procuring of these first records, when the census takers were looked upon with distrust—the wiseacres regarding it as a scheme to increase taxation, while the deeply religious were disposed to regard it somewhat in the light of David's sacrilegious numbering of the Israelites.

\* \* \*

THE drawing of the seats by "lots" is a regular ceremony each season in the House of Representatives. Then the members go in search of their preferred seats, which they keep in mind in much the same way that a waiting Christmas tree is surveyed. The courtesy of the new members in yielding favorable seats to older congressmen is one of the little gracious acts common in the House of Representatives. The officers of the House who were all re-elected were also sworn in, including the veteran clerk, McDowell, Sergeant-at-Arms Henry Casson, Postmaster Sangun and the door-keeper Frank Lyon, as well as the blind chaplain, Rev. Milburn.

\* \* \*

ON the Senate side, the Sixtieth Congress opened with the usual air of genteel good cheer and dignity. Thirteen new senators were sworn in—and none seemed to balk at the unlucky number. Colleagues from the same state—bitter enemies in factional contests—walk down the aisle arm in arm, indicating that political friction has elasticity, and often leaves no real rancor behind except that of conflicting ambitions. It was an impressive moment when the senators held up the right hand and swore to support the Constitution of the United States. Senator Lodge was there, with his usual "point of

order," which was passed upon in the regular way by the vice president, insisting that a roll-call ought not to be made until after the members were all sworn in. It is one of those senatorial stands for form and precedent which look no more different than twiddle-dee and tweddle-dum to laymen outside, though they may agitate forensic debate for hours on the floor of the Senate.

In the vice president's room there was a gracious dignity about the greeting of the senators and the welcoming of new members. The first thing that a new senator learns is to play the game "according to the rules." It is a singular fact that many of the men who seem most erratic in general public utterances are the most persistent sticklers for precedent in procedure in the Senate.

\* \* \*

IN the committee room of the late Senator Platt of Connecticut, I found Senator Henry E. Burnham of New Hampshire deeply engrossed in the work of the session on the opening day. Few men have a quieter or more effective manner of doing legislative business than this senator from the Granite State. In this room is a large library, collected by the late Senator Platt and containing unlimited information as to the Cuban relations. It was Senator Platt who had so much to do in formulating the situation in Cuba, which is now held so well in hand by Governor Magoon.

Senator Burnham entered upon his second term last March, and his long years of experience as a lawyer are being brought into play in handling the intricate problems coming up in relation to this important question. He is chairman of the Cuban Relations Committee. The work on the committee of claims is, perhaps, the most onerous of any of the Senate committees; it demands careful work, close application to the matter and investigation, for in handling government claims the opposite course to that pursued in ordinary business is needed. For instance, old claims are regarded with suspicion and are deferred for further consideration, rather than settled at once. Senator Burnham is a man of genial personality and delightful courteousness. Even in his busy moments he never fails to keep in mind every wish and interest of his hard-headed constituents from the Granite State.

**A**MONG the prominent young representatives of the Latin republics is Doctor Luis Felipe Corea, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Nicaragua at Washington. Dr. Corea has distinguished himself as a member of the bar both in Guatemala and in his native country, Nicaragua. After filling the chair of history, philosophy and international law in the principal institution of Guatemala he entered the diplomatic service as a secretary of legation of the Republic of Central America in Washington, being appointed later charge d'affaires, from which rank he has risen to the mission he now has. Dr. Corea has represented his country in different capacities, notably as a delegate to the Second Pan-American Conference, the First Pan-American Customs Congress and the Third Pan-American Conference.

At the New Year's reception the splendor of the diplomatic corps begins to shine upon social functions. This is the one occasion when all official Washington begins to get acquainted. The representatives of the South American republics are becoming more and more conspicuous in Washington life. There is a grace in the Latin wearer of gold and lace that counts.



SENOR DON LUIS F. COREA  
MINISTER OF NICARAGUA TO THE UNITED STATES

THE second assistant postmaster general, James T. McCleary, has just returned from Europe, where he has effected arrangements for the continuance of the steamship postal service on the leading lines of steamships plying between the United States and Germany, and has also pending arrangements with the French lines.

Trained in early life as a school teacher, General McCleary has a clear way of expressing a proposition. When I heard him relate a story to illustrate a point about choosing efficient men for appointments, it seemed especially appropos.

A man had a barn, and was trying to rout out a rat. During the process of "routing" the barn took fire and burned to the ground. To assist in clearing up the confusion incident to the fire, he desired to hire a boy. There were three applicants, who stood with varying expressions and surveyed the smouldering ruins. The farmer determined to decide on the merit of their comments.

The first boy inquired, "What was the loss; what did the barn cost?"

The second boy asked, "Were there any horses in the barn?"

The third little fellow, with bright eyes peering out beneath his tousled locks, pertinently inquired, "And did you get the rat?"

The farmer soon decided that the last one was the boy for him. He was after the one who kept results in mind.

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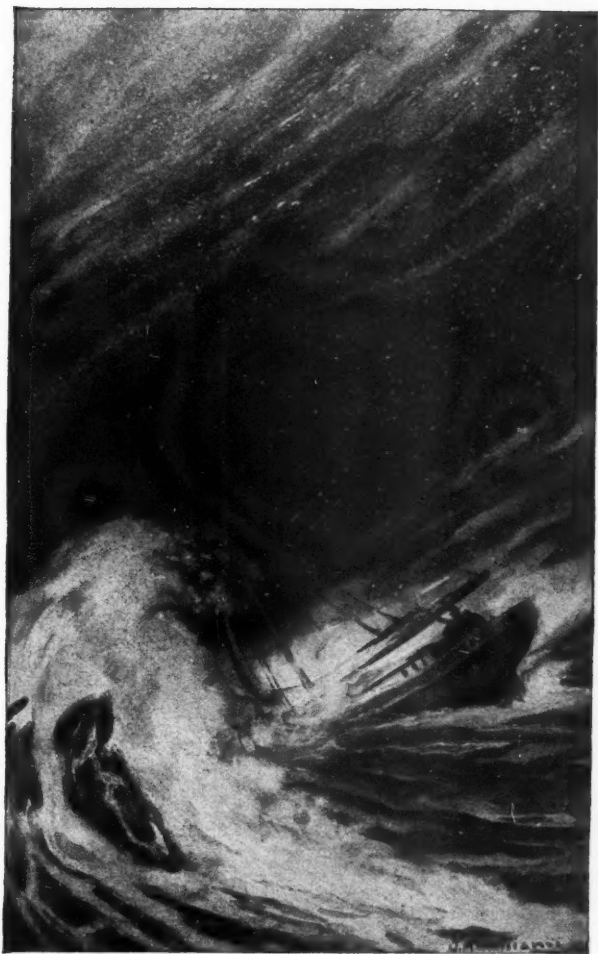
ONE of the picturesque members of the House is Governor Llewellyn Powers of the State of Maine. He comes from "way down East." He has had a very active public career. The owner of a large tract of timber, Governor Powers has been identified directly with that locality where the lumber interests of this country had their birth. There is always a pleasure in having a chat with him, for although he was in Congress many years ago, he returns to the work with all the zest and enthusiasm of early days.

Congressman Powers was born in Holton, Maine, where he began his legislative career as a member of the Maine legislature. He served for six terms, and was speaker of the House. He served two terms as governor of the Pine Tree State, was first elected to the Forty-Fifth Congress, and returned to the Fifty-Seventh Congress, and he is now serving in the Sixtieth Congress.

THE fact is generally conceded that one of the strong leaders in the Senate today is Joseph Benson Foraker of Ohio. As a debater his self-reliance and independence have been admired by everyone. His courageous protest on the railroad rate legislation and his predictions concerning the issue of that legislation his friends feel have been fully verified. He foresaw the shrinking of securities and values, and the general distress at this time, when, a year ago, he stood almost alone working on a rate law—for one he believed to be a reasonable and constitutional measure—against a solid popular sentiment. When he appeared in Ohio, shortly after his vote in the spring, he met with a chill reception, in sharp contrast to the enthusiastic awakening which has come about since the campaign for his "elimination" has been announced. It is said that Senator Foraker thought to retire gracefully from the Senate, with the consciousness of having done his duty, according to his convictions, but when the attempt was made to harmonize discordant elements in Ohio, his pacific intentions were disregarded. Now Senator Foraker is not one of the men to be easily "eliminated;" he is one of the strong men in public life today, and under that scowl of thought may be found a personality that wins for him strong and faithful supporters. Once a Foraker man, always a Foraker man. His following is always enthusiastic—no "Laodiceans" there.

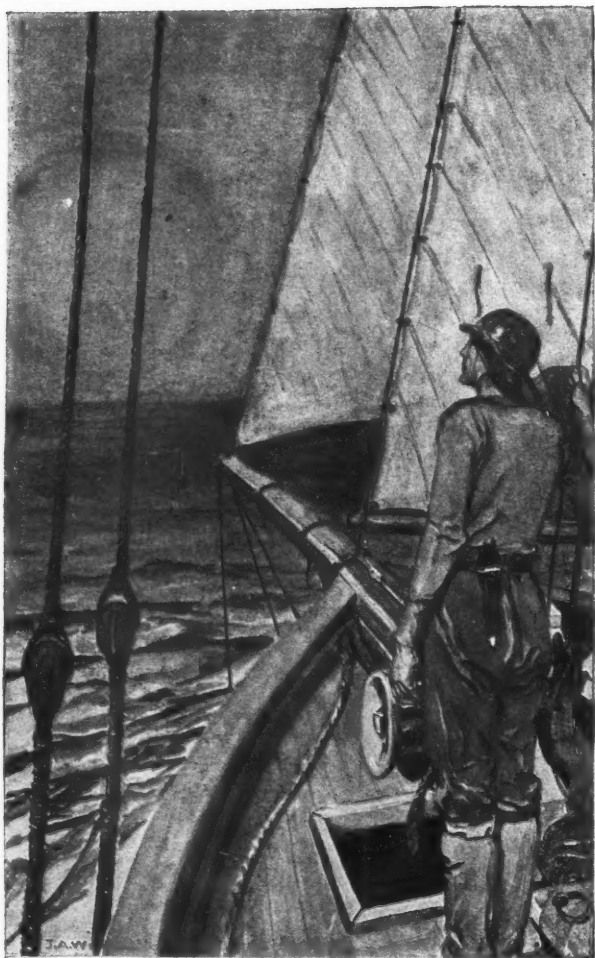
A recent visit to the state has emphasized the fact that a man's popularity is often enhanced rather than diminished by talk against him. Senator Foraker when governor of Ohio appointed Secretary Taft as judge on the bench, and even now speaks of the secretary in the kindest terms. The senator's friends insist that there will be "something doing" before he can be uprooted, or eliminated.

A prodigious worker night and day, Senator Foraker at his own home toils at all hours on the questions before him, which he settles in his masterly way. In his early days he was known as a **most untiring worker**, and as a speaker of unusual force, and he still retains all that youthful virility as a conservative Senate leader. Whether he is a presidential candidate or not, friends and followers of the senator are satisfied that he will remain a power in national affairs.



*Drawn by J. A. Williams*

*"By what miracle we escaped being dashed to destruction, I do not know.—See page 382.*



*Drawn by J. A. Williams*

*"It could hardly be said to resemble the sun except in its circular shape."—See page 384.*



# THE SMOKY GOD

OR, A VOYAGE TO THE INNER WORLD

By Willis George Emerson

Author of "Buell Hampton," "The Builders," etc.

*Illustrations by John A. Williams*

"He is the God who sits in the center, on the navel of the earth, and he is the interpreter of religion to all mankind."—PLATO.

Synopsis of preceding section at end of this installment.

## PART II

I NEVER ceased to assert my sanity, and to protest against the injustice of my confinement. Finally, on the seventeenth of October, 1862, I was released. My uncle was dead, and the friends of my youth were now strangers. Indeed, a man over fifty years old, whose only known record is that of a madman, has no friends.

I was at a loss to know what to do for a living, but instinctively turned toward the harbor where fishing boats in great numbers were anchored, and within a week I had shipped with a fisherman by the name of Yon Hansen, who was starting on a long fishing cruise to the Lofoden Islands.

Here my earlier years of training proved of the very greatest advantage, especially in enabling me to make myself useful. This was but the beginning of other trips, and by frugal economy I was, in a few years, able to own a fishing-brig of my own.

For twenty-seven years thereafter I followed the sea as a fisherman, five years working for others, and the last twenty-two for myself.

During all these years I was a most diligent student of books, as well as a hard worker at my business, but I took great care not to mention to anyone the story concerning the discoveries made by my father and myself. Even at this late day I would be fearful of having any one see or know the things I am writing, and the records and maps I have in my keeping. When my days on earth are finished, I shall leave maps and records that will enlighten and, I hope, benefit mankind.

The memory of my long confinement with maniacs, and all the horrible anguish and sufferings are too vivid to warrant my taking further chances.

In 1889 I sold out my fishing boats, and found I had accumulated a fortune quite sufficient to keep me the remainder of my life. I then came to America.

For a dozen years my home was in Illinois, near Batavia, where I gathered most of the books in my present library, though I brought many choice volumes from Stockholm. Later, I came to Los Angeles, arriving here March 4, 1901. The date I well remember, as it was President McKinley's second inauguration day. I bought this humble home and determined, here in the privacy of my own abode, sheltered by my own vine and fig-tree, and with my books about me, to make maps and drawings of the new lands we had discovered, and also to write the story in detail from the time my father and I left Stockholm until the tragic event that parted us in the Antarctic Ocean.

I well remember that we left Stockholm in our fishing-sloop on the third day of April, 1829, and sailed to the southward, leaving Gothland Island to the left and Oeland Island to the right. A few days later we succeeded in doubling Sandhommar Point, and made our way through the sound which separates Denmark from the Scandinavian coast. In due time we put in at the town of Christiansand, where we rested two days, and then started around the Scandinavian coast to the westward, bound for the Lofoden Islands.

My father was in high spirit, because of the excellent and gratifying returns he had received from our last catch by marketing at Stockholm, instead of selling at one of the seafaring towns along the Scandinavian coast. He was especially pleased with the sale of some ivory tusks that he had found on the west coast of Franz Joseph Land during one of his northern cruises the previous year, and he expressed the hope that this time we might again be fortunate enough to

load our little fishing-sloop with ivory, instead of cod, herring, mackerel and salmon.

We put in at Hammerfest, latitude seventy-one degrees and forty minutes, for a few days' rest. Here we remained one week, laying in an extra supply of provisions and several casks of drinking-water, and then sailed toward Spitzbergen.

For the first few days we had an open sea and a favoring wind, and then we encountered much ice and many icebergs. A vessel larger than our little fishing-sloop could not possibly have threaded its way among the labyrinth of icebergs or squeezed through the barely open channels. These monster bergs presented an endless succession of crystal palaces, of massive cathedrals and fantastic mountain ranges, grim and sentinel-like, immovable as some towering cliff of solid rock, standing silent as a sphynx, resisting the restless waves of a fretful sea.

After many narrow escapes, we arrived at Spitzbergen on the 23d of June, and anchored at Wijade Bay for a short time, where we were quite successful in our catches. We then lifted anchor and sailed through the Hinlopen Strait, and coasted along the North-East-Land.

(NOTE:—It will be remembered that Andree started on his fatal balloon voyage from the northwest coast of Spitzbergen.)

A strong wind came up from the southwest, and my father said that we had better take advantage of it and try to reach Franz Josef Land, where, the year before he had, by accident, found the ivory tusks that had brought him such a good price at Stockholm.

Never, before or since, have I seen so many sea-fowl; they were so numerous that they hid the rocks on the coast line and darkened the sky.

For several days we sailed along the rocky coast of Franz Josef Land. Finally, a favoring wind came up that enabled us to make the West Coast, and, after sailing twenty-four hours, we came to a beautiful inlet.

One could hardly believe it was the far Northland. The place was green with growing vegetation, and while the area did not comprise more than one or two acres, yet the air was warm and tranquil. It seemed to be at that point where the Gulf Stream's influence is most keenly felt.

(NOTE:—Sir John Barrow, Bart., F.R.S., in his work entitled "Voyages of Discovery and Research Within the Arctic Regions,"

says on page 57: "Mr. Beechey says what has frequently been found and noticed—the mildness of the temperature on the western coast of Spitzbergen, there being little or no sensation of cold, though the thermometer might be only a few degrees above the freezing-point. The brilliant and lively effect of a clear day, when the sun shines forth with a pure sky, whose azure hue is so intense as to find no parallel even in the boasted Italian sky.")

On the east coast there were numerous icebergs, yet here we were in open water. Far to the west of us, however, were icepacks, and still farther to the westward the ice appeared like ranges of low hills. In front of us, and directly to the north, lay an open sea.

(NOTE:—Captain Kane, on page 299, quoting from Morton's Journal on Monday, the 26th of December, says: "As far as I could see, the open passages were fifteen miles or more wide, with sometimes mashed ice separating them. But it is all small ice, and I think it either drives out to the open space to the north or rots and sinks, as I could see none ahead to the north.")

My father was an ardent believer in Odin and Thor, and had frequently told me they were gods who came from far beyond the "North Wind."

There was a tradition, my father explained, that still farther northward was a land more beautiful than any that mortal man had ever known, and that it was inhabited by the "Chosen."

My youthful imagination was fired by the ardor, zeal and religious fervor of my good father, and I exclaimed: "Why not sail to this goodly land? The sky is fair, the wind favorable and the sea open."

Even now I can see the expression of pleasurable surprise on his countenance as he turned toward me and asked: "My son, are you willing to go with me and explore—to go far beyond where man has ever ventured?" I answered affirmatively. "Very well," he replied. "May the god Odin protect us!" and, quickly adjusting the sails, he glanced at our compass, turned the prow in due northerly direction through an open channel, and our voyage had begun.

(NOTE:—Hall writes, on page 288: "On the 23rd of January the two Esquimaux, accompanied by two of the seamen, went to Cape Lupton. They reported a sea of open water extending as far as the eye could reach.")

The sun was low in the horizon, as it was still the early summer. Indeed, we had almost four months of day ahead of us before the frozen night could come on again.

Our little fishing-sloop sprang forward as if eager as ourselves for adventure. Within thirty-six hours we were out of sight of the highest point on the coast line of Franz Josef Land. We seemed to be in a strong current running north by northeast. Far to the right and to the left of us were icebergs, but our little sloop bore down on the narrows and passed through channels and out into open seas—channels so narrow in places that, had our craft been other than small, we never could have gotten through.

On the third day we came to an island. Its shores were washed by an open sea. My father determined to land and explore for a day. This new land was destitute of timber, but we found a large accumulation of drift-wood on the northern shore. Some of the trunks of the trees were forty feet long and two feet in diameter.

(NOTE:—Greely tells us in vol. I, page 100, that: "Privates Connell and Frederick found a large coniferous tree on the beach, just above the extreme high-water mark. It was nearly thirty inches in circumference, some thirty feet long, and had apparently been carried to that point by a current within a couple of years. A portion of it was cut up for fire-wood, and for the first time in that valley, a bright, cheery camp-fire gave comfort to man.")

After one day's exploration of the coast line of this island, we lifted anchor and turned our prow to the north in an open sea.

(NOTE:—Dr. Kane says, on page 379 of his works: "I cannot imagine what becomes of the ice. A strong current sets in constantly to the north; but, from altitudes of more than five hundred feet, I saw only narrow strips of ice, with great spaces of open water, from ten to fifteen miles in breadth, between them. It must, therefore, either go to an open space in the north, or dissolve.")

I remember that neither my father nor myself had tasted food for almost thirty hours. Perhaps this was because of the tension of excitement about our strange voyage in waters farther north, my father said, than anyone had ever before been. Active mentality had dulled the demands of the physical needs.

Instead of the cold being intense as we

had anticipated, it was really warmer and more pleasant than it had been while in Hammerfest on the north coast of Norway, some six weeks before.

(NOTE:—Captain Peary's second voyage relates another circumstance which may serve to confirm a conjecture which has long been maintained by some, that an open sea, free of ice, exists at or near the Pole. "On the second of November," says Peary, "the wind freshened up to a gale from north by west, lowered the thermometer before midnight to 5 degrees, whereas, a rise of wind at Melville Island was generally accompanied by a simultaneous rise in the thermometer at low temperatures. May not this," he asks, "be occasioned by the wind blowing over an open sea in the quarter from which the wind blows? And tend to confirm the opinion that at or near the Pole an open sea exists?")

We both frankly admitted that we were very hungry, and forthwith I prepared a substantial meal from our well-stored larder. When we had partaken heartily of the repast, I told my father I believed I would sleep, as I was beginning to feel quite drowsy. "Very well," he replied, "I will keep the watch."

I have no way to determine how long I slept; I only know that I was rudely awakened by a terrible commotion of the sloop. To my surprise, I found my father sleeping soundly. I cried out lustily to him, and, starting up, he sprang quickly to his feet. Indeed, had he not instantly clutched the rail, he would certainly have been thrown into the seething waves.

A fierce snow-storm was raging. The wind was directly astern, driving our sloop at a terrific speed, and was threatening every moment to capsize us. There was no time to lose; the sails had to be lowered immediately. Our boat was writhing in convulsions. A few icebergs we knew were on either side of us, but fortunately the channel was open directly to the north. But would it remain so? In front of us, girding the horizon from left to right, was a vaporish fog or mist, black as Egyptian night at the water's edge, and white like a steam-cloud toward the top, which was finally lost to view as it blended with the great white flakes of falling snow. Whether it covered a treacherous iceberg, or some other hidden obstacle against which our lit-

the sloop would dash and send us to a watery grave, or was merely the phenomena of an Arctic fog, there was no way to determine.

(NOTE:—On page 284 of his works, Hall writes: "*From the top of Providence Berg, a dark fog was seen to the north, indicating water. At 10 a. m. three of the men, (Kruger, Nindemann and Hobby) went to Cape Lupton to ascertain if possible the extent of the open water. On their return they reported several open spaces and much young ice—not more than a day old, so thin that it was easily broken by throwing pieces of ice upon it.*")

By what miracle we escaped being dashed to utter destruction, I do not know. I remember our little craft creaked and groaned, as if its joints were breaking. It rocked and staggered to and fro as if clutched by some fierce undertow of whirlpool or maelstrom.

Fortunately our compass had been fastened with long screws to a cross-beam. Most of our provisions, however, were tumbled out and swept away from the deck of the cuddy, and had we not taken the precaution at the very beginning to strap ourselves firmly to the masts of the sloop, we should have been swept into the lashing sea.

Above the deafening tumult of the raging waves, I heard my father's voice. "Be courageous, my son," he shouted, "Odin is the god of the waters; the companion of the brave, and he is with us. Fear not."

To me it seemed there was no possibility of our escaping a horrible death. The little sloop was shipping water, the snow was falling so fast as to be blinding, and the waves were tumbling over our counters in reckless white-sprayed fury. There was no telling what instant we should be dashed against some drifting ice-pack. The tremendous swells would heave us up to the very peaks of mountainous waves, then plunge us down into the depths of the sea's trough as if our fishing-sloop were a fragile shell. Gigantic white-capped waves, like veritable walls, fenced us in, fore and aft.

This terrible nerve-racking ordeal, with its nameless horrors of suspense and agony of fear indescribable, continued for more than three hours, and all the time we were being driven forward at fierce speed. Then suddenly, as if growing weary of its frantic exertions, the wind began to lessen its fury and by degrees to die down.

At last we were in a perfect calm. The fog mist had also disappeared, and before us lay an iceless channel perhaps ten or fifteen miles wide, with a few icebergs far away to our right, and an intermittent archipelago of smaller ones to the left.

I watched my father closely, determined to remain silent until he spoke. Presently he untied the rope from his waist and, without saying a word, began working the pumps, which fortunately were not damaged, relieving the sloop of the water it had shipped in the madness of the storm.

He put up the sloop's sails as calmly as if casting a fishing-net, and then remarked that we were ready for a favoring wind when it came. His courage and persistence were truly remarkable.

On investigation we found less than one-third of our provisions remaining, while to our utter dismay, we discovered that our water-casks had been swept overboard during the violent plungings of our boat.

Two of our water-casks were in the main hold, but both were empty. We had a fair supply of food, but no fresh water. I realized at once the awfulness of our position. Presently I was seized with a consuming thirst. "It is indeed bad," remarked my father. "However, let us dry our bedraggled clothing, for we are soaked to the skin. Trust to the god Odin, my son. Do not give up hope."

The sun was beating down slantingly, as if we were in a southern latitude, instead of in the far Northland. It was swinging around, its orbit ever visible and rising higher and higher each day, frequently mist-covered, yet always peering through the lacework of clouds like some fretful eye of fate, guarding the mysterious Northland and jealously watching the pranks of man. Far to our right the rays decking the prisms of icebergs were gorgeous. Their reflections emitted flashes of garnet, of diamond, of sapphire. A pyrotechnic panorama of countless colors and shapes, while below could be seen the green-tinted sea, and above the purple sky.

I tried to forget my thirst by busying myself with bringing up some food and an empty vessel from the hold. Reaching over the side-rail, I filled the vessel with water for the purpose of laving my hands and face. To my astonishment, when the water

came in contact with my lips, I could taste no salt. I was startled by the discovery. "Father!" I fairly gasped, "the water, the water; it is fresh!" "What, Olaf?" exclaimed my father, glancing hastily around. "Surely you are mistaken. There is no land. You are going mad." "But taste it!" I cried.

And thus we made the discovery that the water was indeed fresh, absolutely so, without the least briny taste or even the suspicion of a salty flavor.

We forthwith filled our two remaining water-casks, and my father declared it was a heavenly dispensation of mercy from the gods Odin and Thor.

We were almost beside ourselves with joy, but hunger bade us end our enforced fast. Now that we had found fresh water in the open sea, what might we not expect in this strange latitude where ship had never before sailed and the splash of an oar had never been heard?

(NOTE:—In vol. I, page 196, Nansen writes: "It is a peculiar phenomenon,—this dead water. We had at present a better opportunity of studying it than we desired. It occurs where a surface layer of fresh water rests upon the salt water of the sea, and this fresh water is carried along with the ship gliding on the heavier sea beneath it as if on a fixed foundation. The difference between the two strata was in this case so great that while we had drinking water on the surface, the water we got from the bottom cock of the engine-room was far too salt to be used for the boiler.")

We had scarcely appeased our hunger when a breeze began filling the idle sails, and, glancing at the compass, we found the northern point pressing hard against the glass.

"I have heard of this before," said my father. "It is what they call the dipping of the needle."

We loosened the compass and turned it at right angles with the surface of the sea before its point would free itself from the glass and point according to unmolested attraction. It shifted uneasily, and seemed as unsteady as a drunken man, but finally pointed a course.

Before this we thought the wind was carrying us north by northwest, but, with the needle free, we discovered, if it could

be relied upon, that we were sailing slightly north by northeast. Our course, however, was ever tending northward.

(NOTE:—In volume II, pages 18 and 19, Nansen writes about the inclination of the needle. Speaking of Johnson, his aide: "One day—it was November 24th—he came in to supper a little after six o'clock, quite alarmed, and said: 'There has just been a singular inclination of the needle in twenty-four degrees. And remarkably enough, its northern extremity pointed to the east.'")

(NOTE:—We again find in Peary's first voyage—page 67,—the following: "It had been observed that from the moment they had entered Lancaster Sound, the motion of the compass needle was very sluggish, and both this and its deviation increased as they progressed to the westward, and continued to do so in descending this inlet. Having reached latitude 73 degrees, they witnessed for the first time the curious phenomenon of the directive power of the needle becoming so weak as to be completely overcome by the attraction of the ship, so that the needle might now be said to point to the north pole of the ship.")

The sea was serenely smooth, with hardly a choppy wave, and the wind brisk and exhilarating. The sun's rays, while striking us aslant, furnished tranquil warmth. And thus time wore on day after day, until we found from the record in our log-book, we had been sailing eleven days since the storm in the open sea.

By strictest economy, our food was holding out fairly well, but beginning to run low. In the meantime, one of our casks of water had been exhausted, and my father said: "We will fill it again." But, to our dismay, we found the water was now as salt as in the region of the Lofoden Islands off the coast of Norway. This necessitated our being extremely careful of the remaining cask.

I found myself wanting to sleep much of the time; whether it was the effect of the exciting experience of sailing in unknown waters, or the relaxation from the awful excitement incident to our adventure in a storm at sea, or due to want of food, I could not say.

I frequently lay down on the bunker of our little sloop, and looked far up into the blue dome of the sky; and, notwithstanding the sun was shining far away in the east,



I always saw a single star overhead. For several days, when I looked for this star, it was always there directly above us.

It was now, according to our reckoning, about the first of August. The sun was high in the heavens, and was so bright that I could no longer see the one lone star that had attracted my attention a few days earlier.

One day about this time, my father startled me by calling my attention to a novel sight far in front of us, almost at the horizon. "It is a mock sun," exclaimed my father. "I have read of them; it is called a reflection or mirage. It will soon pass away."

But this dull-red, false sun, as we supposed it to be, did not pass away for several hours; and while we were unconscious of its emitting any rays of light, still there was no time thereafter when we could not sweep the horizon in front and locate the illumination of the so-called false sun, during a period of at least twelve hours out of every twenty-four.

Clouds and mists would at times almost, but never entirely, hide its location. Gradually it seemed to climb higher in the horizon of the uncertain purply sky as we advanced.

It could hardly be said to resemble the sun, except in its circular shape, and when not obscured by clouds or the ocean mists, it had a hazy-red, bronzed appearance, which would change to a white light like a luminous cloud, as if reflecting some greater light beyond.

We finally agreed in our discussion of

this smoky furnace-colored sun that, whatever the cause of the phenomenon, it was not a reflection of our sun, but a planet of some sort—a reality.

(NOTE:—Nansen, on page 394, says: "To-day another noteworthy thing happened, which was that about mid-day we saw the sun, or to be more correct, an image of the sun, for it was only a mirage. A peculiar impression was produced by the sight of that glowing fire lit just above the outermost edge of the ice. According to the enthusiastic descriptions given by many Arctic travelers of the first appearance of this god of life after the long winter night, the impression ought to be one of jubilant excitement; but it was not so in my case. We had not expected to see it for some days yet, so that my feeling was rather one of pain, of disappointment, that we must have drifted farther south than we thought. So it was with pleasure I soon discovered that it could not be the sun itself. The mirage was at first a flattened-out, glowing red streak of fire on the horizon; later there were two streaks, the one above the other, with a dark space between; and from the maintop I could see four, or even five, such horizontal lines directly over one another, all of equal length, as if one could only imagine a square, dull-red sun with horizontal dark streaks across it.")

One day soon after this, I felt exceedingly drowsy, and fell into a sound sleep. But it seemed that I was almost immediately aroused by my father vigorously shaking me by the shoulder and saying: "Olaf, awaken; there is land in sight!"

(To be continued)

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In his Foreword, published in the December number of the National, the author comments upon the undying interest which men have ever evinced regarding the hidden secrets of the frozen Northland. He recounts many of the well-known, and advances some new and interesting arguments, founded on material proofs, leading to the inevitable conclusion that there is still another and a grander continent somewhere "beyond the North Wind."

At two o'clock, one morning he was summoned to the bedside of Olaf Jansen, an aged Norseman who, some years before, had established his home in an outlying section of Los Angeles, California. The old Norseman was about to die, but before the end came he told the author of his marvelous voyage to the "Inner World," made by his father and himself many years before.

A detailed story of the voyage, written by the old Norseman himself, with data, drawings and crude maps, were given to the author of this narrative, with the understanding that they should be offered to the world after the old Norseman's death, that the mystery of the frozen Northland might be forever cleared away. In the old Norseman's story it is set forth that during the wonderful voyage which he so graphically describes, his father was drowned, and the son, on telling the captain of the whaling vessel which rescued him in the Antarctic Ocean, of his mysterious adventures, was believed to be a madman. Later he was permitted to return to Stockholm from whence he had started, and there told his story in detail to his uncle who had him confined in a madhouse, where he remained for twenty-eight years—long, tedious, frightful years of suffering!



# THE MAISIE SYMPHONY

By Ada Mixon

## I. ALLEGRO VIVACE

IT happened on a glorious day of a golden year, while the pulse of May was throbbing and the air was joyous with the hum of myriad life, and above all the spring chorus rose the voice of a thousand songs. My heart was attuned to Nature's spring song, and, heedless as a child, I bounded after butterflies as I hummed a little chant of my own whose words were intended to fit the elusive solo of the merry mockingbird. It proved a futile task; for what mortal bard can change his measure ten times in as many minutes without a repetition of metre or of melody? I stood rapt in wonder as I watched him on the topmost bough of a sassafras tree, his tiny throat swelling with its notes of ecstasy. How could it contain such a volume of sound? His head pointed skyward, and ever and anon he soared aloft for several feet, his gray and white wings fluttering, then downward, pell-mell, turning somersaults back to his perch. He was reaching into the blue-vaulted ether for the source of his inspiration; and not in vain, for each time he fell he brought new melody, new notes, new joy. How he sang! If I could have caught one note, one strain with its tuneful quality, one happy flash of its coloratura, I could have charmed the whole world with my song.

As I stood entranced, the girls found me and brought me back to earth again. We were schoolgirls out for a holiday in the May woods.

"Maisie, here's your chance," cried Neenie, my chum, approaching softly, finger on lip; "you remember what you said this morning."

I reddened in confusion as I recalled my silly speech of the morning. Quaking inwardly, I had held the sealed envelope containing my fate—the result of the spring examinations—and watched the faces of the other girls as they read what their envelopes contained. At last mine was the only one unopened, and all the girls gathered around

me. I was warbling in a manner as unconcerned as I could assume, without even knowing what it was I sang. It happened to be a silly little song called "What's in a Kiss?" Everybody stopped to listen, for my friends all think that I can sing.

I am not a great musician, but I come from a musical race, and all my life I have been under the spell of some harmonious flow of sound. I have gone for weeks in a half-dazed rapture with the music of some new rhapsody in my ears. Everything I have ever done or thought, or spoken has been under the influence of some sweet strain. Perhaps this is why I am a creature of impulses and of moods, and often say and do the most reckless and unusual things. Always my ears are filled with music.

"What's in the envelope, Maisie?"

"Joy and bliss," I warbled, unconsciously.

"Where's the man?" cried one, more mischievous than the rest, and then the fun began, at my expense. I was teased unmercifully until finally, catching their rollicking spirit, in reckless abandon I held the envelope aloft and made the foolish "declaration of intention."

"If I have passed this time," I cried, "I'm going to kiss the very first man I see."

In breathless suspense they watched me open the envelope. Bravo! I had passed, and all the merriment broke out anew. Of course I had no intention of keeping my word, and no one believed that I had, but all day I was the subject of many jests. On the way to the woods in the school bus, I had resolutely closed my eyes every time a man was sighted.

"Strange," said one, "I thought we would have dozens of beaux after Maisie's proclamation."

"Perhaps that's what keeps them away," suggested another. I had long ago grown tired of the joke and sought the seclusion of the woods where Neenie found me.

"It's only your brother Bob," she whispered. "Come on—it will be such a joke. None of the girls have ever seen Bob."

"Come, before the victim wakes up and runs away," cried the girls.

And thus I was led into the snare which fate had set.

"I'll take the dare," I cried, "I won't even wake him."

Forward we crept to the edge of an old orchard, whose boughs were heavy with unripe fruit which the girls were eating surreptitiously. I saw a young man asleep in a mass of daisies under a tree. His face was turned slightly away, but I recognized the profile and reddish brown hair as certainly those of my brother Bob. I did not stop to consider the probability of his being in that particular spot at that time. I did not stop and I did not consider, but moved by an uncontrollable impulse, I hurried on while my schoolmates watched me in consternation. My only thought was to turn the joke on those teasing girls.

A flutter of gray and white wings preceded me, and in the old apple tree above the young man's head, perched and sang the bird of a thousand songs. I shall always believe that the whole thing was brought about by enchantment, and that the chief wizard in the affair was this saucy mocking bird. His note had changed, and he now taunted me with cat calls. He also was daring me to do it, and I did it.

I did not waken him, it was the girls. When they saw me actually bend over and press my lips to the young man's forehead, it was too much. They were horrified, and broke into little shrieks and cries of expostulation. Of course he opened his eyes in astonishment, and then I received the greatest surprise of my life, for it wasn't Bob at all, but a total stranger.

The pace at which we flew through the old orchard was like the Chariot Race, and the tune was the Witches' Dance.

In my dreams, that night, I was haunted by a pair of astonished dark eyes, but strangely enough the song that soothed my slumbers, was, "Come Where my Love Lies Dreaming."

## II. ALLEGRETTO.

A young man strolled aimlessly down the path leading to the old orchard, and as he went he plucked the wild flowers by the way. The call of the robin had aroused him that morning from dreams of love, and aglow with the fever of spring, he had followed the sound

until it led him far into the wild wood. And now another songster led him on, whose voice was the embodiment of rapturous ecstasy that exceeded the bounds of tame discipline, and awoke the unstirred depths of emotion. It was the voice of a thousand songs and the world seemed scarcely large enough to contain his joy. And the heart of the man answered back with a sweeter and more powerful melody still, for he was young, it was May, and youth must love.

To his eyes there appeared absolutely nothing to mar the prospect before him, the undulating strip of woodland, the green hills in the distance, and the blue sky holding all within its charmed circle; not a discordant note jarred upon the music of his soul. All the world was beautiful and in it there was nothing but love. Though the earth was large, it was too small to contain his ecstasy, which filled the universe and reached out toward the infinite.

To conquer the world like Alexander, to found empires like Caesar, or to overturn them like Napoleon, seemed paltry things to do. To suffer unknown for her sake, to die with only her voice to soothe his ears! He caught his breath and his eyes grew moist at the thought. A primitive impulse led him to seek the companionship of the birds, to be alone with the joy of young life, alone with the rapture of young love. He longed for the voice of a De Reske that he might pour out his passion in melting, lyric melody; the brush of a Greuze that he might immortalize the fair, sweet face already impressed upon the canvass of his memory. He wished for the skilled hand of Donatello, that he might carve in marble the genius of love so real that it could speak to her for him; the hand of an Orpheus that could move mountains by its magic music.

Aglow with the ardor of May, he tried to set himself to the task of diverting his overflow of ecstasy into the channels of rhyme; the pen of all the poets that ever lived would be inadequate for such an exalted purpose. His mind was like the deep recesses of the forest through which the warm rays of love were stealing, lighting up and glorifying it. But while many were the blossoms of the woods, in his heart there bloomed no flower of poesy. His was a poetic nature, whose emotions were so deeply felt that full expression is denied them; but no one could love more faithfully,

regret more sincerely, or suffer more heroically.

Seated upon a mossy bank, he abandoned himself to day-dreams, the day-dreams of youth attuned to the merry, maddening, morning songs of May. The blue of heaven was like her eyes, her smile was brighter than the sunshine, her breath was the perfume of the morning woods. Ah, he was young, it was May, and youth must love!

At last he leaned back and closed his eyes, his head crushing the daisy stalks. Presently, it seemed that the mocking bird drew nearer, and his song was no longer without words, and the words were the sweetest he had ever heard. As they came pouring forth into the balmy air, each word took wings and, flocking round him, took up the burden of a thousand songs until he was surrounded by a mighty sylvan chorus, whose refrain was love, love, always love. And as the symphony rose and fell, dainty footsteps approached him, and hushed voices spoke above him. Then, all at once, he saw her face near his own, her lips touched his forehead and he opened his eyes. Brushing away the dust of dreams, he rose and watched the fleeting, fairy vision. The orchestra had suddenly ceased and only the mocking bird remained, and now his words were clear and loud: "Life is young, it is May, and youth must love!"

"It was she," said the young man, still half dreaming, "her name is Maisie. Shall I ever see her again?"

### III. ANDANTE.

I shall never forget my first sea voyage. Always music-mad, my being responded to the moods of old ocean in Wagner motives, in anthems of the deep, in all the sea tunes I had ever heard, and when my repertoire of nautical strains was exhausted, it sang to me in one great, overwhelming, enveloping, mysterious melody of its own. Sometimes it was glad and wild, and free; sometimes it sobbed and wailed its threnody of fathomless sorrow, and always it was strange,—the broad waste of crooning waters, the murmuring winds, the vault of heaven like a huge trombone resounding, and the howling tempest furnishing its part in the flowing orchestra.

We speak of Mother Earth, but she is the mother of our physical being only, our earthly desires. The sea is our universal mother, the source of our dreams, our soul fancies, our

poetry. Ah me! I cannot say that I am either poet, musician or artist, but I seem to have within me the essence of them all, and respond to this mysterious power. I have the sentiment without the creative capacity, the temperament without the ability.

I was going abroad to perfect my voice. Nothing would ever have induced me to go so far away from home, had I not been in hourly dread of meeting the young man of the old orchard. The bare possibility of ever seeing him again, exasperated me so much that I was glad to put miles of ocean between us. Not until we were far from my native shore did I breathe a sigh of relief.

For several days I enjoyed my apparent freedom, until the night of the concert. My name was on the program for a song, and I selected the "Bird Song" from the "Pearl of Brazil." I had surrendered myself so completely to my musical moods, all in unison with Mother Ocean, that my arias came forth with less effort than usual, and I felt that I was singing as I had never sung before. The song was much applauded by the little audience gathered in the cabin, who insisted upon an encore. As I bowed my appreciation, I looked into a far corner, and there beheld the young man of the daisy bed in the old orchard. He still resembled my brother Bob, his hair was the same reddish-brown. His eyes met mine and I turned away. The clamor increased and I was not allowed to escape without another song. I yielded, and some irresistible impulse led me to sing, "Ah, Love thou art a Wilful Wild Bird," but I looked straight ahead and never saw him again. I kept to my stateroom after that, 'til the end of the voyage.

I say I never saw him again with a mental reservation, for sleeping or waking, I can always see his face as it looked that night, a wistful droop of the mouth, a sad longing in the eyes. In spite of my aversion the sight of him thrilled me strangely, and it was long before the song, "Love Thou art a Wilful Wild Bird," ceased to haunt me.

### IV. ALLEGRO.

I received a royal welcome on my return to America. I was feted and wined and dined in more cities than one, and I sang myself hoarse. Of all the festivities of that eventful winter, one alone stands out from all the rest. It was a carnival ball not far from my southern home.

The mansion, where the ball took place, was surrounded by beautiful grounds with rare trees and plants, and ornamented with statuary in marble and bronze. The house was furnished with the most exquisite taste, no glaring colors, no clashing tints. Everything displayed the most excellent judgment and skill. The ball room in Gobelin blue, had the same effect wrought out in all the minor details. Even the decorations for the evening were in keeping with the permanent arrangement. The other rooms connecting with this, all harmonized with its color scheme in such a way that the eye was not wearied by one monotonous tone. There was nothing bizarre, nothing gorgeous. It was like some old Florentine palace restored to its Renaissance glory.

Neenie was a lovely Undine, and her fair hair and delicate color were set off to perfection by the pale green gown she wore. It was decorated with pendants that resembled drops of water. These, also, shone in her hair so that many exclaimed on seeing her: "It looks like rain."

I wore a classic Greek costume representing Galatea, and over that a mask and domino which I intended to remove after an hour's sport. I did this in order to deceive some friends who had discovered what character I was to represent.

Soon after we entered the ball-room I was invited to dance by a very prepossessing cavalier. The music was a Strauss waltz, and my partner danced delightfully. Afterwards, we promenaded, and I learned from him that that we had met before.

"I don't seem to remember it," I said, "where could it have been?"

"I saw you once on a steamer bound for Europe, when you sang the Bird Song."

I began to hasten my footsteps in order to join my friends. The Valkyrie chorus was sounding an alarm in my brain.

"But that was not our first meeting. Would you remember that, I wonder?"

Remember him? Of course I did; he was the image of my brother Bob, now that my eyes were opened. How should I escape him? Moving more slowly, I looked around for a seat.

"I—I feel faint," I said, and I spoke the truth. "Will you kindly bring me some water?"

With all courtesy possible, he sought and

found a window seat and placed me in it carefully, and then went away for a glass of water. I watched him until his plume vanished in the crowd, and then I slipped away in search of my friends, but they were nowhere to be seen. No matter, I preferred the isolation of a crowd of strangers to the mortification of again meeting the eyes that had witnessed my folly. I sought a remote corner where I thought I would be unobserved, but before long I was invited to dance by a cardinal. I refused, whereupon a Punchinello asked me, and my refusal was the signal for a chorus of expostulation from his companions. Soon I was the center of a group of noisy merry-makers, in queer freakish costumes, and I was wondering how I might escape when I saw the tall form of my cavalier approaching to my rescue. I looked about and saw a door behind the curtains to my rear. Furtively, I tried the knob and the door opened. Lifting the tapestry behind me, I was soon through the door, shutting it quickly after me. It led to a veranda, and from it I rushed down the steps and through the grounds, my pursuers after me, pell mell. I could hear their merry shout, and I ran all the faster. At last, exhausted, I sank upon a stone ledge in the shadows and listened. The voices were fainter, as though they were going back, but I still heard footsteps. Peering out, I saw two forms approaching, and one of them wore the waving plume of my cavalier. The music of a soft, slow, sobbing, pleading waltz came wafted from the windows on waves of moonlight.

I looked about me. The ledge where I reclined was part of an arcade within whose alternate arches reposed a marble statue. Where I sat I saw engraved the name of Juno. A sudden idea seized me. I had already removed my mask; I now took off my domino and concealed it beneath a nearby palm. Then I climbed upon the ledge and stood in, what I meant to be a statuesque pose. In my classic gown of white, with my hair powdered, I would be taken in the uncertain light for one of the many statues ornamenting the grounds. As I stood there gazing off into the moonlight, the beauty of the evening thrilled me with new life, the hushed voices of the night sent a rush of delicious ecstasy through my soul, and I watched the pale twinkling of the stars, unbidden the music of the Moonlight Sonata came floating through my brain.

I heard them searching through the grounds

behind me, softly calling with assurances of protection and good intention. As they passed me a strange voice was saying:

"Your Atalanta is as fleet of foot as her namesake."

When they came into my range of vision, I saw my cavalier accompanied by a friend in the costume of Charles II.

"Never despair," went on the King, "there are just as good girls in the ball-room as ever ran out of it,—unless, of course"—

"Yes," sighed the cavalier.

"Tell me the story."

"My friend, I fear you have never loved, and therefore, have no right to hear this sacred history of mine; but if you will give me a light"—

And I had to stand there and listen to his side of the story, and inhale their cigar smoke as they sat upon the ledge at my feet. The orchestra in the house had ceased playing for the moment, but the orchestra in my brain began to play "The Spanish Cavalier."

"Have you ever wandered among sylvan splendors with your heart overflowing with a delicious, maddening ecstasy that is beyond your power to control, to express? Then, my friend, you have never loved. Have you ever been spell-bound by your own heart's obligato, entranced with a rapturous sweetness that exhausted you, and you sank upon a mossy bank to dream? That, my friend, was what happened to me. Have you ever dreamed, and waking, found the heavenly vision a reality? That is what happened to me."

"What was her name?"

"I had seen her but once and I did not know. I had heard her singing "Love Thou art a Wilful Wild Bird," as I passed a house in the city one summer night. I stood upon the pavement and watched her; herself a living sonata."

"And the dream?"

"Never mind the dream. I was awakened by the song of a bird, and I looked up into what seemed to be a reflection of the face that was pictured in my heart. Another moment and she was gone, flying merrily across the sward, followed by a score of nymphs as fleet of foot as she. It was like a mad chase of Diana and her merry maidens. As I looked after them, the bird above me sang a strange new song *with words*."

"There are more things in heaven and earth."

"Of course you are skeptical, and think the whole thing must have been a dream, but I have proof that she was there," and he drew forth a paper. It was my school report!

"Have you ever endured the anguish of misprized love, the love that lives in spite of all you can do to quench its fires, that seems to thrive upon its very hopelessness? That is what happened to me. For a long time I lived upon the hope that some day I would win her smile, but had given that up until tonight. Did you ever wish so much to please that your very existence hung upon the result? Did you ever feel the death that lurks in a woman's frown? Then, my friend, you have never loved. Did you ever strive to please and find that your very anxiety to succeed made success impossible? That is what happened to me tonight."

From the leafy boughs above us there came, just then, the voice of a thousand songs. It sang with a new inflection, an intensity of feeling that gave the song a pleading significance. The old ecstasy was there still, but it was subdued as though some rare, new chords had been sounded in the gamut of life, and their vibrations were to be carefully tried and gently tested before caroling them forth in the broad light of day. Both King and Cavalier paused to listen. It was the moonlight itself melting into lyric music. The subtle poetry of the southern night cast its glamour over the two at my feet, and under its spell they were silent.

Presently a servant approached and inquired if they had seen a lady in a mask and domino in that part of the grounds. My friends had evidently missed me. As he paused for a moment before me, a light breeze caused my white drapery to flutter. Seeing it, the servant gave a slight exclamation as he stared past the two men. Recovering himself, he made the sign of the cross and passed on. The Cavalier did not notice this incident, but the King was more observant, and turning, must have seen my fluttering robe. He turned 'round again and went on puffing at his cigar as though nothing had happened. Soon he arose as though to go, and standing before me, remarked:



"If beautiful statuary is frozen music, we have here a sonata of silence. Nature herself could not surpass those curves of throat and shoulder, or their symmetry of outline. The Greeks never equaled that dignity and repose, or coldness. You remember the story of Galatea? Did you ever fall in love with a statue? That is what has happened to me."

The Cavalier rose and stood beside the King. I felt my knees quake.

"Suppose we look around again for the lady," suggested the mischievous King, "I believe you're to see her again tonight."

"I'd just as soon expect this statue to come to life," said the other, sadly. As he spoke he put forth his hand and stroked my arm. It is hard to describe what followed. I know I screamed, and after the excitement had subsided somewhat, I found myself standing on the ground with my Cavalier bowing low before me, plumed bonnet in hand, making profuse apologies. King Charles II had discreetly vanished.

"Hail, Juno, Queen of Heaven," said the Cavalier, in a rather tremulous voice, but with his grand manner. His hair was not so red after all.

"But I'm only Galatea," I managed to say.

"And like her you come to life at the touch of"—

"Pygmalion was not a cavalier," I interrupted. "He belonged to another age."

"But love levels all distinctions," he said, softly.

"It is too early to speak of love."

"On the contrary it is growing cold and I have suffered in silence a long time."

"Methinks the manner of your love making is somewhat precipitate even for a cavalier. Where is the sonnet, the ditty, the moonlight serenade, the drawn blade?"

"Fair lady," he made answer, earnestly, "trust not too well the fine speeches and flowing rhymes of a Cyrano de Bergerac. The halting speech, believe me, the hesitation that results from excess of feeling hath more of depth within it than all the love lyrics of all the poets in the world. I beseech thee, think on my words and I will have patience; I will give you time."

Against my will, my wall of reserve began to crumble. After all, he had done nothing. As we strolled together back toward the ball room through the mellow moonlight, our shadows blended into one across the grass and the mocking bird's song followed us in common time but, most uncommon ecstasy.

There was a magic in the sound that, to my confused brain, made his notes fall in unison with a certain familiar march of Mendelssohn's. And my heart was singing a thousand songs.

## UNDER THE WINTER STARS

STARS above and souls below,—  
Which the greater? Souls, I trow.  
Shall we ever know?

Years that come, and years that go,—  
Whither do they? Ah—even so,—  
Shall we ever know?

Stars are steady; souls who go  
First beyond them love us so—  
Draw us heavenward,—Ah, I trow,  
We shall all things know.

Steady stars, and souls that love;  
(Stars below, and souls above);  
Years that come and years that go,—  
Years beyond them we shall know  
All,—because we love!

Alice Spicer



# THE WHITE MOHAMMEDAN

By Arthur S. Flowers

IT is over fifteen years since the following incidents occurred, and the only reason I have not published these records before, is because one of the parties was living up to six months ago. I make no effort to explain the story, but simply give the facts as they occurred, leaving my readers to indulge whatever theories they may feel best suits their views.

At the time the affair took place, I was a practising physician in the hill station of Simla, situated, as all know, in the Himalaya mountains, famous throughout India as a summer resort, and government headquarters during that season of the year. My time was well taken up, not only with the sick of the Anglo-Indians, but with natives, trying for the most part to instill into the latter the rudimentary ideas of hygiene.

I was called in one evening to attend Lucile McNaughton, daughter of one of my best friends, Colonel William McNaughton, V. C. I expected to find an ordinary case of hill fever, or one of the lighter ailments the Anglo-Indian is subject to in that climate. I was terribly shocked to find Lucile in a condition of suspended animation, and was at a loss to account for this state. At first, I believed her to be dead, as it was impossible to detect life by feeling her pulse. The method was too uncertain in this peculiar case. The general appearance showed life, though animation was absent. Her extreme fairness was accentuated, and her good looks possessed an added charm impossible of description. The skin, alone, seemed to have life. By placing a piece of glass over her lips, I noticed, after several minutes had elapsed, that it was dimmed very faintly by respiration, almost impossible to detect except by the closest scrutiny. This fact, of course, convinced me she was living. The case was absolutely beyond my medical experience, and no remedy that I applied brought any sign of animation to the patient. The distress of the mother and father was

terrible, and was naturally increased with my inability to do anything for their child. They kept on asking if she were dead, or was going to die then. To the former question, I was able to be reassuring to a certain degree, and tried to relieve them with the old platitude that "where there is life there is hope," which sounded cruelly weak to my ears, though it did, apparently, help the distressed father. The mother's face showed absolute hopelessness and undoubted fear.

I left the patient in the care of the *avah*, and asked to see her parents in some place where we could be free from interruption. We all retired to the Colonel's private den, and in spite of the heat, closed all the doors to avoid disturbance during the interview. I immediately asked the parents if they had the slightest idea of any mental trouble their daughter could have been suffering from, recently.

The old Colonel was emphatic in his denial of such being possible, and told me that only that afternoon she seemed to be enjoying the best of spirits, and was planning to go to a ball in the evening with her fiancée, Jack Barratt, more generally known throughout the station as the Simla Bachelor, because he was a universal favorite with the young girls, and mothers, too, and no one seemed to believe he would ever settle down to wedded life.

After asking many questions, all of which were answered by the father, I decided to go home and think over the peculiar case. I noticed that throughout the entire interview Mrs. McNaughton was silent and terribly nervous. I was convinced she had a theory of her own, but for some reason would not, or dared not mention it before her husband. This seemed particularly strange to me, as he was notoriously the greatest slave to her every whim. He idolized his wife, and there did not seem to be the slightest reason for such reserve in his presence. I have never been able to decide whether

he noticed it, but do know, that after the events recorded, to the day of his death, he always watched his wife when in her presence, with a puzzled look akin to horror, which would always change to one of love. I determined to interview Mrs. McNaughton by herself, at the first possible opportunity, which occurred the next morning.

The case fascinated me, and seemed to cast a hypnotic influence over all my thoughts. Returning to my bungalow, choosing a comfortable chair, I took a seat and tried to reason out some explanation for Lucile's peculiar condition. She had always seemed free from all mental worries, and certainly had everything to make her contented. A sweet, pretty girl of extreme delicate fairness, popular with men and girls, in love with and beloved by the finest young fellow in the Station. It seemed there could be no reason for this peculiar mental state, as I was convinced it was an hypnotic trance, but who or what caused it I had not the slightest idea; but was convinced it would result fatally if it lasted long. Still occupied with my thoughts, I heard a trap approaching, evidently being driven furiously, and in a couple of minutes Jack Barratt pulled up in front of the veranda, jumped down, threw the reins to his syce, and, walking on to the veranda, dropped into a chair beside me. It needed no second glance to see that he knew everything that we knew, and was almost distracted with the knowledge. I called for a whisky and soda, which he drank before saying a word to me.

"Doctor," he broke out, "for God's sake tell me what is the matter with Lucile, and what can be done for her.

"Jack," I replied, "you know as much as I do, and on the other hand, I am going to ask you a few questions.

"Have you noticed anything about Lucile, lately, to make you think she was suffering in any way?

"Not at all, except early this morning when we were out riding, a little incident occurred that seemed to upset her. But that was nothing, Doctor, too foolish to speak about."

"Nevertheless Jack, if I am to help you, you must be willing to tell me that incident."

"All right, but it seems to me to be adding the ridiculous to a tragedy. Here goes, though. We rode out of the station this morning, about five miles, which is a long

ride to what we usually take, generally confining our exercise to the roads in and around Simla. Just as we had decided to return, Lucile noticed a native temple situated on a slight rise about one hundred yards from the road. She was so anxious to see it at close range, I agreed to go and inspect it with her, although seriously opposed to such close curiosity in this country. You never know whether their religious feelings will be offended or not, and how far their revenge for such unintentional insults will reach. I am not superstitious, or particularly troubled with sensitive feelings along that line, but I do know we none of us appreciate the depth of their fanaticism. In fact, they are beyond our understanding, and the best way, therefore, is to avoid any possible chance of offending their religious principles. We reached the temple—and now comes the most foolish part of the whole incident—we saw a priest sitting before the door, and from his attitude, evidently ready to guard the entrance against our approach. Just as we got there, we both saw a woman dressed in the regular cupia of the native, dash through the door into the temple and disappear from sight into the inky darkness within. She had been kneeling and bowing to the priest as we came up, but on seeing us, ran, as I have described. She turned her face towards us as she ran, and we both saw, or,—of course only thought we saw—that it was an English woman and exactly like Mrs. McNaughton. I'll acknowledge we were both startled beyond expression. I noticed Lucile's face, which you know is extremely fair, turn a chalky white and I thought she would collapse. She quickly recovered, and looking at me, asked if I had seen. It was impossible to lie, and I told her. Yes, her horror was terrible. I decided then, whether it offended the old priest or not, and whatever the results might be, I would find the person inside that temple. Dismounting, I walked up to the priest and told him I was going in. His manner changed, becoming extremely obliging, though he insisted on my conforming to their custom and go in barefooted. I searched the entire place with him, and only discovered a lone woman, whose features did not bear the slightest resemblance to Mrs. McNaughton. On coming out, I told Lucile the results, and we laughed all the way home about the

matter, she threatening to tell everyone about my barefooted search in a native place of worship. The only other thing I noticed on our departure was, that the old priest looked directly into Lucile's eyes, and said in Hindustani. "Pride of thy Father, thou wilt follow the religion of thy mother, and all the strength of thy people cannot prevent it. Allah wills it." Lucile did not understand a word, though she recoiled as if struck, and a look of intense fear came into her eyes. As you probably know, her mother has refused to let her learn the language, and she has shown no special desire to. On the other hand, strange to say, the thought of attempting the study of it, seems abhorrent to her. Of course the old priest was talking nonsense," said Jack.

I did not know Lucile was ignorant of the language, and thought it strange, but said nothing to Jack. After his first remarks about the peculiarities of the native in his religious life, it struck me forcibly that he was very inconsistent in his last remark, and it seemed peculiar he did not give the matter any serious thought.

"Now Doctor, you will agree with me, there was nothing in the affair at all. I have told you all I know. Tell me, do you think she will recover all right?"

I answered evasively, and Jack soon left me to return to his bungalow, and spend the rest of the night as best he could.

I determined to see the Colonel's wife next morning, and have a private talk with her. It is true, on reaching my destination I had no idea what course to pursue. In my own mind, I was convinced she was in a position to offer a good reason for her daughter's condition, and was sure that through her alone could something be accomplished to restore her child to her normal health. I was immediately taken to the bedside of the patient, whom I found in the same comatose state as on the evening before. The Colonel was at regimental headquarters, which gave me the desired opportunity of a heart-to-heart talk with the mother. Ordering the *ayah* to retire, closing the doors, I turned directly on Mrs. McNaughton and bluntly asked her what she was doing in a temple five miles from Simla, bowing and kneeling to a Mohammedan priest. The effect of the question on her was electrical. She threw herself

at my feet and begged me to promise never to say anything about the matter. Her confession to the above charge nearly robbed me of my mental faculties. Recovering, I told her it would depend entirely on how she answered my questions.

I asked Mrs. McNaughton for a complete history of all events leading to her presence at the temple the previous morning. At first I thought she would refuse to answer. She looked at me with an expression of extreme fear that threatened to give way to mental collapse. I could not decide whether it was fear of my apparent knowledge of many incidents yet unexplained, or the fear of probable revenge should she divulge her secret. She seemed to be anxious to give the information requested, but at the same time was trying to overcome some ulterior power that was in opposition to my command to relate all she knew. Concentrating my thoughts on a determination to learn the truth, looking her straight in the eyes, I demanded her story. She rallied, and partially overcoming her fears, related the following remarkable history. It was with difficulty, however, that I obtained all the facts, as she seemed continually to be on the point of slipping into subjection to a will stronger than mine. I won, though it left me for several hours in a weakened state.

"Doctor," she began, "I was born five years before the mutiny, at a station near the city of Allahabad. My father was a captain in a Sepoy regiment, and just before the outbreak of the mutiny, decided to send my mother and myself back to the Old Country. About the time we were to start, the mutiny broke out, and it was impossible to reach a coast port in safety. We were with my father in the little fort during the prolonged siege, which ended in annihilation for its gallant defenders. With but a few men left, it was decided one evening, that it would be impossible to hold out during the next day, and all were determined to charge the enemy and die fighting in the open. There were several English women in the fort, the wives and daughters of officers and civilians, and each without speaking, knew what was in the other's thoughts. They were braver, if possible, than the men. Next day the pitiful story was ended. The women died the heroines that they were, and the balance of the men left, dashed out of the fort and

died fighting to the last. The slaughter was awful. It even looked, at one time, as if they would cut their way through. I was the only one left. My father had failed to find me, and consequently I escaped the fate of my mother. It was better to fall by the hands of our friends, than fall into the hands of our enemies. My ayah, who was passionately fond of me, and true to the English to her dying day, saved my life. By disguising me as her child, she passed through the enemy's lines with the intention of carrying me to the British lines and safety. It was not a difficult task, as the language was more natural to me than English. All went well until we reached Allahabad. One evening I escaped from the ayah, and out of curiosity, wandered in and out of every corner of the native bazaar. I should add here, that my ayah had told me my mother and father were in safety, and were waiting for me. In the course of my wanderings I came across a native temple, and in childish curiosity entered. It was only my lack of knowledge of their religious customs that gave me away to the priest who discovered me. He recognized at once I was one of the hated Feringhees. It was the priestly caste that did so much toward stirring up the troubles of that period. What would have happened but for the arrival of my ayah, I do not know. She claimed her child. He laughed at her, and asked how she became the mother of a young mem-sahib. She realized that no words of hers could convince him that I was a native child. Throwing herself at his feet, she begged for my life, offering all she had, and promising to work her whole life for him. The outcome was, that I vowed to adopt the Mohamimedan faith, and she practically became his slave. We reached the British lines in safety, as the priest did not object to letting me be returned to my own people, and in fact, seemed to desire it. I was turned over to an uncle, who sent me to school in England. I had not been there long before an Indian servant was engaged for some work around the school. It was thought a great joke for me to carry on conversations in his own language, and interpret for the benefit of the other girls. I soon found him exercising a peculiar influence over me, and in spite of all my desires to the contrary would take walks by myself

to most solitary spots, always to find Tre-wulli awaiting my arrival. He always greeted me with the same remark. "Thy oath; it will be fulfilled." He always followed the remark with instructions in the religious customs of his people. This subtle influence has always been maintained. After leaving school, my uncle wrote and asked me if I would like to join him in India. I wrote a refusal in the hope of breaking this dominating power. This letter was no sooner posted than I wrote another, accepting. The latter was against my will, yet I could not help writing it. Soon afterwards I joined my uncle. In spite of the fact, that I am presumed to belong to the Church of England, I have all these years, so far as possible, secretly practised their faith, under the instruction of the priest you spoke of when you first came here this morning. When I married, he told me my child must follow me in my religious faith. I refused, and even prevented her from learning the language at all, and having as little to do with these people as possible. As you know, in spite of my husband's wishes, I kept her in England until he positively insisted on having her with us. The old priest told me that nothing I might do would be of avail. It was not until yesterday morning that she met him, and he has evidently made her subject to his influence. I received instructions from him last night, written in Sanskrit, which I understand, directing me to give Lucile a certain kind of nourishment so that she would continue to live for years, until I agreed to her subjection to the religious customs of these people, and threatened death to our entire family unless his commands were obeyed. I have refused so far; but Doctor," she wearily continued, "can it be so much worse than the present conditions?"

I told her emphatically it would be better that Lucile should die, than suffer as her mother had done. Excepting Jack Barratt, I told her the story would be safe with me, and Jack would certainly be silent. I left her to return to my bungalow to think out a plan to break this malign influence that was being exercised over two white women by a native priest. The task certainly appeared hopeless. That evening Jack Barratt again called for news.

"Doctor," he asked, "is there nothing that can be done?"

As gently as possible, I told him the story related by Mrs. McNaughton. He became terribly excited, and wanted to proceed immediately to the temple, kill the priest and in this way break the hidden power.

It took me a long time to explain that such an action would be regarded as murder by the government, beside causing all kinds of unforeseen trouble with the natives. It would make scandal, and above all, in my opinion would certainly not bring about the desired result. This occult power, I was convinced, could only be broken in life by the priest, and not after his death. We continued discussing possible, though mostly impossible, schemes to gain our ends, when a native appeared in front of the bungalow, barely within range of the veranda lamp and it needed no second glance to see that it was an extremely old, withered man, with keen, piercing eyes that glowed in the lamp-light with a reptilian look. His whole appearance was repulsive, and I must confess gave me a chill feeling down my spinal column as if malaria had struck me. I looked at Jack, and saw him steadily gazing at the man, who was of the priest caste. He was evidently in the priest's power. I had sense enough to realize that it was to be a mental fight for supremacy. Jack was unquestionably beaten. The priest ordered Jack to follow him, and he would have done so, but I interrupted with a sharp command to the priest to go. He turned to me with a like command to follow him. I felt a tingling sensation as if shocked with an electric current. Recovering myself with a tremendous effort, I concentrated my gaze on the priest and a mental battle followed. My feelings are impossible of description, except

that I recall that the impulse to submit was almost beyond my endurance at times. The conflict continued for at least ten minutes, when with a plaintive cry of "Allah! Allah! Allah!" the priest fell to the earth and lay rigid at full length. At identically the same moment, Jack leaped to his feet and joyfully exclaimed: "Doctor, she lives. She is awake and waiting for me," and dashed off to the McNaughton bungalow. I rose and taking the table lamp with me, walked over to the prostrate priest, and instantly realized he was dead. His hand grasped a cobra that had struck its fangs into the man's chin. What he was doing with the reptile, and whether its poison or some organic disease caused his death, I am unable to say. Death would of course, have ensued from the snake bite, but I do not believe it was the direct cause. He must have been over ninety. I soon found out that Jack's remarkable statements were correct, and Lucile had recovered her normal condition. Strange to relate, neither seemed to have the slightest recollection of their part in the affair. Mrs. McNaughton, however, was always dominated by some ulterior influence to the day of her death, and gained the reputation of being an unbearable cynic upon everything that pertained to the Christian religion.

The outcome was satisfactory, as far as the two young people were concerned, and no evil after effects disturbed either of them. The story is strange; but, remember it occurred in India.

*Ayah:* Native nurse.

*Feringhee:* English man or woman.

*Sycee:* Grass-cutter or coachman.

*Cupia:* Native dress, loose, sheet-like covering from the head to the ankles.





## SANCTA VITAE

By Maurice Smiley

WHAT is a husband? 'Tis not one who goes  
At dawn to toil, returning to be fed  
At eve; who doles his daily wage for bread  
And fire and raiment; one who only knows  
Contentment when his treadmill balance shows  
His bins are full, a roof above his head.  
But one who in two tender eyes hath read  
The rest that is Life's only true repose:  
Who in a gentler spirit finds the founts  
Of inspiration's stronger life, and mounts  
On weaker wings to all ascending's crest.  
'Tis he who in one voice belov'd shall hear  
Each day a call for all his high and best  
To stand erect, full-vigored, strong and clear.

What is a home? 'Tis not four roofed walls,  
Where daily board is laid and trunks belong,  
And children go to school at sound of gong;  
Where shall be lived the well-groomed life of stalls  
And heard from day to day no higher calls  
Than nature's needs.—But where Love's nesting song  
Sounds o'er the din of toiling, sweet and strong;  
Where two shall drain Love's cup that never palls,  
Where shall be heard at eve Love's vesper chime,  
And heard at dawn the matin aftermath  
Of dreams. Where two a fair ordained path  
Shall walk with equal tread, and it shall seem  
That each doth grow, with Love's fine perfect rhyme,  
Into the likeness of the other's dream.

What is a wife? A keeper of the keys,  
A mender of the daily rents, the one  
Who chaffers o'er the morrow's meal? Ah none!  
Not laundress, cook nor seamstress—all of these  
Are not a wife. They can be hired to please  
The palate, and to toil till set of sun.  
Ah, vaster that dear labor, never done,  
A *wife* performs. The treasure of the seas  
Cannot requite nor wealth of all the land's  
Golcondas.—One rapt vision seen by both;  
To breathe one air; life welded unto life;  
The comradeship of soul that understands;  
One radiant, tender dream of holy troth;—  
THIS is to be a HUSBAND and a WIFE!



# THE LAND OF FORGETTING

By Vingie E. Roe

HE came up from the south, did Antoine Lefever, and settled in the heart of the forest. A long lake curled itself along to the west, and the unending snows drew down from all points of the compass, encircling him and his rude winter shack in miles of gray silence. It was a good shack, strong and tight against the winds that sometimes tore down from the fastnesses to the north, and it had been built with a huge fireplace at one end. The fireplace had entered Antoine's soul with a thrust of approval on that first day, when he had opened the heavy door and dropped his pack from his weary shoulders. His first act had been to send a great fire roaring up its gaping, ravenous throat, and since then it had never died on the hearth. On such nights as the wind howled down from the north, Antoine sat before it with his massive limbs stretched out to its friendly warmth, the fleeting shadows and tongues of flame playing over his dark-browed face where the scowl never left his sombre eyes, and looked into its baleful heart. There were many things that he saw there; things that deepened the scowl and narrowed his black eyes to slits.

The glowing hearts of the red logs took on many shapes of familiar things. But the thing that lived always, no matter what came or went beside, was a woman's face. That was the thing he had run away from; had buried in the peopled land to the south. Here, he had told himself, he would escape the laughing eyes, the tender mouth, the alluring form of Ninette Bruille; here where there was only the cold and the snow and the forest. Here he would set his traps and pile the wealth of his furs against such time as he had completed the forgetting. If he had stayed at Por Et Soule, not only would he have eaten his heart out, but he would, so surely as the Virgin pities the sinner, have carried on his great hands the stain of blood. So he had come to the great woods for the healing of their silence; and of the aid they gave him he was yet to learn.

The winter was long, reaching from the end of September to the first of May, and there was never the chance of a human face in the wilderness. So Antoine Lefever settled himself down to his log fire and his dreams of shattered hopes: to the face of Ninette Bruille and the one that stood ever at her shoulder leering in insolent triumph—that dog of an outcast, Francois Villiers. There was another occupant of the shack, a young wildcat which had but three legs, the fourth having yielded to the stern grip of one of Antoine's traps. It had grown very tame, curling up in Antoine's lap like a house kitten, and he was wont to address it for want of another. For the most part, he did very well; but as the slow months drew by he swore softly that the forgetting was so slow. He saw the girl daily, as plainly as in the flesh, and as he could never separate her from Francois, he grew to hate him with more fervor. Sometimes the desire to take that smiling face in his hands and twist it off the body grew on him until the blood beat hot in his eyes, and he rose and paced back and forth in the tiny room like a caged beast. But Antoine was of a strong, clean blood, and it was this he had come so far to escape. But, see you, how the Fates play with a man and the things of life.

On a night when the big trees of the forest cried to the elements for mercy, and the wind tore at the drifted snow, there came at the door of the shack a stroke as of a hand fallen against it with the last of its strength. Antoine threw it open, and on the threshold, white as the falling curtain behind him, stood Francois Villiers. For a moment the two men stood gazing into each other's face, the one half-unconscious, the other in a maze. Then the blood surged into that of Antoine, and he reached out and drew the other within, closing the door. Then he turned, thrust his hands into his pockets and looked at the visitor, of all others, so strangely brought to him. He licked his lips very like the cat when he dangled out of its reach a dead bird.

The man stood where he had stopped, swaying from side to side, his eyes fastened on the leaping fire. His hands hung at his sides, inert, frozen. The spirits of the woods and storm had all but had their will of him. He recked not of, or cared for aught since he beheld the fire. Antoine, watching, felt the blood go hot in his eyes again, and his hands clenched in his pockets. Just beyond the sodden face of Francois Villiers he pictured the dark eyes of the woman whom Francois had taken from him. In one moment the strength that had driven him to the solitudes deserted him. The old fury came back upon him. Here was the man delivered into his hands. Here was satisfaction; the satisfaction of revenge that had tugged at his heart for months. The wildness of the storm whipped his blood into chaos. He made one step, as one intoxicated, and caught his enemy by the shoulder. It was an easy thing to circle his fingers around the throat of a man who neither resisted nor did aught else than close his eyes and go down beneath him. Things in the firelit room went black before Antoine, and he felt all the fury of worlds burn in his hands, rioting in the lust of murder.

\* \* \*

When Antoine next came to himself, he was on his knees on the floor, and things were swimming back to their rightful places. Beside him lay Francois Villiers. There was no sound save of the wind crying at the chimney. For a long time he sat so, staring at the still heap on the floor. Then he rose stiffly, like a dreamer, and sat in a chair before the fire. It roared and ate its heart up, and he put more logs upon it. He sat dully, like one who has feasted to surfeit. The night dragged by. The cat humped across the floor, sniffed at the silent form, and crawled into his lap. Antoine did not think.

At the fourth hour there was a sudden sound, a low moan. The man in the chair turned sharply and met the living eyes of the man he thought he had killed. He sprang up, bending over him. But the reaction was too great. He could not do it over. Yet, give up now? Be cheated again? He longed to finish his revenge, but could not; nature rebelled. Yet there was a way! With difficulty he raised the helpless man and put him in his own bed. There was time to wait. By the morrow he would be

himself, ready to take his pay for the woman he had lost. And he wanted his enemy to have the full of his wits about him, that the satisfaction might be complete.

When the first gray dawn crept into the cabin, Antoine peered eagerly into the bed. The eyes of Francois looked out at him, bright as stars, and the face of the man was flushed with a raging fever. Antoine frowned and stood watching him a long time. Then he went out into the white world of snow. He would give him time to come to himself. He tramped to the lake on his snowshoes, and all the time his heart was throbbing with strange passions. The flood of anger and wounded love and fury drove him back again. Again he bent over the bed to finish his work, and again he straightened with a frown. He must wait longer. He sat in the chair, fed the fire, and once and again got up and paced the rough floor.

At noon the man in the bed moved and moaned. "Water," he whispered. Antoine sat still, the scowl heavier in his black eyes. His fists rested on the arms of the chair, tight closed. There was no sound. The man in the bed was still, not repeating his request. Presently, Antoine got up, filled a tin cup at the bucket of melted snow, and went, as if against his own volition, toward the bed. He held out the cup but Francois made no move to drink. It was as if he did not see it. Then Antoine, conquering his loathing, put it to his lips.

"It is that I prolong his dog's life to my own ends," he said to himself in palliation. But the day, short and dull, drew itself away and the night settled in, and the man in the bed was no nearer his right mind. For another day he lay silent, looking out at Antoine, who watched him now and then in a strange nervousness, with vacant eyes.

Then he began to talk, and the first thing he said was "Ninette." At that Antoine strode toward him with twitching fingers. But at the bedside he stopped. He could not touch a thing that looked past him and babbled. Instead, he put a big iron pot on the fire with snow and the quarters of a rabbit. He frowned and kicked the cat, which came savagely clawing for its accustomed share. The savory stew filled the room with tempting odor, for Antoine could cook, and when it was finished he stood hesitating, then sat down and ate. But at

the last he filled the cup, and there was anger in his face, and disgust, and took it to the bed. He forced Francois to drink, the while he swore, softly. That was the beginning. The storm that had descended on the forest that night held unbroken sway, piling the snow in banked drifts, stilling the heaving bosom of the lake and crying through the solitudes. Inside the shack one man watched and tended his mortal enemy, sorely against his will, and one tossed in the great illness, calling ever for the woman they both loved, and sometimes boasting in his delirium of his victory in the winning of her. At such times he was nearer death than on the first night when he had drifted with the wind to the cabin. But Antoine Lefever always tore open the door and rushed out into the saving cold. And it was through his raving that Antoine learned how he came to be alone in the far woods,—how he had been with a trapping party to the North Lakes, and how he had become separated from them and had wandered, lost and without food. Even Antoine, who was hardened and used to many things, shuddered at the revelation of those days and nights before he had stumbled to his door. And as he listened, day after day, alone with the droning voice, a vague shame grew in his heart for that night. At first he hated himself for the weakness and turned his back on Francois. But ever he turned back, for there was none to tend but him. And at last, from much iteration, he ceased to burn with hell-fire at the calling for Ninette. He even came to take it as a matter of course. He grew to wonder at himself, for as the days went by the passion went out of his heart as the snows go down from the hills in spring, imperceptibly but surely, and he found that the face of Ninette no longer lived in the heart of the fire.

And from much desiring the death of the man who had beaten him at love, he came

to strive strongly for his life. There were a few herbs in the roof of the cabin, and Antoine brewed and gave them him. He watched at night, and at last grew to fear in the silence that the sick man had died. And when the murmuring ceased and Francois rested from the fever, he fed the cat a double portion and kept very still. There was a new feeling in his heart, of peace, of strength, a strange feeling that circled through his soul like a cleansing wind, and he held up his head in the tiny cabin, tended Francois, and wondered. And when at last, Francois opened his eyes with reason, he spoke heartily, as man to man, and commanded obedience that he might the sooner walk. The unending snows stretched, a solid sheet, a firm highway to the settlements, and Antoine set about making, in the days of recovery, a strong sled with bent-birch runners. He laughed much and talked lightly, and Francois watched him, in wonder. And when it was finished and Francois able to travel, Antoine, one sparkling morning, packed a few belongings, settled Francois among many blankets on the sled, gave him the three-legged cat in a sack, strapped on his snowshoes, and looked farewell to the shack. Then he took the straps on his shoulders and swung out between the silent trees.

And Francois, sitting behind, was stirred with the mystery of it all.

"Ninette?" he queried, "how is it to be, Antoine Lefever?" And Antoine, squaring his great shoulders with a fling, stopped, suddenly. "Ninette?" he answered, "Ninette is the wife of you, Francois Villiers, and nothing to me. I," he threw up his head and took in a full, deep breath of the biting air, heavy with the scent of the pine and spruce, "I have found the cure. I journey, light-heart, out into the world again from the Land of Forgetting. You know not where it lies, M'sieu."



# A SONG OF HOPE

By Etta Pomeroy Miller

MRS. Norton locked the cottage door, and slowly walked down the path, drawing on the long silk gloves and looking about absent-mindedly. Some weighty matter evidently pressed upon her mind, otherwise the roses would not have nodded in vain from hedge and trellis, nor the gorgeous geraniums gone without their morning greeting. Heliotrope and mignonette sent appealing messages, begging for some slight notice.

The mistress of all this bloom and perfume being so absorbed, had no attention to bestow, and thus passed through the white picket gate and on slowly toward the town. She held a roll of music in her hand and music was vibrating through her senses; yet music is not always joyous, and thoughts may run in minor tones. Her errand, though of doubtful result, was pressing her on insistently. It was at best but a venture, and, if unsuccessful, no one but herself would suffer.

This was why Mrs. Norton was able to smile gently when ushered into the presence of Florence Arlington, star lady in a New York company playing a week's engagement at the local theater. She had sung and laughed and danced her way into the hearts of all; but then, to laugh, sing and dance are often purely business propositions, and not in evidence when off the stage. In answer to the card of the lady visitor, she came hastily into the reception room carrying a twinkling mass of drapery over her arm.

"Please state your business briefly, madam, for I am on my way to rehearsal," was certainly not a cordial greeting, especially when proceeding from a frowning and fretful face, no matter how beautiful. In her earnestness, Mrs. Norton rose and came near the impatient idol, and, opening her sheet of music, glanced up into the unsympathetic eyes.

"My dear girl, I have written and had published a song which I brought with me, hoping you would look it over and perhaps find it suitable to sing. It has not sold, and I did so hope to realize a few hundred dol-

lars from it. I thought perhaps if you were to sing it—"

"Dear me, madam, I have so many songs brought to me in this way; but I cannot look at them; it is absolutely impossible. I should be swamped with music of no merit."

Her quick eye took in the neat little figure, the gray hair and sweetly placid face, and a feeling which she could hardly define prompted her to say:

"What is the name of your song?"

"I have called it, 'Will That Sweet Dream Come True.'"

"It's a catchy title, but you must pardon my refusal. All my songs come to me through well-established channels, and I can consider nothing else. Excuse me, please, if I leave you. I am due now at the theater," and she hurried away, throwing back a hasty smile wherein lurked a hint of the well-beloved footlight favorite.

Mrs. Norton passed quietly down the stairway and out into the street. The pang that clutched her heart sent the tears into her eyes, but they did not fall. It was such an old, familiar sensation. She had merely tried to add a trifle to an income so slender as to make living on from day to day almost a tragedy. Yet, perhaps, it was all for the best. The girl was certainly lovely, and did not mean to be unkind. How could one so young appreciate the long-continued strain of genteel poverty? She would go back to the little white cottage with rose-covered trellises, and try to forget her disappointment. Her dream had been a sweet one, but had not come true.

The following morning the garden favorites were all astir with excitement. The beloved mistress was abroad with hoe and watering-pot. She picked withered leaves from the geraniums and passed her hand lovingly over the great scarlet masses of bloom. The shy catbird fancied himself hidden in the bushes, but she saw his keen eyes peering at her through the foliage, half-inclined to come out and proclaim his friend-

ship. She understood his coy ways, and scattered crumbs as usual. It was the month of roses and they bloomed everywhere. The lady coming down the street stopped at the fence. The roses were within her reach, and she lifted a spray and inhaled their fragrance. Mrs. Norton had been searching a stray weed behind the hedge, but rose at the sound of a footstep and beheld the lovely girl of the footlights. She saw she was not recognized, and thought it just as well.

"Good morning," said the dainty figure in white. "Would you mind if I picked one of these roses? They reach over the fence in a very tempting manner.

"Oh, no, pick as many as you please; but, better still, come in and let me cut some for you. They are like all roses—the thorns will tear your hands."

Florence Arlington opened the picket gate and, stepping into the garden, looked about her with an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, how beautiful and cool and fragrant it is in here! May I sit on your veranda a moment and rest? I am Florence Arlington, and I came out for an early walk, hoping to drive away a headache and a depression of mind that makes me wretched. I fear I am not at all well." She sank dejectedly into the porch rocker. The beautiful face was pale and traces of tears lingered around the violet eyes.

"I think, dear, you had better come into the sitting-room and rest awhile. I will make you a cup of tea, and I am sure you will feel much better."

"You are kind; very kind. I think I will accept the invitation. I hardly see why you are so kind to me."

"I live much alone, and, although my hair is gray, I am always at home with young people." She bustled out to prepare the tea, and Florence lay back in the big chair and inspected the little interior so neat and prim. There were a few good pictures, and the bookcases gave a comfortable, home-like atmosphere to the room.

One effect of tea-drinking certainly is to inspire confidence, and Florence wondered at herself when she found to what an extent she had revealed the cause of her unhappiness.

"You see, Mrs. Norton, I had no idea I should tell you all this, but I have been so wretched. Fred was in despair when I gave him up to go on the stage. I did not then

appreciate him. I was possessed with the idea of a professional life. Fred was so different. He wanted a little home like this," and her eyes swept over the interior and out into the garden ablaze with bloom. "He would have loved a place like this. I have come to believe in these five years that he was right, and I have been so cruelly unkind to the faithful boy; but he has his pride; he cannot forget all my cruel, heartless words. I should not respect him if he did. I must go on in the way I have chosen, but I realize now what I have lost." She sighed as she set the cup on the tray and rose to go.

"You have been so good to me. Would you like to have me sing something before I go?" She sat down to the piano. A sheet of music lay on the rack. She opened it and read, "Will That Sweet Dream Come True?" Turning around on the stool, she gazed at her hostess in startled amazement.

"Why, why, you are the lady who called on me yesterday! I see it all now; and how awfully I treated you!" She sat down on the couch beside her hostess and threw her arms around her. "What can I say, after all your kindness to me? I was so wretched yesterday, I hardly knew what I was about. I ought to have looked at your song; and you never said a word. Let me sing it for you now. It ought to be pretty, if the name is any index to the contents."

She laid the music on the rack and sang to a sweet, pathetic melody:

"I dreamed I met a maiden fair,  
With eyes of liquid blue,  
She passed me with a jaunty air  
Her smile might angels woo.  
Time sped away on pinions fleet,  
We met, her heart was mine;  
Life ne'er will bring us joy so sweet  
As that lost summer time.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the long hours through,  
Oh tell me, lonely waiting heart,  
Will that sweet dream come true?"

"I saw a cot where peace and rest  
Were ours from that glad day,—  
Toil ne'er before had been so blest  
Since love had come to stay.  
But now my dream has fled afar,  
I wake in chill despair;  
Beloved vision, hope's bright star,  
Where art thou, tell me where.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the long hours through;  
Oh tell me, lonely waiting heart,  
Will that sweet dream come true?"

The strain was too great. Days of unhappiness and regret seemed to focus around the song, and in a tempest of grief she sobbed out, "It is his song—Fred's song—my song.



Oh, how could you know? It is Fred sitting there so lonely; it is his voice calling me. I will sing it; I will sing it as I never sang before, and I will draw him back to me; he will understand. Oh, Mrs. Norton, you have brought me a great hope, a great joy. I feel that Fred will understand, and he will come, I am sure of it, for I shall put my very heart into the song."

She was pinning on her hat with hands that trembled. "Let me have this copy, Mrs. Norton, will you? I must hasten back and give it to the orchestra. We will bring it on tonight; not a day shall be lost. Good-bye, you dear little woman. Come tonight and hear our song. How fortunate for both of us that I took this walk. I cannot tell how it happened that I came this way, but I seemed to be led along irresistibly by invisible hands. I shall write you and tell you all about it. Good-bye, good-bye," and she fluttered away like a joyous white bird.

A month later the postman delivered two letters at the white cottage. The first one Mrs. Norton opened read as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Norton:—We went today and selected the cottage. We are going to paint it white and plant rose bushes. The most beautiful one next summer is to be called 'Lady Norton.' Fred says 'Keep on writing songs, for it is a grand mission.' Give the catbird greeting, and don't forget

Your own

"FLORENCE."

Mrs. Norton sighed contentedly and then opened the next letter. It was from her music publisher

"Dear Madam:—We enclose a check for two hundred and sixteen dollars, your royalty to date. Florence Arlington has taken up your song and given it a great run. We feel confident that our reports for future months may be even better than this. Respectfully yours,

"THE S. H. MUSIC Co."

Weeping endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Her song had united two loving hearts and brought a flood of hope into her own life.

## WINTER SUNSHINE

THERE'S something in this peaceful winter scene,  
The dazzling earth aglow with golden haze,  
That makes me think of long-forgotten days—  
Sweet days whose ghosts walk ever by unseen.

A far-off shaft of sunlight turns to gold  
The window of a far-off house; I see  
The long, wide porch, the graceful willow tree,  
And boyish dreams come trooping back to me.

Just so the winter sunshine used to fall  
On afternoons upon the porch at home—  
Like unspent echoes of spent sounds they come  
Because a sunbeam lies upon the wall.

For though it shines just as it used to do,  
All else is changed; a few bright joys I've won,  
But with each darkening of the blazing sun,  
The light of some sweet hope has darkened too.

Still I have found some blessedness in this—  
Sunbeams unprized in boyhood's happy days,  
Have lent to manhood all their cheering rays—  
Today I find the light which then I missed.

Roy Winchester



# ENDICOTT'S LADY BOUNTIFUL

By Florence Miriam Chapin

THE man closed the door of the library cautiously, and gave a sigh of relief. Then, glancing about the room, his eyes fell upon a woman's figure half hidden by the draperies of the window, and he frowned.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered; "I supposed the room was empty."

Seeing his discomforture, the woman smiled and came forward. "Else you would not have ventured?"

Her full, clear voice with its note of impersonal kindness charmed him, but he answered tersely enough. "Precisely."

"It really does not matter," she assured him, with the same graciousness. "I was going away," and she crossed to the door.

"Going!" he exclaimed, incredulously. "From the heavenly quiet of this room back into that crush?"

The woman turned: "Oh!" breaking into a laugh. "How perfectly delicious—a fellow sufferer!" Then she added. "No, I fell into the trap by my own carelessness—I forgot that this was one of Jean's at-homes—but I fled up here, and wild horses couldn't drag me down again."

He laughed, catching her spirit. "But you said—just now?"

"I know. Jean promised to come to me here, but it will be hours before she can get away, and I really ought to go."

Opening the door, she paused, looking back at the man for a moment, then said:

"You are Bruce Endicott, aren't you?"

His face lighted, and he stepped forward.

"You certainly have the advantage," he smiled.

"I am Miss Marlow."

"Not Miss Marlow the writer?"

She shrugged her shoulders, deprecatingly.

"Would a negative disappoint you very much?"

"Why no! Truly, I think that I am rather glad on the whole."

Miss Marlow's gaze became quizzical, and she lifted her voice questioningly. "You mean?"

"Only that I'm not in fighting trim, and most willing to postpone the advent of the celebrity."

"Forgive my stupidity, I don't quite see your point."

"Perhaps I haven't made it very clear. The fact is, the authoress is riding right over some of my pet theories, and I'm rather sore about it. She puts me on the defensive."

The woman rested her elbows on the piano, and brushed her face lightly with her muff. A little laugh broke from her, but Endicott failed to catch its note.

"What's wrong with her books?" she asked, her eyes dark above the soft gray fur.

"I'm not so sure that I can define it," he answered, "but there is always a note that doesn't ring true: she seems to speak from text-books rather than from the heart."

"You are scathing, Sir Critic!" The woman's voice had changed; a new note of mingled badinage and resentment crept in.

"Not intentionally. Her books interest me immensely, but from what Jean has told me of the writer, I do not think she can be true to herself. She is young to have absorbed so much of life's bitterness."

"Ah! the jarring note is in the minor, then!" She flashed a reassuring smile at him. "We have gained one point, at least." Then, suddenly she crossed the room and bent over the open fire.

"Perhaps," she went on, now quite serious; "sadness has been the key-note in her life."

"Why, yes, perhaps"; he acquiesced; "but life doesn't teach us those things in a day."

Miss Marlow shook her head. "There, I disagree with you. Character, and environment more than all else, govern that: to-day you are a child—the world is a bauble all opalescence; then, next, through some act of yours or that of one near you, the crystal is shattered, Eldorado is no more; you have become a man and put away childish things."

"But there have been years of preparation."

"Why yes, but the awakening is the work of a single day."

"Then you believe that this author's knowledge of life, in all its phases, came to her in a day, the fruit of personal experience?"

"No. I believe that some sorrow proved the touch of nature. No one of us can endure all vicissitudes, but we can gain an understanding of them. One can be so near an object as to lose all perspective. Once I thought that to be ideal in art one must be absolutely real, but now that idealism is gone beyond recall. You must have truth and one thing else."

"You are well armed, Miss Marlow."

"I can always defend what I believe to be true," was her quick answer.

He moved a chair toward her, and she accepted it with a quiet nod. Throwing back her scarf of fur, she loosened the violets at her belt and drew out one of the fragrant blossoms.

"I don't suppose," she mused, drawing the flower through her white-gloved finger, "that you really accept any part of my theory."

"Why?"

She looked up, a challenge in her eyes. "You believe so implicitly in your own."

He laughed, but before he could answer, a woman's voice called; "Venetia, where are you?"

Miss Marlow turned. "Here I am, Jean."

Mrs. Lorimer entered, breathlessly. "Oh! you were a dear to wait," she began, then, seeing Endicott's tall figure, she paused, bewildered. "How on earth,"—she shook her pretty head, deprecatingly. "You two together, and no harm done! It is beyond me."

Slipping her arm about Venetia, she faced Endicott with a smile of triumph. "Well, Bruce, is she so very dreadful?" she demanded, with a little proud air of assurance.

She was a small dark woman with a warm olive skin, and in her trailing chiffons she was a marked contrast to Venetia in her dark dress and rich furs, with her fair coloring and auburn hair.

Endicott's face showed amazement and a growing understanding.

"I'm afraid I've made a sad mess of things, Jean," he said, coming forward with heightened color. "Miss Marlow can you forgive me?"

She laughed. "For the mistaken identity? It was my fault,—and really you were delightful!" Then she added, with charming frankness. "I don't think I ever received a more sincere criticism."

"You deepen my chagrin. I admit that my harangue was unwarranted," he put in hastily.

"Please don't take it back and spoil the effect," she said, her eyes dancing. "Really, I don't expect to turn everyone to my way of thinking."

"Jove! I believe you could!" declared Endicott, fired by her spirit.

"So! there was a skirmish after all?" broke in Jean. "But now that the worst is over, you are going to be good friends, aren't you?"

"I've lost whatever chance I may have had, but I throw myself upon Miss Marlow's charity."

"Indeed, no; I am already in your debt for a most enjoyable half hour." Laughter still lurked in the depths of her blue eyes, but she gave him her hand, graciously:

"Friends?"

"With all my heart," he returned.

"Bruce, have you asked her to sing for you, yet?" Mrs. Lorimer's voice was tantalizing in its sweetness, but Endicott held up his hands with a gesture of appeal.

"All right, Bruce. I suppose I can wait; it is a pity, and you don't deserve such consideration at my hands. It is a tremendously good story, Venetia, but I'm afraid you must await his pleasure."

Venetia forgot the incident, and it was not referred to again until several months later. They were in her library one snowy night in mid-winter, and Endicott was helping Mrs. Lorimer into her wraps.

"Oh! do stay, Jean," begged Venetia.

"Can't, my dear. Unfortunately, I have a husband, and I must get back. In this storm no one will disturb us, and I have promised myself a long evening with him." Turning at the door, a light of irrepressible merriment in her eyes, she called over her shoulder: "By the by, Bruce, is Venetia to have the story of your nightingale?" Not waiting for an answer, she disappeared, taking Venetia with her.

When Venetia returned to the room, Endicott stood by the mantle, gazing abstractedly into the grate. She watched him for a

moment and a quick smile crossed her face.

"Well, am I to have the the story?"

She drew a chair to the table and began cutting the leaves of a magazine.

"I think—yes, I know I should have told you tonight, but for a chance remark of Jean's."

"So I'm not to know after all! What was it Jean said?"

He came over to her now, and stood watching her slender fingers as she worked.

"She seems to think that my story would make good copy. I'm not sure that I like that idea."

"When I become so poor in imagination that I have to fall back on personal confidences, I shan't write any more, Bruce." She was almost angry with him. "You must have been stupid indeed, to have taken Jean seriously. Though perhaps she thinks to laugh you out of your fancy."

"More likely to tease the story from me. There's a world of harmless curiosity in her small person."

Venetia raised her eyebrows but she did not look up. "Curiosity—but I thought Jean knew!"

"Only that I'm searching for a voice; the story I have never told to anyone."

"I'm almost grateful to Jean;" laughed Venetia. "Think of the awful responsibility of sharing such a secret."

"But I'm going to tell you now, if only to pay you back for being angry with me."

There was a little amused line about her mouth but she did not betray her interest. She only bent her head. "Go on," she said, "I've learned not to struggle against the inevitable."

"It all came about by my wandering aimlessly over Beacon Hill, one night last summer. I was thinking principally of the pleasure to be gotten from a good cigar, and of the beauty of the fading sunset above the Charles; when suddenly, from an open window, I caught the strains of a harp,—and then, a woman's voice—the sweetest voice I ever heard. It was not strong, perhaps, as voices go, but the pure cadences rang out in sweetest melody. I stood rooted to the pavement; to have gone on, I believe, would have been impossible, so strong was my infatuation. When the song ended I waited breathlessly, but she did not sing again. Hour after hour went by as I paced sentry-like before her door. When

at length, some idea of outward things penetrated my dazed senses, the Arlington chimes were ringing the mid-night watch, and I went stealthily away feeling like some guilty thing. But that same night began a pilgrimage for me: I vowed to find and win that woman, though the devil and the deep sea stood between.

"For weeks I haunted the place, though I never heard the voice again; and just when I had decided to throw all caution to the wind, the house was vacated and I was left more mystified than ever. Venetia, think what she must be, this woman, whose very voice can so move one!"

She did not answer him at once. The magazine still lay in her lap, but the paper knife had slipped unheeded to the floor. Her eyes, dark and shadowed, were fixed upon the man's eager, intent face.

"It is a very pretty story," she said, after a little; "but I'm afraid it is too much out of date for the present work-a-day world."

"But to quote a line from one of your own books—'Love is of all ages.'"

A little sigh broke from her. "Oh!" she cried; "You are bewildering! Who could believe the calm, debonair Bruce Endicott to be an ardent Romeo in disguise! And when you have found Miladi—what then?"

"I told you that I should win her."

Still smiling, she shook her head. "Ah, no, Bruce! Keep the memory of that night as an inspiration; don't try to find the woman and forfeit your ideal."

The man bent toward her. "You,—an image-breaker?"

"Oh! if I could make you understand what it is that I would save you from." She grew restless now, and crossed the room, drawing the curtains apart to look out at the snowy night. "Once," she continued, her face turned from him, "I knew what it was to have an ideal destroyed: and even to this day, I would give much if some one could have helped to lessen my suffering."

"Because you did not hear her you do not understand, Venetia. She can not disappoint; in her all things are best and purest."

Venetia laughed. "She is indeed a nonpareil—Miladi Bountiful. Then, since you will not give her up, strengthen your love to bear with her frailty; for remember, Bruce, however much you may exalt her, there is no perfect woman."

As time went on, Venetia grew to envy this fair unknown, and to rebel at the sacrifice of Endicott's splendid manhood to an idle dream. All about him was the substance; and he chose to search for the shadow.

That summer Venetia spent in Europe, and she returned to find Endicott, as his father's lieutenant, deeply involved in a struggle against the trust. That he had actually become an entity in the world of large affairs delighted her. And her delight would have been still keener, could she have guessed that his enthusiasm was due, far more to her influence, than to that of his dream lady.

It was characteristic of the man to give all or nothing; and that winter Endicott made up for his years of idleness.

Venetia watched, with an artist's eye, what she termed the refining process, and as she saw the gleam of the true metal, she rejoiced for the Lady Bountiful.

Endicott was with Venetia much during this time. She let him ramble on about his dream-lady and no longer tried to dissuade him. But, sometimes he was too tired and troubled even to talk of her, and it was then that Venetia would lead him to her own quiet sanctuary,—her study among her books and flowers. Here, it was, that all her writing was done; and, leaving him to his reveries, she would go quietly on with her work.

After his father's death, she always received him here, in response to an unspoken wish. It was the truest sympathy she could offer, for she gave him of herself.

But she gave more than she realized, or Endicott dreamed of; and when, at length, the revelation came, Venetia grew bewildered with the sudden joy that filled her heart.

At first, she wished no greater boon than just to love him, asking, desiring nothing in return. But as the spring advanced, March drifting into April, she found the alloy in her happiness. The man's indifference hurt her, and his blindness stung her to rebellion. Her life had been a strangely lonely one, and now, all the woman in her cried out in longing for her share of the world's happiness. Left early in the care of an aged grandmother, she was thus shut out from the younger life around her. Naturally sensitive and highly imaginative, this isolation had but tended to make her more so. Then, an unfortunate love-affair in her girlhood, proved a sad tragedy, and Venetia still bore the stamp of

that suffering, though she alone realized it. Thinking of this, a sudden panic seized her, lest the same anguish bear fruit again. A feeling of resentment swept over her at the injustice of it all, and with revolt at the thought of renewed suffering, came a desire to flee.

"I'm tired," she told Endicott, later. "So is Jean, though I never supposed she would admit it. She has, however, and we are going away together this year; and—very, very soon, too. 'Oh! I'm glad, so glad!' she cried, with a quick outward sweep of her arms. 'I can't wait to be up among the hills again.'"

As she stood poised before him, the sunlight in her glowing hair, he wondered at the light on her face, and a line of Goethe's flashed across his mind,—“On every height there lies repose.”

The room was a blaze of golden light. "It's the spirit of springtime, and we're celebrating, the flowers and I," Venetia said, as she watched him.

Jonquils and tulips were blossoming in the deep recesses of every window, and great bowls of the yellow lilies were everywhere. And then, there was Venetia, like some tall flower, in her golden dress with the daffodils in her hair.

Bruce thought he had never seen her half so beautiful, and he found himself wondering what life would be like without the haven of this quiet room and the presence of its gracious mistress. Musing thus, he fell silent until she began to play in a soft, dreamy way; then he looked up.

"Play this, Venetia." He handed her a sheet of music. "It is something I've been trying to get hold of for a long time."

"What is it?" she took it, curiously. "A song of Robert Herrick's! Why, I have this, Bruce. Where did you hear it?"

"It is Miladi's song."

The brightness died out of Venetia's face, and her hands dropped listlessly to her side. Would he never let her forget? Then she remembered the last time she had sung this very piece—Miladi's song, indeed! She seemed to see a darkened room, the dim faces of her listeners, the gleam of a harp, and—stop! what was that last thought, bringing with it such a strong tumult of feeling? She felt a tightening at her throat, and caught at the chain she wore as though even that hurt

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A cry rose to her lips but she fought it back. Turning again to the instrument she played the music for him, not daring to face his eyes.

When he had left her, wondering at the sudden change in her, she sat quite still trying to force some conscious thought through her dazed senses. He loved her—she was his dream-lady! She could get no further; over and over those words rang in her ears. Then—after a little—came the reaction: it was not she that he loved, but a creature of imagination in whom she had no part. There must have been some strange witchery in her voice that summer night, though never since. For nearly two years, now, she had been of his world, yet not once had she stirred him from his dreams. She had failed. Vaguely she wondered if there might not be some destiny in her loneliness.

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In reality she was startled by the change in him. He had grown older, and the deep lines on his forehead, a certain set look about the mouth, and a deep weariness in his eyes, showed the strain of his long battle.

Venetia drew her lips together tightly, to stifle an exclamation of dismay. The man was completely fagged, ill beyond a doubt; but his manner plainly repulsed acknowledgment of his weakness. He dropped into a wicker chair near the window, and Venetia, leaning forward, clasped her hands and watched him furtively.

"Now, then, be good and tell me all about yourself and how things are going."

"Indeed, no," he answered. "I am tired to death of one Bruce Endicott. Tell me of yourself, Venetia."

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"Everything is about over now, Venetia. The struggle virtually ended today. In another week I shall be a man of leisure again."

There was no weariness in his voice, as of a man bereft of hope; he spoke as one giving merely a quiet statement of fact.

"Oh! Bruce, is it as bad as all that? The papers said you were putting up such a splendid fight; I hoped!"—

"All that now remains is to surrender with what grace I may, and the game is over."

"And there is no hope left?"

"Hope? There hasn't been any. I never expected to win out."

The girl gave a quick gasp and bent forward.

"Bruce Endicott, do you mean to sit there and calmly tell me, in spite of the tremendous effort you have put into this struggle, that you never expected anything but failure from the beginning?"

"Just that. I knew it was absolutely impossible for me to succeed."

His quiet, listless voice filled her with a vague uneasiness; and after a silence she spoke again, slowly, distinctly, almost plaintively, as though she sought to call him from a great distance.

"Bruce, do you realize that you are making your superb struggle seem ridiculous?"

The man made no perceptible effort to throw off his stoicism. A sigh of indifference escaped him.

"All things are if viewed in a certain light," he returned, in answer to her challenge.

A woman doesn't always know why she does a thing—more often she feels rather than sees. It was so with Venetia, now: almost sub-consciously she understood that she must serve this man.

She rose and leaned against the window-frame, looking down at him. Weakness where only strength has been is the more pitiable because so unexpected, and Venetia stood, hesitant before Endicott's blinded sensibilities.

When she spoke again, she placed her hand lightly on his shoulder and called his name: "Bruce!"

He, sensitive to the touch, and the sweet imperiousness in her voice, looked up, more his accustomed self than she had seen him that night.

"Well, Venetia?"

"If you saw no possible ending but failure, why have you wasted so much of time, and energy, and wealth?"

"The money was only mine in trust; the

time and energy were little enough to give in vindication."

"Vindication?"

"To my father, Venetia. It was his last wish, and my last promise to him, that every cent of the Endicott fortune be pitted against the trust."

"But the vindication, Bruce?"

"When I first knew you, my father was trying to get me to give up my do-nothing existence and work into the business with him. On my refusal, he took Frank Meadon into the firm; but later, stung by your openly-expressed contempt for a man of leisure, I went in with the Pater. By that time, things were beginning to go to pieces, and when I finally discovered Meadon to be the traitor, it was too late. The Pater was too much a man to cry what might have been, but the truth was all the clearer for his silence."

"But tell me, Bruce, surely your father believed there was some hope?"

He always believed in the fighting chance, and he had too much faith in me."

"And now—what are you going to do, now?"

He laughed, a low, mocking laugh. "What would you suggest, a spectacular march to the guillotine?"

Venetia flinched at his nonchalance, and grew impatient. "You know I did not mean that."

The room was now in partial shadow, and Venetia crossed to the electric switch and turned on the lights, blinding them both for a moment.

"What would you, then?" he asked listlessly, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Drop the old false note of cynicism first," she answered. "Now, then, don't things look better away from that brooding light?"

"The very dainty lady before me certainly shows to better advantage," he parried.

"Bruce, I'm serious!"

"So am I."

She stood looking thoughtfully at him for full a minute. "So Miladi is no more," she mused.

Endicott tossed back the damp hair from his forehead, and sent her an amused look.

"Tacking, eh, Venetia?"

She colored, but made no answer.

"Well," he continued. "You told me once that such romance was out of date, and I have come to think so, too."

"But you, too, are out of your century, Bruce. Your present victory has shown me that."

"What victory?" His voice was almost harsh as he questioned her.

As he spoke she came toward him, her face, with its perfect coloring, showing like a cameo above the whiteness of her gown, and there was something in her eyes that held him, even when he would have turned away.

"Haven't you won?" she asked softly, as she stood before him.

His eyes fell before her own brilliantly proud ones. "You are making a great deal of nothing."

"Am I," she laughed, gently. "Perhaps. It was like you to say so, anyway. But I'm waiting for you, Bruce."

"For me?"

"M'hem!" she nodded, the strange look still in her eyes. "I want to hear all about your plans."

"Plans—when I told you the game was over, that the last hand had been played?"

"And you're not going to ask for a new deal?"

There was silence in the room after Venetia spoke, but it was a silence pregnant of many things. There was an eager, expectant look on the woman's face, even while she seemed to fight back some tumult of fear.

Endicott sprang up after a while, and strode across the room with a quick, nervous gesture, followed by Venetia's searching glance. He went the length of the room several times and no word was spoken. Finally, a change seemed to come over him, his shoulders squared, and he threw his head back with a gesture almost defiant.

"Venetia, I've been a brute tonight. Forgive me, if you can. I knew I had no right to come—like this—only I could not stay away. Say that you forgive me!"

A deep sigh escaped her. "Ah!" she caught her breath. "I knew, I knew," she whispered, her face aquiver.

"What is it that you knew?" he asked.

But she only smiled, happily. "There is no need of forgiveness between you and me, Bruce."

Sinking into a chair, she crossed her arms on the table before her. Now, that the crucial moment was passed she seemed strangely languid. Once, a shade of weariness crossed her face and her eyes closed.

Endicott sprang forward. "Venetia, you are ill!"

She laughed, though her voice broke. "Oh! no, it is only the heat. She drew a bowl toward her, filled with pond lilies. "I brought them down for you, but they are wilting already." She buried her hot face in the fragrant, drooping flowers. "They were heavy with dew when I gathered them this morning." Suddenly she raised her head. "Come back with me, Bruce! A few weeks up there in the hills will do more for you than a year of grind here."

"And the new deal?" He was quite himself now, and the glance he bent on her was one of half quizzical amusement.

"I was thinking of that, too; wouldn't it be just the preparation you need?"

"Say, rather, what I most desire."

"But once in a while, Bruce, we want just what we need most."

There was a world of sweetness in her voice, and a characteristic note of high imperiousness, but he stood unmoved.

"You argue well, but I don't want to be convinced. There must be no primrose path upon my march."

"I like you better for saying so; and yet, after all, I'm not sure that discretion isn't the better part of valor. You're ill, Bruce!"

"P'shaw! I'm tired out, that is all—a couple of days will put me straight."

But she did not feel very sure of him when he said good-by at the train the next day. His face seemed grayer in the morning light, and he could not chase the weariness from his eyes.

Two weeks later Venetia and Jean were startled when Lorimer wrote from the city, to say that he was bringing Endicott back with him. There isn't much left of the fellow," the letter ran, "it looks like a fight ahead."

When Endicott came, and Venetia saw the havoc that had been wrought in so short a time, she made no outcry, though her face paled and a steely look came into her eyes. But as she watched him she seemed to gather courage: the dormant spirit she had roused in him still burned; it would only be a battle for strength after all.

Endicott protested at what he called their useless fuss, and went off to bed, only after many entreaties, declaring that they merely wanted to get rid of his tiresome company.

The fever that at first seemed inevitable, was warded off, but it was September before Endicott left his room; and the harvests were nearly ended, and the foliage turning on the hill-sides when, at last, he began to feel himself again.

One morning when the mountains were veiled in a purple mist, and the valley faintly blushing with its first promises of coming splendor, Bruce lay idly dreaming on his swinging cot beneath the pines. Venetia and Jean sat near him with their books and embroidery, and Lorimer, with brush and palette, stood a little way off, making painful attempts at the scenery before him, and parrying, from time to time, the good natured gibes of his companions.

"Bruce, you lazy fellow," suddenly exclaimed Jean, putting aside her work and going over to him. "Now you have so much time on your hands, why not try to persuade Venetia to sing to you? She never has, you know!"

Venetia looked up from her book and laughed. "Not I. Just think what would be expected of me!"

Endicott had never spoken of his Lady Bountiful since the night in the city, and Venetia had begun to think that he had really given up his dream. Gradually, all his old interests had been taken up again, together with many new ones, including a partnership with Lorimer, but the old infatuation seemed gone. A great happiness filled her that this was so: with the shadow gone might he not find the substance? Sometimes the humor of the situation seized her. She was jealous of what she herself had created, of a rival that was herself.

One afternoon in October, Venetia, her arms filled with late goldenrod, stood on the top-most step of the veranda gazing at the panorama before her. "Oh! how beautiful it all is," she breathed, softly.

The sun, just slipping away behind the hills, bathed the valley in a flood of golden light that caught the rich tones of the autumn

foliage, and kindled them into a living flame of color. Bruce stood near her sorting great clusters of leaves, the trophies of their afternoon tramp.

Suddenly, Venetia turned to him, her eyes like stars. "Look!" she cried, throwing her arms out with a great sweep toward the distant mountains. "They have given you back your life, Bruce."

The gay branches slipped to the floor as Endicott moved to where she stood. "Yes, Venetia, they and one thing else—the presence of a gracious woman."

Her starry eyes fell before the light in his as she asked, softly: "And the Lady Bountiful?"

"She was a dream of which you, Venetia, are the realization."

For an instant he caught the radiance of her face as she slipped from him, and crossed, through the gathering dusk, to an open French window and disappeared within. Wonderingly he followed, and watched her silently as she seated herself at the piano.

A low fire burned on the hearth, throwing fitful lights over Venetia's bright hair as she bent above the keys.

Softly, she broke the stillness with a low melody of minors, then, suddenly, she lifted her head and broke into the old song of Herrick's. The sweet voice, with its glad notes of triumph, filled the room.

Endicott bent forward slightly, as the wonder of it all surged through him, but he did not go to her until the last sweet notes died away. Then he crossed the room swiftly, as she rose to meet him.

"Venetia, dear Miladi! I might have known—I might have known. It was always you,—it could not have been otherwise,—and yet how blind I was!"

The room was darkened, but across the polished floor lay a bar of light from the harvest moon. From somewhere on the hill-side came the tinkle of a cow-bell, and then the voices of Lorimer and Jean returning from the village.



# • WHEN WE TROUNCED KOREA

By Joanna Nicholls Kyle

ADMIRAL SCHLEY once laughingly remarked that he had been known in the navy as "a storm petrel" (the sailor's bird of ill omen), because his assignment to duty on any particular station seemed to be a sure signal for the outbreak of trouble in that part of the globe. This reputation was amply justified by the instance of our misunderstanding with Korea soon after Schley's appointment to the post of navigating officer on board the "Bernicia," one of the ships under Admiral Rodgers' command sent to the Asiatic station in the fall of 1869. Three years prior to this date, the "General Sherman," a Yankee vessel loaded with small articles of commerce, had stopped at a Korean port, where her crew had been mercilessly butchered by the barbarous inhabitants of that peninsula.

A quaint little magazine, entitled the Korean Repository, published at Seoul, gives in its July issue of 1895 a retrospective description of this outrage, with such small extenuation as could be pleaded for its commission. It states, substantially, that in the seventh moon of pyeng-in-year (which being translated into English, means 1866), a dark-colored foreign ship, with many ropes hanging from its masts, was sighted on Ta Tong River, and that the governor of the adjacent

provinces sent messengers to inquire into the object of its presence in Korean waters. The crew, nineteen in number, returned answer that they came from the land of Mi (the United States), and that they wished to trade. As they had several Orientals on board, who acted as interpreters, they distinctly understood the purport of the governor's announcement when his messengers came back again and stated that it was contrary to Korean customs and regulations to deal with foreigners, but that they might have something to eat.

Nevertheless, the strangers proceeded up the river to within twelve li of Pyeng Yang. Above this point Crow Rapids cut off further progress, but during the night, heavy rains fell, causing such high tides as to lift the boat sufficiently to cross the rapids. The American visitors, not aware that this was a very unusual rise of water, made their boat fast above Yang Jak Island. Thither the indignant governor sent his adjutant to declare: "You have

come right up to the walls of our city when asked to remain outside, and insisted on trade, which is contrary to our law; matters have come to such a pass now that we must hear from his majesty the king before we decide." The narrator of this story then explains that the king was at that time lord high execu-



ADMIRAL SCHLEY



tioner for Korea, and that he, believing the foreign vessel meant a new invasion of Roman Catholicism, delivered the laconic decree: "If they do not go at once, have them killed." The day preceding the arrival of this imperial edict, the swollen river had subsided to its normal limits, and the boat was already hopelessly fast in the mud. The luckless Americans were not slow to perceive their predicament, also the threatening attitude toward them on shore, where, in obedience to Korea's sovereign, bows and arrows and crude firearms were being distributed. They, therefore, seized Adjutant Yi, who happened to be on board for a final conference. "Never mind the adjutant," was the order of the determined governor, "fire on them."



A GROUP OF KOREANS

The fight lasted four days, the surrounding hillsides being filled with spectators; but the merchantmen kept the foe bravely at bay, while "her huge guns went off and shot ball ten li, and roared like thunder that could be heard a day's journey away." This wonderful artillery produced a profound impression. The bits of broken metal scattered through the crowd carried a superstitious terror, those who were struck and slightly wounded expecting to die forthwith. Finally, both archers and soldiers refused to go within range of the ship so an expedient was resorted to. Several scows were tied together and piled with brushwood; sulphur and saltpeter were sprinkled upon this mass, and, long ropes having been fastened on either side by which to navigate it, the whole thing was set on fire and let down the stream toward the doomed

ship. Three times was the operation repeated before the "General Sherman" blazed up, driving her crew from their shelter into the water, where they were attacked and brutally hacked to pieces by a furious mob. To quote from the writer's own words: "One or two who reached the shore carried a white flag, which they waved while they bowed repeatedly. But no quarter was given; they were pinioned and cut to pieces." The ship's cannon were removed to the armory of Pyeng Yang, where they still remain, while her chains may be seen hanging between the pillars of the East Gate tower. Such was the fate of the "General Sherman." But the details of this cold-blooded crime were not known in the United States for a long time after it was committed, and then only rumors came through Chinese authorities.

Forty years ago very little indeed was known about Korea, except that it was a narrow peninsula situated between Japan and China, that it was tributary to the latter empire, and that the policy of its government was strictly exclusive. "Outside barbarians" who dared to intrude, even if cast by shipwreck on the coast, were promptly killed, and no Korean was allowed to leave his native land without permission, the penalty for such license being death upon his return home. The position of

this little kingdom directly across the routes of trade rendered it indispensable that her malevolent attitude toward all foreign nations should be changed; her self-isolating propensity renounced. It is not surprising that an atmosphere of mystery hung over this region never visited except surreptitiously by white man, or that there were legends representing its population as giants possessed of wealth equal to that of East Indian moguls, who defended their property with preternatural ferocity. Five years after the barbarous destruction of the "General Sherman," our Navy Department directed Admiral Rodgers to assemble his fleet at Nagasaki, Japan, in the month of May, 1871, where, shortly after, it was joined by Honorable Fred. F. Low, minister to China, with his secretary of legation. This functionary had been instructed



to co-operate with the admiral in the negotiation of a treaty with the Korean government for humane treatment of merchants shipwrecked on their coast. As there predominated at the time a strong anti-foreign sentiment in the Far East, as demonstrated by frequent riots and the murder of Christian missionaries at several Chinese ports, it was very questionable whether or not such a treaty could be amicably effected. In the event of a refusal, force was to be adopted to secure the safety of American citizens; but such perfect secrecy as to the intentions of our government was maintained that it was not until after the fleet sailed that it became definitely known on board that they were actually going to Korea. The enthusiasm of our men may be imagined when they learned that this was the consummation of

turies, revealing a vista of olden days when some startling intelligence was being flashed throughout the land. From a village in close proximity to the fleet whole families could be discerned fleeing in haste, and carrying all portable property with them, while even fishing junks, which, as a rule, examine foreign craft with friendly curiosity, seemed to share the prevalent alarm, and fled in suspicious haste whenever our sailors tried to hail them. As no postal facilities are permitted to aliens, it now became extremely perplexing how to initiate diplomatic communication. In this emergency Admiral Rodgers adopted a scheme which resulted satisfactorily. An official letter was written, stating the peaceful errand upon which he came; this was carried on shore and attached to a pole stuck conspicuously



THE HARBOR AT CHEMULPO

RAILWAY STATION AT SEOUL

their recent constant orders for battalion and artillery drill.

On nearing the peninsula the progress of the expedition was seriously and unavoidably impeded. Caution had to be observed for lack of accurate charts. Superficial surveys of the coast had been made by the French several years before, but it was found necessary to test their reliability, so Commander Schley and other navigating officers were sent in small launches to run new soundings, in advance of the squadron.

On the morning of the first day of June, 1871, a formidable armada lay at anchor at the mouth of the Salee River, the entrance to the capital city, Seoul, while from every hilltop in the vicinity beacon fires proclaimed the astonishment and consternation of the Korean inhabitants. To our progressive American spectators, the stream of time seemed to have rolled back several cen-

in the ground. All day the missile remained untouched, but under cover of darkness the natives gathered courage sufficient to remove it. In the same abnormal fashion our government received an answer from that of Korea. But for the gravity of the situation, these Oriental dispatches, thus uniquely delivered, would have afforded subject for merriment. The first letter found fastened to the pole, for the admiral's perusal, was lofty in style as became an absolute monarchy, yet evasive and deprecatory. It stated that food would be given to the fleet if it was hungry, but they must very shortly depart from the waters of Korea. All the answer that was vouchsafed to the proposal of an international treaty was the announcement that if the Americans came to make innovations, they would find it next to impossible to do so, as the Koreans had lived under their own laws and institutions for four thousand

years and would suffer no alterations. The admiral might ask the French what had been the results of a similar attempt on their part to molest the Koreans, in 1865. Another epistle suggested that an American named Febriger had come to their shores, and had gone away again; why did not the fleet follow this example? Why should the admiral travel so many miles, when his own country lay furthest west, while theirs was the furthest east; why should he come to trouble a people which did not invade any nation? At length, conscience-stricken, as it were, one missive asked if the squadron came to seek the lost ship "General Sherman."

All this correspondence was very tedious, and consumed a vast amount of time; the

followed with instructions to display no belligerency unless attacked. The tidal current of the Salee was found to be very strong and rapid, while the river bed abounded in treacherous rocks and shallows. The channel itself narrowed to about three hundred yards, while the guns both upon the mainland and the opposite island of Kang Hoa, although of an antiquated type, were so concentrated as to present a very formidable appearance. Towering above the lower fortifications was a citadel, mounted upon a great bluff, and strongly defended by a stone wall at the base fairly studded with guns, with a deep trench like a moat on the inner side. In the rear a vast ravine extended across the peninsula and lent its aid to so isolating the

citadel as to render it a place of refuge for the army of defence in case of defeat. Korea's great yellow banner, emblazoned with black mystic characters, floated conspicuously from this eminence, the forts below were all manned; but very little apprehension was felt by the surveying party as it approached. Much amicable courtesy had been exchanged; nevertheless, bearing in mind the inherent cunning and treachery of most barbarous people, also from motives of habitual precaution, the order was given to "clear ship for action." Suddenly, without further warning than a signal gun, a furious volley



MOUNTAINS IN KOREA

typhoon season was approaching, and the present anchorage of the fleet was in a rather exposed locality. Admiral Rodgers asked permission of the governor to proceed a little further up the river to a more secure position. This was granted, and several Korean officials visited our gun boats. The naivete with which they examined our ordnance and talked about their own military and civil affairs, their king and other domestic matters, was almost touching. Their ignorance concerning the outside world was profound; yet upon the subject of geography they were singularly well informed. It was now believed that a friendly initiative had been reached, and Rodgers sent the surveying party in advance, as before, up the river. The gunboats "Palos" and "Monocacy"

of shot and shell was poured upon the inoffensive ships. It did little damage, however, for the guns were stationary and could not be trained to meet the exigencies of the case, the water being then at high tide. Our boats immediately opened fire in return, and then proceeded rapidly past the forts, silencing their guns during the transit. Turning swiftly in the open space above the bluff, they returned down the narrow outlet, with a more destructive cannonade, the echoes of which reached the remainder of the squadron at its anchorage below, and created quite a sensation. The crowds of natives collected on the hilltops to witness the battle had an object lesson awful in character,—the fastness they had deemed impregnable treated with contempt

## WHEN WE TROUNCED KOREA

by veterans who had studied the art of war under such captains as Farragut, the mutter of Korea's guns fairly drowned by the roar of Uncle Sam's superior batteries. Our vessels had sustained no injury except a hole in the keel of the "Monocacy," from running on a rock during the latter part of the engagement.

When the expedition returned to report the unprovoked assault they had sustained, Admiral Rodgers was inclined to land the squadron battalion at once, and avenge the insult to our flag; but, upon calmer reflection, he deemed it possible that the authorities had not countenanced this overt act, and if due reparation was offered the affair might yet be adjusted by diplomatic measures. Moreover, time was needed to repair the injured gun boat. Aggressive action was postponed, in vain, however, as it proved. Resort had once more been had to the pole system of postal delivery, on account of the strained relations unfortunately existing. The admiral's demand for an apology from the Korean government was duly removed by night, and within ten days a haughty re-

endorsed the hostile action of the forts by stating that it was a national custom to fire upon any vessel attempting to pass the gates of their empire—the commander only performed his duty in so doing. Strangely at variance with this high and mighty fiat was



SEOUL, THE KOREAN CAPITAL

the arrival, pending negotiations, of a junk, bringing a load of cattle, eggs and vegetables as a present to the fleet, who were no doubt in need of food after so long a journey. Admiral Rodgers courteously refused this gift, saying that he was supplied with sufficient to last many moons.

\* \* \*

Korea had challenged us to the conflict, and Admiral Rodgers responded. Orders were issued for the morning of June 10, to land the squadron's forces, a battalion of infantry and seven pieces of cannon, aggregating in all 618 officers and men,—at that date the largest expedition ever landed on a foreign soil from our ships.

Captain A. L. Kimberly was placed in command, with Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Schley as his adjutant-general, and the



GATE TO THE KING'S PALACE, KOREA

sponse was found fastened to the pole. It again recited the Korean's desire to abide under their own prejudiced habits and laws approved of forty centuries; it inquired anew whence the squadron came, and it virtually

whole heavy armament was towed slowly up the river against an ebb tide. After a two hours' bombardment by the "Monocacy," to dislodge the enemy from the lower fort, a long row of boats made a dash for the shore.

Captain Kimberly landed and took possession of the evacuated stronghold. Some delay was experienced in extricating the artillery from mud knee-deep; so that the day became too far advanced to enter an unknown country where no map of roads could be procured. After some reconnoitering, an elevated plateau back of the fort was seized, and here the battalion bivouacked for the night, having placed its artillery in position to guard the only approach from the rear,—a narrow causeway leading across deep morasses,—the empty fort in front being watched over by our gun boats. Those who shared that vigil will never forget the weirdness of the situation, or how they were startled from uneasy slumbers by uncouth shouts and the beating of

country, and over this rough, newly-made route the column advanced slowly and painfully. By half-past six, a second fort was reached, taken possession of without a struggle, and christened "Monocacy," in honor of the gun boat that had forced its subjugation. The "Palos" having sprung aleak on the rough river-bed, did not participate in the action. After throwing the guns into the river, and setting fire to the buildings where the garrison's untasted breakfast was still boiling in the stew pots our column set forth once more upon its conquering way. A burning tropical sun was blazing in the sky, the road led through dense undergrowth, across morasses and up steep hill-sides; but afar in the distance lay the principal fortress, Fort Du Coude, and entrenched upon a commanding hill the enemy, apparently awaiting attack. A strong skirmish line under command of Lieutenant-Commander Casey was thrown forward toward the foe, who as usual with the Korean soldiery in the open field, gave way before the first onslaught, and after a few ineffectual rallies, fled, leaving their strong position to be seized and utilized to cut off any reinforcement of the garrison at the citadel. Captain Kimberly was not slow to take advantage of the enemy's blunder. It had allowed its army to be cut in



KOREAN WOMEN IN A STREET FIGHT

half without any serious resistance, its lack of strategy giving the utmost encouragement to the American forces. Three companies were detailed, supported by three pieces of artillery, all under the command of Lieutenant-Commander W. K. Wheeler, with instructions to hold this position at all hazards, while Schley was placed in command of the assaulting column.

How often has the peaceful stillness of a Sabbath day been broken by the rude din of battle! It was Sunday, and about mid-day, when the citadel, swarming with savage spearmen, was sighted. On the dense sultry air came the dirge-like notes of a battle chant the besieged were singing, solemn yet discordant, and emphasized at intervals by the bursting of shells. Captain McCrea of the "Monocacy" maintained a merciless

tomtom.s. Our men signified that they were on the alert, and prepared for any amount of aggressive treachery, by sending a few shells in the direction of the picket line. The demonstration hushed simultaneously, and silence once more descended upon the eastern scene, under cover of which Captain Kimberly called his officers into a midnight council of war.

At daybreak the American forces were formed in a column of four abreast, the artillery being distributed in advance, in the center, and in the rear, and in this order it set out upon its memorable march,—celerity of action being chiefly depended upon to demoralize the deliberate Oriental, while it was determined that no rest in his pursuit was to be granted. Pioneers, sent ahead, cut a pathway through the wild, uncleared

bombardment of the forts, while the battalion advanced. Amid a thick hail of bullets they swept on to the ridge of the ravine separating them from the citadel, the enemy abandoning their rifle pits and scattering like sheep before them. Here they rested for a short breathing space ere the final charge. Everything was propitious, the rear was held stubbornly by Commander Wheeler, and the only possible retreat for the foe across the open country was guarded by a small detachment under Lieutenant-Commander Cas-

The native soldier succeeded in running his spear through the sleeve of Schley's right arm, pinning it to his coat; but although so handicapped as to be unable to draw his sword, the dauntless leader grasped the spear in one hand, while he managed to extricate his pistol with the other, and discharged it full in the face of his savage assailant.

"Charge bayonets; double quick!" The battalion had burst into the fort from all sides, and the order was obeyed with terrible



NAN DAIMON RAILROAD STATION AT SEOUL

sel. Signal was made to McCrea to stop firing. Then, like an avalanche, came the impetuous rush of Schley's marines, cool, courageous, overpowering. Lieutenant McKee was the first to mount the rampart, closely followed by Schley himself, so close, indeed, that the young man fell against his commander as he reeled, mortally wounded, and fell inside the fort. Seth Allen, the third man to climb the parapet, fell dead, and for an instant Schley stood alone upon the wall an instant fraught with an eternity of emotions; then he leaped within the fort to assist McKee, who lay on his back, helpless before the attempts of two spearmen to despatch him. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued.

bloodshed. For fully half an hour the carnage lasted, the garrison fighting with bulldog pertinacity, but the deadly rapid fire of breech-loading muskets was more than a match for the bravest, illy-provided as they were with superannuated firearms, though many times superior to our men in numbers. It was not until after repeated bayonet charges and their barracks had been set on fire that the stampede for life commenced. How many met their death on that fearful day will never be definitely known. Two hundred and forty-three bodies were counted in the fort alone, but there is no estimate of the numbers that were mowed down by Cassel's battery while they were attempting



to escape across the hills, or of those who jumped from the cliffs into the river a hundred feet below. Such fugitives as were overtaken turned at bay and fought like tigers until killed; other wretches rushed back into the burning barracks, choosing rather to perish in the flames than be made prisoners by a foreign foe whom ignorance had taught them to regard with superstitious dread. When the battle began the Koreans were more than two thousand strong; at its close this vast multitude had disappeared; the American loss being but three killed and ten wounded.

Captain Kimberly established himself in the citadel, to spend the night, after taking all due precaution to guard against a noc-

emancipation of an Eastern empire from self-inflicted stultification and seclusive animosity. As Admiral Schley had poetically described it: "Henceforth Korea, the hermit, emerged to join the fellowship of nations." Only a decade passed, and she entered into a treaty with the United States, the first ever made by her with a Western people. Seized with a sudden desire for self-improvement, she sought to cast off the yoke of China and ally herself with the more progressive Japanese. But her soil was destined to be drenched in blood, her state torn by political factions, before her independence was achieved and the two powerful empires on either hand entered into a mutual agreement to keep their avaricious paws off.

The gallant part which Commander Schley bore personally in the engagement along the Salee River was noted by Captain Kimberly in his report, and may be read in the official records of the Navy Department as follows:

"The citadel was captured, but dearly so, as the gallant and brave McKee, the first to enter over the parapet, fell mortally wounded with two wounds. Lieutenant-Commander Schley was the next officer in the fort, and killed the Korean who wounded McKee. \* \* \* To Lieutenant-Commander Schley belongs the credit of organizing



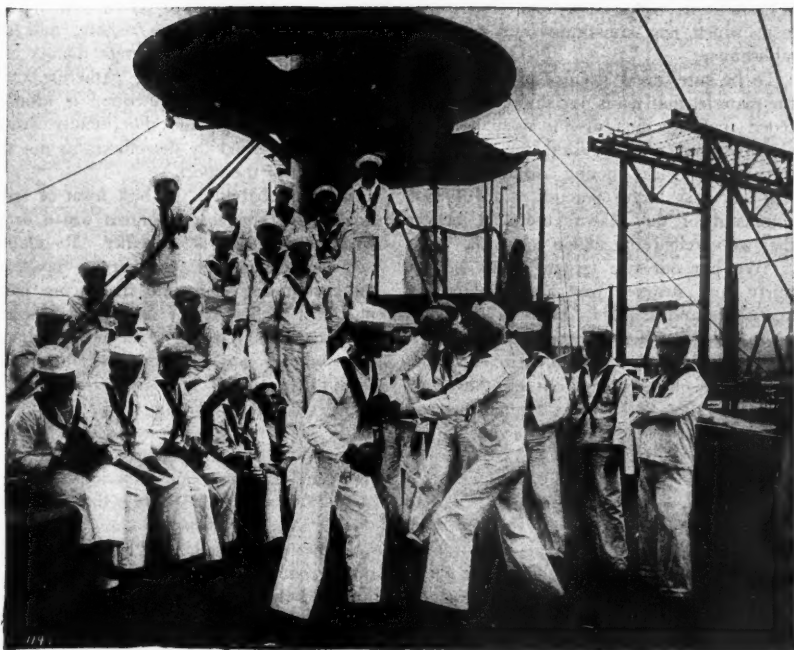
SHIPPING IN THE HARBOR OF CHEMULPO

turnal surprise. Soon after, the Stars and Stripes usurped the place of the yellow ensign on Korea's citadel, and announced to the fleet that the victory was won. Perfect quiet reigned throughout the night, and on the morrow Captain Kimberly re-embarked, deeming that sufficient retribution had been inflicted for the massacre of the "General Sherman's" crew, while the insult to our flag had been amply avenged.

But the demolition of Fort Du Coude was fraught with greater consequences than could have then been anticipated. It meant the

the expedition and carrying out the several details which went far to prevent confusion and induce success. His arrangement of the boats, his superintendence of various labors on shore in destroying the guns and forts, encouraging the men and setting them a brave example in being the second in the fort at its storming, and being in readiness at all times to render assistance where needed, render praise unnecessary. The facts of his labors and actions, judgment and system speak for themselves. I commend him to your notice."





*Photo by Enrique Miller*

BOXING ON THE BATTLESHIP FLORIDA

## "FUN" IN THE NAVY

By Harriet Gillespie

IN the progress of our naval fleet to the waters of the Pacific, under the command of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, the 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 people of the United States are experiencing an epoch in history that may have a grave bearing on the future. At any rate, it is presenting to the world one of the most dramatic spectacles ever witnessed, that of a combined sea power as vested in sixteen of the most modern and heavily-armored fighting ships in the world, bound upon an apparently peaceful errand.

At least its alleged mission is peace, but it may mean war. Whatever the outcome, though, according to Admiral Evans, neither our friends or possible opponents will be disappointed. For at a dinner given to "Fighting Bob" by the Lotos Club of New

York, just previous to his departure, he remarked with his usual dry humor, "I don't think anyone wants to stop us going to the Pacific, but I think they would have a good time if they did. I know my officers and I know my men, and I can tell you that you won't be disappointed, whether it's peace or a frolic and a fight."

It may at least have one result, that of waking up the nation to the fact that if the 3,000 miles of coastline on the Pacific Slope is to be protected, then it is high time for Congress to donate appropriations sufficient to bring our navy not only up to but beyond that of our possible enemy, Japan, in point of numbers, whose complement of fighting strength is vested in 3,000 officers and 30,000 men against 2,000 officers and 40,000

men, which now constitutes our naval establishment.

To be sure, great reliance is placed upon the materiel that mans our ships. It is conceded that the men of our navy hold the championship of the world for marksmanship; for, again quoting Admiral Evans: "At our last target practice, since I took command of the Massachusetts, I believe that we excelled any nation on earth."

"We put out two targets thirty feet by thirty, and steamed past at a distance of about five and a quarter miles. We picked up the range as if in battle, and opened fire. Taking the case of the Connecticut, that battleship got the target on her third shot at 8,600 yards, and in two minutes she had blown the target screens completely off the target."

"When we picked them up, we found that in a thirty-foot screen the Connecticut had planted four twelve-inch and seventeen 7-inch projectiles. This means that had it been another battleship, it would have been cut in two within two minutes and fifteen seconds."

"In our night practice, each battleship had to stand off a combined attack of three torpedo boats coming at high speed. There wasn't a single ship that didn't, according to the rules, hit all three torpedo boats enough times to have blown them to pieces. So you see what our boys are capable of doing."

It is one of the splendid characteristics of "our boys" that they concentrate themselves absolutely upon the affair in hand, whether it is work or play. In their leisure hours they devote themselves quite as strenuously to fun, and it is by this means that their personality is best studied.

So important a part of the sailor's training is athletics considered, that each ship now has its specially appointed officers of athletics, who make a business of superintending the sports, arranging the dates for the regattas which always occur when the fleet is together. Then the crew races, and baseball, football and gymkana games are held.

It is not always possible to plan a definite schedule for the games to be pulled off, though at Guantanamo, Newport, Boston and Bar Harbor, where the fleet gets together spring and fall, specific dates may be arranged with little fear of having them cancelled.

These meets are events of considerable importance, being always attended by the

officers and their friends ashore, and the occasions clothed with as great dignity and importance as any college gathering of a similar sort. Great competition is aroused between the boats, and the friendly rivalry created is deemed by the officers as not the least asset of the sport.

In all probability, the best form of sport in the navy are the crew races which occur when the fleet is together. Regulation twelve-oared cutters, the service boats of the men-of-war constitute the racing paraphernalia of the crews, unless, as it sometimes happens, the men of an individual ship contribute money to secure a trimmer craft, as did the men of the Kearsarge. In that event, the sailors jauntily dub it a "tailor-made" boat because of its superior finish.

In the last crew races held at Guantanamo, the Indiana came out victorious, winning about \$5,000 in purses. In the first race, the Indiana won from the Maine in a three-mile special race, the pool being \$2,800, the time twenty-six minutes. The difference in speed was forty-two strokes. Following that, the marines on the Indiana won the Dutch challenge cup against all ships in the fleet, bagging another purse for \$3,000. Still two more victories were won by the Indiana in winning the challenge cup from the United States Club of Havana, the purse being \$800 and a baseball game which netted \$200 more.

In competition for the crew races, four prize cups have been given. Prince Louis of Battenberg presented one to the men of the Kearsarge upon his recent visit to this country. Then there is the Belmont, presented by August Belmont, now held by the Illinois; the Pensacola, also in the possession of the Illinois, and another the gift of Mr. Drexel of Philadelphia, held by the Alabama. A cup must be won three successive times by one boat to own it permanently.

Jack has a great propensity for gambling, and the crew races afford him an admirable opportunity. Betting amounts to a passion with him. He wagers his salary on everything, from the possible winner of the races to his chance of getting shore leave.

At the naval regatta at Guantanamo, \$10,000 changed hands among the men. But Jack doesn't stop betting with the crew races. He bets on where the ship is going, whether he will have salt or fresh water to wash his hammock, and heaven knows what not.

As to the hammock question, Jack's aerial bed is supposed to be taken on deck once a fortnight and thoroughly scrubbed, and if, as sometimes happens, the vaporizers that turn salt water into fresh, refuse to work, then he must use the salt water for the operation. And as soap and salt water have about as much affinity for each other as oil and water, the process is a tedious one,

The only things that the sailor doesn't bet on are the weather and his mess. The

An instance of our blue-jacket's skill and aptitude for sports is related by an officer formerly on Admiral Coghlan's staff. It occurred when the Baltimore was on the China station, at Hong Kong. An effort was being made by some of our sailors to bring about a football game between the British sailors and our own. The Britishers finally agreed to play "socker," then unfamiliar to Yankee sailors.

The men of the Baltimore, however, replied,



Photo by Enrique Müller

SAILOR BOYS' SPORT, ON THE BATTLESHIP MAINE

first he takes for granted, and as for the second, he argues, "if you can't have what you want, you must want what you get."

An exceedingly popular sport in the navy is football, and an eleven composed of Uncle Sam's jack tars is a thing to be proud of; no college team in the country is superior. Take, for instance, the team on the Indiana. More superb specimens of physical development it would be hard to find, and while in a measure you might say they were picked men, yet it is of just such stuff that our navy is made.

"Very well. You teach us socker, and we'll play with you." This was accordingly done, and the Yankees beat the Britishers at their own game after a most exciting contest.

Baseball, fencing, wrestling and boxing are favorite forms of sport and amusement, while histrionic ability is by no means lacking among the sailors. Minstrelsy flourishes like a green bay tree, and the Jackies love it. "We give them a lot of rapid-fire stuff," explained one of the participants, "and they like that. The boys know a good thing when they see it, and you may take my word

for it, one of the most critical audiences you'll find is a bunch of blue-jackets."

One way of killing time on a cruise is by spinning yarns. Jack is by nature a reconteur; he loves to tell stories and exaggerates most outrageously. It sometimes happens that by constant recital of extravagant facts, the stories begin to take on the appearance of truth in Jack's mind, and he ends by believing them himself. But this only adds a glamour to the tale.

Jack is frugal—in spots. He will hoard and save aboard ship in a most miserly

day," as the men call it, when the ship is cleaned or when coaling. Then he may enjoy his pipe in conjunction. "Lighting the smoking-lamp" is a quaint custom, one of the few left, that has been handed down from the old navy, and is one that especially endears itself to the hearts of the sailors. The "smoking-lamp" is an ordinary copper affair brought up from below decks at certain prescribed hours of the day, and duly lighted,—the signal for work to cease and for the men to enjoy themselves as they see fit.

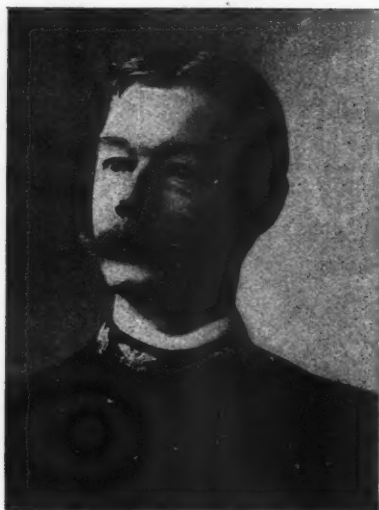
After reveille at five-thirty, Jack turns out of his hammock and is ordered to "turn to," wash down decks, clean paint and slick up things generally. At seven-fifteen is "mess gear," that is, putting down the tables and preparing for breakfast. "Pipe down" for this meal comes next, the bo'sun's mate blowing his whistle, a long-drawn-out call lasting one-half minute. It is the signal for mess.

As a rule, breakfast lasts not more than half an hour, then comes the call for colors, quarters, prayer, drill, and on Sundays "rig church," that is, prepare the deck for service. Mess gear follows at eleven-forty-five, then "pipe down" for dinner.

At ten minutes past one comes the bo'sun's call, "stand by, scrub and wash clothes," which occupation occupies a brief period, then comes drill until four-thirty, when "pipe down clothes if dry," is the word. After quarters at five the smoking-lamp is lit for another short while, setting up exercises are gone through with until five-forty, when mess gear is sounded. Supper follows at six, and at half-after comes "turn to" with its consequent duties, such as sweeping the decks, scrub clothes and so on. Hammocks are unlashed at seven-thirty, when, after evening exercises, taps is sounded and Jack tumbles into his bed to sleep dreamlessly until the bugle calls him for another day.

Wednesday afternoon is quaintly termed "rope yarn Sunday" when the bugle "make and mend clothes" calls the Jackies to the task of putting their wardrobe to rights. In a few moments, squatting all over the deck, will be seen bunches of tars sewing away for dear life, running small hand sewing machines like mad.

On Thursday afternoon sorting the "lucky bag" takes place. Tidiness is rigidly en-



CAPTAIN CHARLES E. VREELAND, COMMANDING THE BATTLESHIP KANSAS

fashion, but once the opportunity offers, he indulges in the most wasteful extravagance. Ashore, the sailor is much like the proverbial boy out of school, but, as one officer remarked, "more is needed to land him than a boat." It all depends upon his character. If he's not down in the ship's black book, he can go every second or fourth day, but if his name is on the offence list, then his liberty is curtailed accordingly.

From reveille, when the bugle's sad refrain, "I can't get 'em up" sounds over the boat, to taps, the sailor's life is a busy one. That is except when the "smoking lamp is lit," then he is generally privileged to smoke and enjoy himself in his own fashion. Exceptions to this rule are the Saturday "field

forced in the navy, but Jack isn't always the most orderly person in the world, and he frequently leaves his possessions lying about. When discovered, they are unceremoniously dumped into the "lucky bag," though this title is decidedly a misnomer. It is by no means a lucky thing for the owner to find his wardrobe represented there, for a penalty is attached and sometimes a severe one. First the owner is admonished, then possibly fined, but if the offence is again repeated,

cocks, to say nothing of cats and dogs for mascots on the boats of the North Atlantic Squadron.

Apropos of the cat which acts in this capacity on the *Indiana*, an interesting little yarn is told. This particular feline which is greatly beloved by the sailors of that boat, is endowed with eyes of a different color, one green and one yellow.

Now at night, according to the jackies, the yellow optic turns green and the green

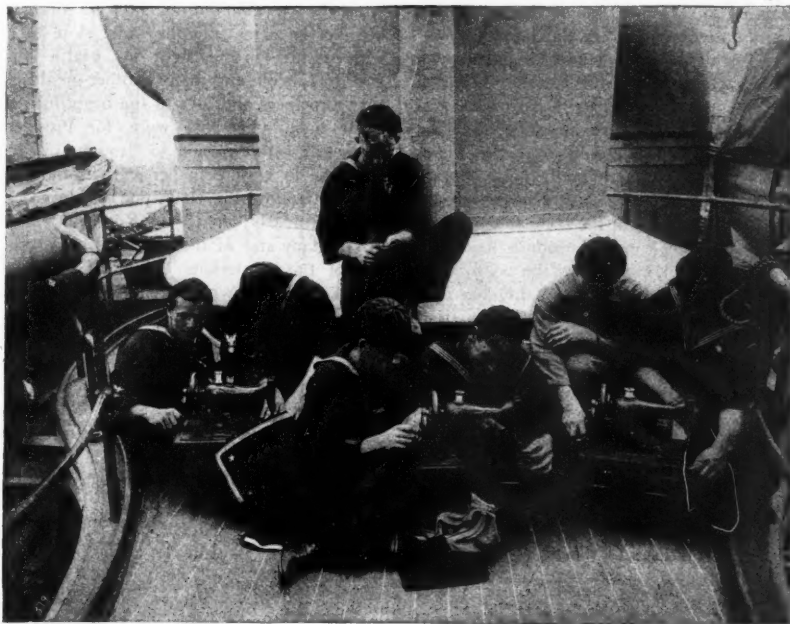


Photo by Enrique Miller

UNCLE SAM'S SAILOR BOYS MAKING THEIR OWN CLOTHES, ON BOARD THE CLEVELAND

he will very likely find himself doing penance in the "brig" for his carelessness.

Not infrequently a sailor has a hobby or a trade that brings him in a comfortable addition to his income. Take the ship's barber, for instance. He has credentials warranting his ability to shave his customers in the heaviest kind of a sea without inflicting a scratch.

Nearly all the ships own mascots of one sort or another, and the boats would be overrun with them, so say the officers, if the sailors had their way. At present there are two bears, a baby goat, and two fighting-

one, which is the left, red. One night, so the story goes, a superior officer of the ship was returning from a late, or early, celebration ashore. As he made his way uncertainly aboard, the first thing to catch his eye was the sight of the port and starboard lights which somehow had gotten mixed, the red on the starboard and the green on the port. With an exclamation that would not look well in print, he roared out, "Hey, there, mate, what in the dickens is the matter? You've got your running lights mixed."

It was pussy sitting at the head of the gang-plank awaiting her master.



## "THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE BOY AND THE MAN"

ONE of the most delightful and inspiring biographies of the year is "Theodore Roosevelt: the Boy and the Man," by James Morgan, chief editorial writer of the Boston Globe. The boys won't have to be coaxed to read this book; and its presentation of current ideals is, to my mind, one of the best things recently accomplished in the literary line.

As I laid aside the handsome red-covered volume, which I had been reading on one of the Potomac River boats I realized that everything else had been forgotten, even the birthplace of Washington and all the scenes of historic events which line the banks of that memorable waterway. No stronger tribute to the attractiveness of the book can be paid.

For one who knows Theodore Roosevelt as boy and man, personally, the book has a stronger fascination than even the charm of the easy-flowing narrative, which has in it none of that straining after the sociological, the psychological and the argumentative often met with in modern biography. It is not a dissection of a human character, but a dashing, interesting story, presenting a picture standing out in strong lights and shadows, but leaving the reader to draw therefrom his own conclusions. Comprehensive even to those who are intimately associated with Theodore Roosevelt, it presents in perspective the career of a public man, and is truly a work of genius.

From the "crow's nest" of daily newspaper life, the author has enjoyed a personal observation of the events of which he writes. Something in every page stands out alive with all the glowing interest of the personal narrative of a skilled raconteur. If you have a boy who wants to know about Theodore Roosevelt, just suggest this book, and when he knows what it is, if you don't buy it for him you will find that he has invested his own spare cash to own a copy of "Theodore Roosevelt: the Boy and the Man."

It is especially attractive as a happy medium between the discursive and monotonous rambling of the ordinary descriptive writer and the minute, wearisome analysis of the scientific student. Beginning with the day

of his birth, October 27, 1858, it is pointed out that, unlike Abraham Lincoln and other presidents, Mr. Roosevelt was not born of poor parents in a log cabin, but in the luxurious home of one of the oldest families in New York City. The book shows, however, that while the log cabin did not enter into his early life, yet he came into the same close touch with nature—in his fight for health—that gave to Lincoln and many another great man that directness and love of the beautiful that made them what they were, for President Roosevelt early learned to "rough it," and get close to Nature in her sternest mood.

After reading the book, one is tempted to quote profusely; to tell of Roosevelt's stay in Germany and of those months in Algeria, full of the mysterious charm of Northern Africa; or how, while his father was commissioner to Vienna, the young American mingled with the cream of the social and political life of aristocratic Europe, and learned to describe in forceful language everything that he saw.

He graduated from Harvard College at twenty-one, and the portrait taken at that time, before he wore glasses, foreshadows the vigorous face that is so familiar to all the nations. He early plunged into political warfare, wherein his Fifth Avenue friends insisted that he could meet no society save grooms and saloonkeepers. They were met promptly with the reply, "If that is so, they are the governing class in this city—they rule you. They must be better men than you are."

Then came his legislative career, and candidacy for speaker, and the splendid success he won as a delegate to the Republican National Convention, in 1884; a forecast of the impulsive nature of the man, and his stern insistence at all times upon justice.

That same year opened a new chapter in his life, when he heard again the "call of the wilderness" and started out upon a buffalo hunt on the plains. He was in the wild West in its golden age, before the advance of the hard-headed business-man caused its romance to wither and die. In a short time



young Roosevelt was himself a picturesque ranger of the great cattle country. He fell in love with Western life, and purchased a ranch, drawing a check for \$10,000 for the first payment, the price being \$45,000. That check was drawn on the Chimney Butte Ranch.

In this year, too, his home was left desolate by the death of his wife, the bride whom he had married immediately after leaving Harvard. This may have been the real reason why his steps were turned westward.

Bill Sewall, the old guide from Maine, who had been with the boy in his early search for health in the depths of the Maine woods, was now called west to Medora, to consult with the new owner of the ranch. He met Roosevelt on the veranda of the log house, beneath the cottonwood trees that border the Little Missouri, which because of the finding of the huge interlocking antlers of two elks, that had fought until both were helplessly fettered and perished, he had named Elk Horn Ranch.

Theodore's insatiate love of nature, early developed in the congenial surroundings of his summer home at Sagamore Hill, Long Island, found full development in his ranching days, where thousands of cattle bore the "R" brand with the Maltese Cross. Mr. Morgan quotes Theodore Roosevelt's description of those days to show that, while every hour of sunshine was given to activity in the saddle, "The Boss" was never without his book, which went into his knapsack as regularly as his lunch of hardtack.

"The guttural booming and clucking of the prairie fowl and the great sage fowl in spring, the honking of gangs of wild geese, as they fly in rapid wedges; the bark of an eagle, wheeling in the shadow of storm-scarred cliffs, which cross and recross at an incredible altitude. Wilder yet and stranger are the cries of the great four-footed beasts; the rhythmic pealing of a bull elk's challenge, and that most sinister and mournful sound, ever fraught with foreboding of murder and rapine, the long-drawn baying of the gray wolf."

In '86 he married Edith Carrow, his playmate in early childhood, now Mrs. Roosevelt of the White House.

Later, on the police board in New York City, Mr. Roosevelt at once demonstrated that he was no perfunctory desk official. His

sturdy pluck in meeting the impressive parade of the protesting Germans is memorable. They asked, "*Wo ist der Roosevelt?*" and were promptly confronted by the irrepressible police commissioner, who readily answered their salute in faultless German, with: "*Hier bin ich. Was willst du, Kamrad?*"

The astonished Germans were almost speechless with surprise, and when two carriages had passed bearing the signs "Roosevelt's Razzle Dazzle Racket," and "Send the police czar to Russia," he sent in a bland request that these legends be given him as



JAMES MORGAN, AUTHOR OF "THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE BOY AND THE MAN"

souvenirs of the occasion. Hearty cheers quickly succeeded their jeers, and were followed by cries of "Bully for Teddy!" "Good Boy!"

His protection of the Jew-baiter with Jewish policemen showed his remarkable faculty for handling and meeting the many peculiar emergencies which arise among thirteen thousand saloons in New York.

Made assistant secretary of the navy, in 1897, he came promptly to the front with his famous telegram sent to Dewey on February 25, 1898: "Secret and confidential! Keep full of coal." This was sent ten days after the sinking of the Maine, and the word "unpreparedness" was then coined by Theo-

dore Roosevelt. After Admiral Dewey had fought at Manila, Roosevelt determined to go to the front. Failing to secure a position on the staff of General Fitz-Hugh Lee, or as an officer in the Seventy-First New York, he recruited a regiment among the men of his own wild West. The peculiar recruiting methods of this regiment brought together club-men from the East, gamblers, hunters, cowboys, Indians and Mexicans from the West, and they bore the picturesque title, borrowed from Colonel William F. Cody's show, "The Rough Riders." Every recruit for this regiment had to be a man in development, courage and ability to rough it. It was generally agreed that Mr. Roosevelt should take the command, though he requested that Leonard Wood be made colonel, fearing that his own service in the New York militia was not sufficient to fit him for immediate command in the field.

Mr. Morgan gives his record with the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War in a most graphic manner, yet never drifts off from the simple narrative and main scope of the book.

Returning as one of the heroes of the war, Théodore Roosevelt now appears as governor and reformer, and the spectacular features of his political campaign at this time are compelling. He declared:

"Under no circumstances could I or would I accept the nomination of the vice presidency," but, nevertheless, he was nominated and elected in 1900. His succession to the presidency at the tragical death of President McKinley forcefully reveals the splendid reserve force of American institutions under the stress of great and exciting events. Mr. Roosevelt's relations with Senator Hanna are next touched upon, and that last letter which the senator wrote showed the intimate friendship existing between President Roosevelt and Uncle Mark, with whom he used to breakfast on corn beef hash and griddle cakes.

Mr. Roosevelt is the youngest president of the United States, having taken the oath of office at the age of forty-two, and his career recalls the utterance of General Harrison in 1898: "Mr. Roosevelt is today one of the best examples of presidential timber in the country." This opinion was verified by a number of prominent men, among them Thomas B. Reed and Grover Cleveland. During his

first year he visited every state and territory in the Union, traveling 13,000 miles by rail, 150 on horseback, and walking over 200. His narrow escape from death in the accident at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and many other interesting incidents in his career are faithfully recalled in this book.

His later political life, his advocacy of the "big stick," now so famous; his fearless, friendly talk with corporations; the consummation of the treaty of peace between Russia and Japan at Portsmouth; the square deal; the strenuous life—are all episodes in a remarkable life story. His familiarity with literature, his writing, his reading truly reveal a many-sided man.

Life at the White House, and the concluding chapter on Theodore Roosevelt as a world-figure, bring us to the close of this volume and convince us that it is all too brief. The closing tribute of Baron D'Estournelles de Constant, the eminent Frenchman, expresses the universal opinion concerning Theodore Roosevelt: "He is the true statesman of the twentieth century, and, as such, deserves well of his country and of all parts of the globe."

This book, which should be quoted rather than discussed, does great credit to its author, Mr. James Morgan, born and bred in old Kentucky, but of Virginian ancestry. He is one of those busy newspaper editors who has made an exhaustive study of American political history, not only from books but from the vantage ground of actual experience. His work as political editor and Washington correspondent brought him into personal association with the great men of the nation, and he writes with the force of reality concerning the career of Theodore Roosevelt. Every national convention for the last score of years, held by political parties, has seen him present with a sharp-pointed pencil and a ream of yellow paper, ready for "a story." A thinker and a philosopher, with innate commonsense and rare judgment, he seems to know just how to season a narrative to suit the public palate, yet never loses his artistic and literary sense of proportion.

It is not a trite or commonplace prediction to insist that Mr. Morgan's biography of "Theodore Roosevelt: the Boy and the Man," is a most valuable record, concerning as it does one of the most conspicuous figures in public life in the world today.

# BY SPECIAL DELIVERY

By Janet Remington

IT was an old-fashioned yard, with locust trees and lilac bushes, daffodils, jasmine, and all the old-time flowers. Jakey liked this yard in which there was always something in blossom, when there wasn't snow to play in. He liked the houses, the big one at the back, where he lived with Aunt Betsy and Aunt Helen, and the smaller one at the side where some other relatives lived. The path from the jasmine-covered veranda led down between rows of salvia to the quiet street; this street, at the extreme west of the city, stretched on and on,—Jakey thought, to the End of the World. Far away in the distance, at the very End of the World, was a hill. He meant to go to it sometime, for there was a big house on the top of it which he believed might be a castle. You could get glimpses of it from the veranda when the air was clear. Since his blackberry trip, yesterday, Jakey's longing was stronger than ever, for he had had an adventure; there had not been a chance yet to tell Aunt Helen when Aunt Betsy wasn't around. One did not tell adventures to Aunt Betsy.

The boy came slowly up the path this warm September morning, hitting the salvia blossoms with a stick. Jakey always came slowly towards Aunt Betsy, and it seemed to that lady that he was always hitting something on the way. Now, his gait was slower than usual for his aunt had a caller on the front porch, and he considered that place his rightful domain. There was a humming-bird in the jasmine, and one of his highest ambitions was to catch it; but you can't catch a humming-bird when two women are talking,—particularly if one of them is Aunt Betsy.

"What they doing down to the other house, Jakey?" asked his aunt, sharply, as the boy seated himself on the top step and watched for the bird with eager eyes.

"Oh, they've got the work all done up and they're setting down for the day," answered the child.

"I don't see how they ever get time to

set so much," snapped Aunt Betsy, turning to Mrs. Gray and reaching for her knitting in the basket by her side. "It seems to me they're always setting, and it's as much as ever I can do to get time to read the 'Inform-er' a little while in the evening, when I'm so dead tired I can't get no sense of what I'm reading. They do like to be comfortable about as well as any folks I ever seen. Now I feel I've got to work night and day to keep things moving. If they'd just pay up a quarter of what they owe me and Helen it would be pretty clear sailing,—and she wouldn't have to toil year in and year out with them Arabs over at the Hollow. But Helen never says a word, and she won't let me say anything."

"Helen looks pretty happy," said Mrs. Gray, "and she's had so much sorrow, too,—I always wonder how she can be so bright."

"Helen's got me all out of patience. I believe every morning when she gets up she's always expecting something lovely's going to happen before sunset,—and just look at the worries we've had the last few years; things have come thick and fast. She's always having over what grandmother used to say when anyone would talk about their troubles,—'I'm glad it's as well as 'tis.' No matter what happens, Helen will have that over. I told her one day, that after all the studying she does and the books she's got, I should think she could find something more sensible to be always bringing up than that,—and she says—'no, it would be impossible.'"

"But it must help to have her take things like that," ventured Mrs. Gray.

"Let me tell you that the most wearing thing in all these long, hard years has been Helen's cheerfulness. I call it downright lying to pretend things are pleasant when they ain't. There's nothing but what she can be cheerful over,—even to wearing her old dresses, year after year,—and it makes me provoked to see how pretty she looks in 'em. You remember clear back when

polinays was in style; I just wanted one terribly, and I couldn't raise a cent to buy even calico to make one of; by the time I could buy the cloth, they was all out of style, but I was determined I'd have my polinay, style or no style; no wonder my clothes always look so old fashioned. That's just the way about everything we have; some folks would have the clothes anyway,—the way they do over to the other house,—but we're determined to keep this home and we won't go in debt,—so it's up hill work,—but Helen acts as if 'twas fun going up hill."

"Well, things will get easier after a time, Betsy, I've always found it that way."

"Easier! This year is going to be worse than ever, and I don't see what we ever *will* do now they've put in the street improvement; clear off here at the edge of the city, too. I don't know what ever possessed 'em. It was a good deal nicer to have just the dirt road, and all the property owners on the street were agin the improvement,—but some alderman or other, he got something out of the paving folks if he electioneered that improvement through,—so we had to be paved up. We've always needed a hitching post, but we felt we couldn't afford even that,—and what *do* you suppose Helen said about *that*, the other day? She said it's just as well we never had one, now that automobiles have come, we don't need one."

Mrs. Gray leaned back in her chair and laughed so heartily that Jakey, in disgust, took a seat on the bottom step to be nearer the humming bird that had flown farther away. Although the boy was out of sight, he could hear his aunt as she continued:

"Helen's always believing in people, and the queerest thing about it is,—when they're with her they get to seeming the kind of people she says they are,—when I know better. She never gives up saying that Dan will come back and be a man yet; he's had time enough, I'm sure, since she wasted all that money on him. He does write nice letters to her, but *I* say there *are* times when there's something more satisfying than letters."

Mrs. Gray, taking advantage of her hostess's unusually communicative mood, inquired, cautiously:

"Why was it that Granger Selden left off coming here so suddenly? Everybody thought Helen would marry him?" then,

lowering her tone,—*"she wont hear us, will she?"*

Aunt Betsy modified her voice a trifle, but her mildest tones were always audible at a distance:

"No, Helen won't hear us, she's gone for a walk. Well, about Granger: You know I have a working mind, and I've hetchelled my brains over that there thing more than anything that ever happened. I've never told a soul before, but I've got to a point where I shall go wild if I don't talk to someone. You know Granger was always coming here whenever he was back at the old place on his vacations; he and Helen had grown up together, and when she came home from the West, it seemed he just took her somewhere about every day. Then, one night,—it's seven years ago this very day,—he brought her home from a picnic over on Hanford Hill; that's his house you see clear up yonder on the hill—you can just see the roofs through the jasmine there. Well, that night, I happened to be passing the parlor door; his eyes was just blazing, and he was looking down at Helen as if he could kill her; you know he's such a great big man; he did look fierce. I almost screamed, I was so frightened. Helen looked as calm and sweet as ever, and she said, in that sort of laughing, careless way she has,—'just let me explain, Granger,—you couldn't be angry one second if you'd just listen,—it's all as simple as can be.' But he caught up his hat and rushed off and the gate banged, and that was the last time he was ever in this house. We never mention his name. It seems as if all the troubles began to come about that time. It was the next morning we found Dan had run off to the Klondike without saying a word to us. I can see him now, as he sat just where I'm setting, when Granger rushed past him that night. Dan was wild, and made lots of trouble, but he had kind of a way with him,—you liked to have him around, no matter what he done. Just *his* going away was enough to kill us; we hardly ever talk about him, even now."

"How did Helen take Granger's going off like that?"

"Oh, she came out of the parlor, sort of smiling and happy looking; she went up to her room and came back in a few minutes, and gave Dan a letter and asked him to mail it; he always loved to do errands for Helen."

Mrs. Gray was more interested in Granger just now, than in Dan.

"But how did Helen take Granger's never coming to the house again?"

"Well, she kept up that way she had of coming down mornings as if she expected something wonderful was surely going to happen, but I noticed she didn't quote grandmother for about a year,—she didn't say once that I remember, 'I'm glad it's as well as 'tis,' and she got a little pale and thin; but the school was awful trying that year, and she laid it to that always when I spoke about her looks. I say, if Granger Selden has such a temper as that, she was well rid of him, even if he has got to be such a big lawyer, and has made such stacks of money as they say he has,—but if she cared for him, how *can* she act so happy? It's queer not to understand your own sister, but I never could make Helen out; she acts possessed to help folks in all manner and kind of ways. There's Jakey, now,—she'd no call to have him here, and it was a good deal more their duty down to the other house to take him, but Helen would do it, and he's been no end of trouble. She wore herself down to skin and bone nursing him through scarlet fever the first winter he came, and took it herself, and he ain't worth it; but she thinks he's lovely, and do you know, when he's with her you'd think he was a little angel,—but my! get him alone with me, and he's a little fiend, sometimes. I can't make it out. Just a mere human person couldn't take things and folks as she does, that's sure. I sort of believe she kind of bewitched Granger so he never came back, but that she could bring him if she wanted to, and that's why she looks so happy; it couldn't be no other way."

"Jakey seems an obliging little fellow; he followed me all the way home the other day, to bring my purse he saw me drop in the post office."

"There's some things," observed Aunt Betsy, complacently, "that I've just drilled into that boy. I said from the first, that as long as he's here, I'm going to do my duty by him; he's going to be brought up so he won't lie or steal, and so he knows the difference between what's his'n and what belongs to other folks, and wont peek into other folk's bureau drawers. I will say for him, with all his faults, I never ketched

him in a lie,—and as for giving people what belongs to 'em, my! there's nothing he likes better than to find something that belongs to someone and have a chance to trot after 'em with it. Yes, Helen's taught him a heap of things,—he can write and read writing better than I can, but I've trained him good in honesty, for I can't abide lying and stealing. I'll call him now to carry that basket for you, Mrs. Gray, if you think you must be going,—but there's no knowing where he is; I remember, I see him start off long ago on a run; he's probably gone to meet Helen; he follows her up like a little dog."

Helen, returning slowly across the fields, is thinking of that last perfect day with Granger Selden, seven years before, among the pines on Hanford Hill,—ending with the evening her sister has just described. With keen delight she recalls that day—the happiest she ever spent,—and Granger's joy at her return from the long absence in the West. They had driven home just at dusk, and she left him in the parlor looking over his mail. On returning to the room, Granger was standing by the table, his face white with passion. He said nothing, but handed her a clipping from a Cleveland paper. Wondering at his silence, Helen took it, and read an announcement of her own engagement to a fictitious character,—the hero of a novel she had been reading with Ray Cummings, a young cousin in Cleveland, at whose home she had been visiting. Their laughing discussions about this character had been many, Ray professing to be highly displeased with Helen because of her admiration of the hero's qualities—claiming that his own estimate—he being editor of a college paper,—was far more reliable. The boy's last words, when he saw her off on the train, had been: "Helen, you shall be severely punished for your admiration of such a cad."

So Helen read the clipping and recognized her "punishment." When she commenced to tell Granger the facts about this peculiar announcement, he abruptly turned and left her. His wordless wrath had given her little concern, as she knew that when he read the simple explanation, which she would write him, all must be as before between them,—although this grave and dignified man would doubtless fail to find



amusement in such a boyish prank. She had gone to her room and written, telling Granger what he would not stay to hear—the story of Ray Cummings' foolish joke—and had then taken the letter down to Dan, sitting on the veranda. How vivid all the details are to her, even now; she recalls the quiet beauty of the evening, the sound of the crickets and katydids in the yard, and Aunt Betsy's voice in the kitchen, singing the "Doxology" slowly and dolefully, as she went about some household task.

In the excitement and sorrow occasioned by Dan's abrupt departure, during the next few days, Helen had thought little about her lover's displeasure. When almost a week had passed and he had not come, or answered her letter, she began to wonder. At the end of the week, a neighbor casually mentioned that Granger Selden had rented his place on Hanford Hill. Although he occasionally returned to it, spending some of his vacations there, Helen had never seen him again.

\* \* \*

Aunt Betsy thought there was no effort in her sister's cheerfulness, having no knowledge of the time when the girl's "World Beautiful" was in danger of becoming, instead, a place of bitterness and doubt. The greatest struggle came the first year of Granger's absence. What Helen feared most was growing bitter and hard and unlovely; she realized that her only help was the belief in final good, in leaving problems wrestled with in vain, to a wiser solution than her own, and in absorbing work.

At the very beginning, one thing she determined, and to the carrying out of her purpose, gave all the force of a strong will: "I will not make anyone else unhappy over my sorrow." As time went on, and it was still possible to "go blithely" to her tasks and bring good cheer to others, she found Pain's great compensation. At last she was awake to suffering about her, and so was able to bestow the rarest of all gifts,—helpful sympathy.

"He lives richly who makes use of life's unpromising things." Helen's crowning compensation came with the ability to do for others what would never have been possible had the past happiness continued, and in her enthusiasm for service, she had found work well worth the doing.

For instance, there was Jakey. Whenever Helen thought of Jakey, there came a thrill of something like her former gladness; he was such a winsome child, in strong contrast to the untamed, uncouth, unloving little fellow who had come to them three years before. "Yes, Jakey has paid," Helen is thinking, as he suddenly rushes out at her from some bushes with his hands full of red leaves and ferns, for the child, according to his custom, has traced her, and the two walk back together.

\* \* \*

As Helen sat that afternoon with her sister on the veranda, the spell of the old days was upon her; not even the rehearsal of their ill-fortune could dissipate it. She listened dreamily to the oft repeated lamentations, giving rare replies, but endeavoring to make them satisfactory and sympathetic.

Jakey, as was often the case when his aunts were together, fell to studying them. Long ago he had formed a theory: it was the way Aunt Betsy did her hair that made her voice so high and shrill, and that made her so unhappy; if she would only put her hair back in soft waves like Aunt Helen's, instead of combing it so tightly into a little hard knob at the back of her head, her voice, too, would be low and glad, and she, like Aunt Helen, would sometimes take a boy on her lap and tell him lovely stories, and not every wrong thing he did. Once he had gone so far as to creep up behind Aunt Betsy and draw out the pins; the half hour that followed was still a painful memory, and he never again found courage to repeat the experiment, although he still clung to his theory.

This afternoon Aunt Betsy had taken evident delight in going over the dark pages of their history; it was not until she had reached the most harassing of all topics—Dan—that Jakey, his theories forgotten, sat up straight and listened with keenest interest, as his aunt told just how Dan acted the night before he went away, just where he sat on the veranda, describing minutely the clothes he had worn, and how, the next day, she had put all his things away in a chest in the attic and had never looked at them since, for she could not endure the sight of them.

To the boy this information was most



important; to him Uncle Dan was a hero,—this uncle whom he had never seen but about whose adventures he had imagined marvelous things. If he could only find something that had belonged to him. When this thought occurred to him he waited to hear no more, but started off at once to explore, his brilliant brown eyes brighter than usual in the interest of his quest.

It was hot up in the attic, and dark and dusty; he searched long, so it was almost dusk when, from the depths of an old chest, he dragged the blue and white striped seersucker coat described by his aunt. Putting it on, he walked proudly up and down the attic, making a zigzag path along the dusty floor. There was a pocket, too, such a nice one, deep, deep—yes, and there was something in it—he took it over to the window,—a sealed envelope: such an old, old, yellow-looking one, addressed in fine, pretty writing. Jakey spelled out the name slowly, then gave a whoop of delight. Why, that was the name of the man who gave him a ride yesterday, when he got lost berrying—his adventure that he hadn't told Aunt Helen yet. That was the very name. When he was on the horse with the man, a farmer had opened a gate for them and said, "Why, Granger Selden, when did you get back?"

In a moment, without waiting to take off Uncle Dan's coat, Jakey, bareheaded, was out of the house with a rush, up the street, zealously following out Aunt Betsy's oft-repeated and favorite injunction, to lose no time in giving another what belongs to him. For once he had found that duty does, sometimes, lead in paths of pleasantness,—in this case to the place he had most longed to visit—the House at the End of the World.

It was a very tired, deplorably bedraggled, but still superlatively happy boy who finally reached the house on Hanford Hill. Only one light could be seen—a light in the library. The window was open and the

child stood for a moment looking in. Yes, the big man looking over a pile of papers—that was his friend of yesterday,—so without hesitation he stepped in and noiselessly walked to the table.

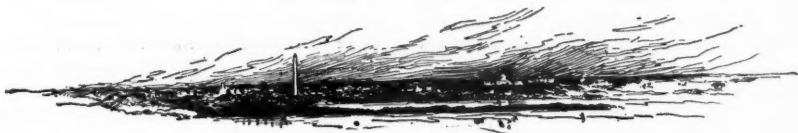
Granger Selden looked up wearily from his perplexing law case, and seeing the queer looking little figure before him, asked, sharply:

"Well, what is it boy, what do you want?"

"Why, I'm Jakey—don't you remember, I got lost yesterday when I was berrying, and you gave me a ride on your horse, and I've got a letter for you; I found it in Uncle Dan's pocket—see? You know years and years ago, my Uncle Dan ran away and my Aunt Betsy, she felt awful, and she couldn't bear to see his things around so she just took 'em up to the attic and I found this coat of his'n in an old chest,—yes, sir, I found it," chuckled Jakey, gleefully.

The instant Granger Selden saw the writing his face grew white, then, tearing open the envelope, he read. The lines, though few, and dated seven years before, still possessed power to work a wonder: to attainment and success which, fifteen minutes earlier, seemed hardly worth the effort they had cost, they gave new value; into a future gray with its outlook of purposeless work, they put the motive that casts a radiance over severest toil; for along the faded lines flashed the light of a new hope.

The crickets and the katydids are holding a concert in the old-fashioned yard at the west of the city. Aunt Betsy, going about her household tasks, is singing the Doxology slowly and dolefully, when Helen, sitting on the veranda, with the charm of the old days still upon her, hears a horse's hoofs on the pavement, sees someone coming up the path between the rows of salvia, and in a moment Granger Selden is standing before her with the weary messenger fast asleep in his arms.



# CALDEY'S STOPPING PLACE

By Cary Seely

AN elderly man and a younger one sat at a table together in the dining-car, eating breakfast.

The older man's hair and moustache were a grizzly gray, and there were many lines that Time had put about his face. Lines that, with a little change, by pulling a muscle here and there, could be made to indicate many things. Just now they had brought about a look of interest that showed more or less of an understanding born of experience, as he listened to the younger man's talk.

The younger man looked very young. The youthful look was heightened by an apparent enthusiasm—an enthusiasm that seemed undue. It did not seem, somehow, that this young man was much given to enthusing so openly as he was now.

The way of their meeting was commonplace. The elderly man had already been seated at the table when the younger man came aimlessly down the aisle. He disregarded the beckoning finger of the steward, stopped at the elderly man's table and asked politely if he might occupy the opposite chair and be his vis-a-vis for breakfast.

"To be sure," replied the elderly man, who was awaiting the serving of his order. "You are quite welcome; indeed, I am more than glad to have someone at the table with me, for, of all the lonesome things, eating by one's self is by far the worst."

"Thank you," murmured the young man, taking the opposite chair. Then, as he drew the menu card toward him and began checking his order, he continued: "Yes, I quite agree with you, eating a la solitaire is the most lonesome thing imaginable. Especially is this true when it is day after day, until the days get to be epochs of time. I have had quite enough of it to last me the rest of my lifetime. That is why I asked you if I might sit here."

The elderly man glanced up with a queer, quizzical look in his eyes.

"Do you think I seem too young to have

had such an experience?" asked the young man, catching the look and smiling.

"Yes, that is what I thought—unless—" pausing.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you have been an unknown student in a large city."

"I must indeed look very young," he said, and smiled boyishly, "But that is my usual luck. I never get any credit for my years."

"Are they so many?"

"I am just twenty-eight."

"It would be far easier to believe you nearer eighteen."

"It may seem a bit odd to you, but I have been taken for eighteen years old since I was fourteen."

"Don't grieve. There will come a time," said the old man, indicating his own age-frosted hair.

They laughed lightly as if these evidences of time might be merely a joke.

"Yes, that is quite true," replied the young man, and then, as he drew a card from his pocket, he continued: "Permit me to introduce myself."

The elderly man took the card, and after adjusting his glasses very carefully, he read aloud:

"John Alwyn Caldey. I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Caldey. I will wager that the people who know you intimately call you Jack. Your initials spell it; your first name is John; and you look young."

"True, oh prophet."

"And here is my card," said the elderly one, as he put Caldey's card in his pocket and drew forth another.

The young man read it and smiled, then he asked:

"Are you usually addressed by this title?"

The older man reddened a little and stammered:

"I—I was breveted at the close of the Rebellion, and some of my friends insist on giving it."

"My, not looking my age is mild to your not seeming what you are. I should never have suspected it," smiling broadly.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the elderly man, as he drew his face lines into a semblance of sternness.

Then Caldey read from the card:

"Miss Alice Banner."

The elderly man hastily dug into his pocket and pulled out another card, then all of them. Then he swore very gently, and laying the little pack on the table, reached across for the one Caldey held, but Caldey smilingly shook his head and put the card into his pocket. The old man managed to draw his face into a reluctant smile as he said:

"They are my daughter's cards, but I cannot account for them being in my pocket. I ought to have some of my own somewhere."

He began a fresh search through all of his pockets, endeavoring to locate a card of his own. It was a fruitless search, and he explained:

"I suppose we must have got our cards changed. I presume she must have mine, since I have hers. However, my name, as you will have guessed, is Banner."

"And the brevet?"

Banner flushed as he answered:

"This is a bit awkward, and I fear it will seem a trifle bombastic, but you have the move on me—the brevet is colonel."

"Then Colonel Banner, permit me to say that I am very glad to have met you and to know you," said Caldey gracefully.

They shook hands across the table, and by the time their orders were being served they had reached some subjects that brought them closely together. During the breakfast each learned that the other had had considerable experience in the world, and with this learning they acquired a mutual respect.

After breakfast they adjourned to the smoker, where Caldey offered the Colonel his cigar-case, saying:

"Try one of these Estrelas, won't you, Colonel? They are from Manila; I brought them over myself."

"Thanks, yes," said the Colonel, as he selected one, and after lighting it and taking a few puffs, he continued: "It seems to have a very good flavor, but I will reserve a fuller judgment till I have finished it." Then, after a lengthened pause, "So you were in the Philippines, eh?"

"Yes, some little time."

"Soldier?"

"No, civil engineer."

"Government employ?"

"A part of the time."

The Colonel flicked the ashes from his cigar and looked out on the landscape, as it was whirled beneath his gaze, and then he asked:

"Have you had much experience at your profession?"

"Considerable."

"Any of it outside the Philippines?"

"Most of it."

"Would you mind telling me something of it? I am a bit interested in engineering," said the Colonel with some hesitancy.

"There isn't much to tell, but I'll give you what there is with pleasure. I was graduated from the O. S. U. in '92, and was stuck up for one year in my home country as county surveyor."

"Which was bad," commented the Colonel.

"So I learned from experience. I chucked that up and began wandering, and I've been at it ever since. My first stop was at the Panama Canal, under the old management. My intended short stay was lengthened by a nasty siege of yellow-jack. When I came out of the hospital a short purse and dazzling promise led me to accept a commission as captain in the Nicaraguan army. A shot in the leg, received while engineering a military road, laid me up for a while, and an undue suspicion of my loyalty drove me to escape between two days. The escape was successful, and I landed in Venezuela. I soon got a position from the government to survey the line between that country and Brazil—Venezuela is always having trouble with her boundaries. Their instructions and data took me about three hundred miles south of what Brazil considered the proper line. It was not very long till my guard was driven away and I was captured by a lot of barefooted Brazilian soldiers. I was taken to Rio Janeiro a prisoner, but was set free as soon as the authorities learned that I was an American. After that I found employment in the Brazilian mines, running their tunnels."

"They kept you busy," the Colonel said smilingly.

"Rather."

"Were you ever in Peru?"

"Only a little while. I soon grew tired of dodging bullets and running for my horse, so I vamoosed."

"What do you mean by running for your horse," the Colonel interrupted.

"Capture often depended on my getting to my horse before the Indians got to me."

The Colonel nodded and asked, "What next?"

"Very little of interest, but after an indefinite, intermittent wandering, I found myself in the Philippines."

"And you got tired of the Philippines?"

"Not exactly tired," he hesitated.

The Colonel's face lines were plainly interrogative.

"There was a price on my head," Caldey volunteered.

"A price?"

"Yes, a small one."

"Who were the bidders?"

"The real leader of the Filipinos."

"You mean Aguinaldo?"

Jack smiled and shook his head negatively.

"What was the offence?" asked the Colonel after a moment.

"The usual one. I knew too much."

The Colonel eyed him interrogatively.

"Politics," Caldey interpreted.

The Colonel nodded his head understandingly and presently he asked:

"Where are you going now?"

"Home! Back to dear old Ohio! Home again!" he exclaimed, and the cause of his enthusiasm was apparent.

"So you are anxious to get back to your old home again?" said the Colonel, with a peculiar smile.

"Anxious! Anxious is a mild word. Why, Colonel, I haven't been home for nearly seven years! When I had the yellow fever in Panama, my mind lived at home. In the Amazon swamps I dreamed of home and of the little ditches I had run when I was county surveyor. Once, in Argentine, I heard a sick German moaning in his delirium that he was *heimweh*, and I moaned in sympathy with him, for I was homesick, too."

The Colonel smiled appreciatively, and Caldey went on:

"When I was a boy there was a new bridge built across the river near my home. It wasn't a very long span, because the river wasn't very wide. I have never built a

bridge that I did not think of the one at home, and wonder if mine was just as good. I've built some very good spans, too, and yet I want to see that bridge. Funny, isn't it, Colonel, how these things get into one's head at times?"

The Colonel nodded again, and Caldey went on:

"I helped a bit on the new breakwater the government is building at Manila, and all the time I was a boy again, building a dam across the little brook that ran through the meadow back of the barn, on the farm where I was brought up. I'd shade my eyes and try to imagine that dirty, sandy foreshore was green grass, but it was *muuy defil*, and now I am going home in earnest and see it really," he finished enthusiastically. It was evident that he was looking forward to being at home again, as a boy does to the coming of the spring circus.

"I hope you will see your old home again, and I hope it will be just as you imagined it would be, and that you will enjoy it as you have dreamed you would," said the Colonel. Something in his tone made Caldey look up.

"Oh, I shall enjoy it all right," he said, "don't you think so?"

The Colonel shook his head.

"But why?"

"Things change; you have changed; the things at the old home I have no doubt have changed. Children grow up; old people die. New people move into the neighborhood and old ones move away. I've had experience. I know."

Caldey smiled and refused to believe.

"Parents living?" asked the Colonel.

"Mother is dead; she died while I was at Panama, sick. The letter bearing the news had been two months on the road, and I wasn't rational enough to read it for a month after it reached me. Father married again; I received the announcement in Buenos Ayres. The letter was at least six months old and the envelope bore enough post marks to have made it valuable to a stamp collector. It was the last news I received from home.

"Any brothers?"

"No."

"Sisters?"

"None, I am the only."

"Ever married?"

He shook his head smilingly.

"Got a girl at home?"

"No, nor anywhere else."

"What, not enough of a sailor to have a love in each port?"

"The make-believes don't count," said Caldey, smiling.

"I hope they won't," said the Colonel gravely.

"I haven't any skeletons," Caldey laughed.

"I was young once," began the Colonel after a moment, and I went away from home and I came back, but it wasn't home. When I went away again I never wanted to go back—no place seemed like a good stopping place for a long time." He paused a moment and continued: "There is only one thing that makes a man want to locate permanently."

"What is that?"

"Love!" the Colonel answered gravely.

"If you don't happen to fall in love and are disappointed in your old home, come to me. I do not know that I can supply you with love," smiling, "but I may have something for you, enough to keep you out of mischief, at any rate. You have my name and this is my station and address. I am glad to have met you, but I am indeed sorry to say good-bye."

"Not sorrier than I am, Colonel. I have a good many miles to go, yet, and I would have liked spending the time in your company. However, I am more than glad to have made your acquaintance, and if your doubts and predictions prove correct, I will certainly call on you. Good-bye."

Caldey stood in the door of the car and waved a farewell to the Colonel and watched him as he disappeared in the crowd. He returned to his section and tried to interest himself in a book, but his mind was on the homeland, and he could not read. He remained in this nervous, expectant state till he reached the little station in Ohio where he had been born. There had been no railroad there when he left home—he had had to drive seven miles to catch a train.

There was no one to meet him on his arrival, and no one knew him, despite his always looking eighteen. His father had sold the farm and moved to town, and he did not seem overjoyed to meet his son. Almost his first inquiry was in regard to what he intended doing. Caldey wandered about the place for a couple of dull, doleful weeks, and then

he felt it imperative within him to go somewhere. Staying seemed unbearable. He felt full of something he wanted to tell, and there was no one to tell it to.

The Colonel's prediction seemed true; things had changed. He felt impelled to accept the Colonel's invitation—the Colonel invited confidence. He wired the Colonel he was coming, and was soon en route. The journey was soon over, and the Colonel met him at the train with a pair of splendid bays, and drove him out to his home.

"So things had changed," observed the Colonel, when they were speeding along the country road.

"Yes, they had, far more than I had imagined they could. Almost the first thing I did was to walk out to the farm. I passed over the bridge I told you of—well, it was so frail they had had to put extra braces under the spans. The river had dwindled down to what I used to call a brook and I began to fear the brook would only be a dry ditch bed. The meadow was in tobacco, and I couldn't find the brook—they had made an underground drain of it. The house and barn had been changed since father had moved to town. Father didn't seem very delighted to see me, but perhaps I expected too much. His wife was courteous to me, but there were two little children, and the favorite books of my boyhood had their backs off.

"The district school house where I had received my primary education was being used for a blacksmith shop, and a new two-story, brick high school occupied the site of the old one. Most of my old schoolmates were married, and had children, and they had begun to have that dullness that goes with a limited, routine life.

"I don't think I was ever so lonesome in my life as I was during those two weeks at home. Once I spent three months prospecting in the mountains of Mexico, with only my horse and dog for companions, but I felt crowded with company compared with the company of those two weeks.

"Well, I just felt compelled to move; I just had to go somewhere. I had your kind invitation in mind, so I decided to accept—and here I am," he finished with an unconscious sigh of relief.

"I am glad you came," said the Colonel heartily. "I have some work that I think you will like. I will tell you about that later,



This is my home, and I want you to feel entirely welcome," he said heartily, as he handed the team over to the man from the stables, and accompanied his guest toward the house.

"Mr. Caldey," said the Colonel, stopping before a young lady in a hammock, "this is my daughter—"

"Miss Alice Banner," Caldey interrupted, reading from a card he had drawn from his pocket. "I believe we have met before."

The Colonel smiled.

"Yes," said the daughter, rising to greet her father's guest, "by proxy. Papa told me of it, but I am very glad to meet you personally. I feel that I almost know you, since papa has talked so much about you."

"Thank you," said Caldey, bowing.

"The thanks must be ours—we are very dull here," she said, sitting down and motioning him to do likewise, while her father excused himself and went on to the house.

"Dull!" exclaimed Caldey incredulously, as he dropped into a seat beside her, "it seems impossible."

"Only wait—you'll see," she warned him.

"I shall be glad to," he answered gallantly, and she smiled.

This was the prelude to several weeks of the happiest life Caldey had ever known. A part of each day he and the Colonel pored over the details of some plans. The rest of the time was spent with Miss Alice; riding, walking, singing, talking, till all of life seemed only to be where she was, and nothing but a blank elsewhere.

They were sitting out under the trees one night when the air was soft and the moonbeams love-laden. He had been playing to her on his mandolin. His melodies were Spanish love songs he had picked up in South America.

"Did the señoritas teach you those songs?" she asked in an interval.

"Yes, I think so," he replied absently; his mind was not on the señoritas; he was thinking of a nearer, dearer maiden.

"Did they teach you to love, too?"

"No," he smiled lightly, "not they. I think that must have been a bit beyond them." Then, gravely: "Learning to love must have been difficult for me—I was so long in doing it. And yet, when I met the lady, it was very easy, for I fell in love at once."

"Tell me about it, won't you, please?" she asked, leaning back into the shadows.

"There isn't much to tell. To see her was to love her, and I saw and loved at once. It may seem unbelievable, but the moment I saw her I knew she was the girl—the one woman for whom I had been hunting the whole world over. Perhaps that was because I had always dreamed that some day I would meet her and love her, and that she would love me. In all the places that I have been that were worth seeing, I have dreamed of her seeing them with me. I have dreamed of her blue eyes lighting up at the wonders of tropical America; and in my mind's eye I have seen her the envy of a hundred proud señoritas. Oh, I had many dreams of her; and I loved her in those dreams! When I met her the love of my dreams was but a shadow of the real love I had for her—this one woman whom I had learned to love."

"And she—did she not learn to love you?"

He leaned forward and took her hand in his. "It is you, dear," he said, and his voice was deep and vibrant; "did you not know?"

"Oh!" she gasped, "oh, I thought there was a woman—" she hesitated.

"Only you, dear. Won't you—can't you learn to love me, too?"

"Love you, love you! Why, boy, boy, could you not see that I was already jealous of that woman?"

Then a cloud drifted across the face of the moon—just as a high coiffure will sometimes get in the way during a love scene at the play.

# A REVOLUTIONIST *in* PETTICOATS

By Edith Summers

"MISS ELIZABETH," I said, looking her straight in the eyes, "I'm afraid that Josephine is going to elope tonight."

Miss Elizabeth gasped. "Elope!" she exclaimed. "Why, my dear child, what put that idea into your head?"

"Well, Miss Elizabeth, I didn't altogether like to come and tell you, because it seemed as though I were being untrue to Josephine, and I don't want to be untrue to anybody; but I thought it all over, and decided that she ought to be saved from herself. One thing that made me hesitate very much was that in stories when they elope they're always in the right—and oppressed or something; but it really didn't seem to be that way with Josephine—and it worried me. Are there any stories where they're not in the right, Miss Elizabeth?"

"Some," said Miss Elizabeth.

"Well," said I, "I'm really very glad to hear it." And then I went on to tell her how Josephine had been getting letters from him ever since she came to the school, and how today she got a telegram, and how she was all restless and fidgety, and how I just *knew* it was coming. "And so I thought the best thing to do would be to come and tell you in strict confidence, and you could go and reason with her and get her to give it up, because she's so fond of you; and of course it would be dreadful if Dr. Lamb should hear of it. And it could be kept quiet, and nobody but us three would know a thing."

"Yes, Connie, you are quite right," said Miss Elizabeth. "I will look into it at once; and in the meantime you will be careful to say nothing about it to anyone."

"Oh, of course, Miss Elizabeth; I wouldn't for the world!"

Miss Elizabeth was Dr. Lamb's daughter, and had been lady principal since Mrs. Lamb died, three years ago. She was quite old,—about twenty-three (although that really isn't very old for a teacher)—but she was as pretty as she could be, with lovely dark gray eyes and real auburn hair and the *sweetest* mouth.

All the girls simply adored her—they used to have real serious quarrels about who was to bring her her drinking-water at night, and who would walk to church beside her on Sunday morning, and all that sort of thing. Sometimes she didn't look very well, though; and I think she really worked too hard. She used to look very tired and pale and sad sometimes; and sometimes she was absent-minded and didn't seem to hear what you were saying to her. Josephine used to say that if she were in Miss Elizabeth's place, she'd be so sick of the girls that she'd wring their necks—hanging around her from early morning till bed-time; she said they were just like leeches. But Miss Elizabeth was too kind to hurt their feelings; and, besides, of course she was a teacher—and I once heard Dr. Lamb say that it should be a teacher's pride and joy to have her pupils love her and want to be with her always.

When I left Miss Elizabeth sitting at her desk correcting French exercises, and went back to the room that Josephine and I shared, I found her busy—packing her trunk, mind you! When I opened the door and saw her there, I all at once felt so mean about having gone and told Miss Elizabeth that I could have sunk through the floor—it seemed such an underhand thing to do. For a minute or two I just hated myself.

"I'm going away for a week—or more—Con, to visit a cousin of mine; but don't say anything to the other girls about my going. I'll tell you more about it later."

You should have seen the clothes she had out on the floor—simply stacks of them; and such lovely ones; and you should have seen the way she grabbed them up and rammed them into the trunk any old way. When I saw her just about to lay a pair of heavy walking-shoes on the top of a perfectly lovely summer hat, I couldn't stand it any longer, even if I was all flustered.

"Why, Josephine," I said, "what in the world are you doing that for?"

"What? Putting the shoes here? Why,

there doesn't seem to be any other place for them, and I don't care about the hat—never liked it on me. Let's try it on you."

The next moment she had the hat on my head and was standing off to view it.

"Why, you look fine in it; much better than I do. You keep it, there's a dear; or if you don't want it, put it in the wastebasket."

Then she went back to her packing, wilder and more reckless than ever; and all at once she began to laugh so loudly that I was sure Miss Perkins, who is on our hall, would hear her.

"Gee whizz!" she shrieked.

She used slang just like one's big brother. Of course all American girls use a great deal more slang than we Canadians.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing; only I'll fix that fat-headed, psalm-singing old hypocrite of a head-master, yet."

"Josephine," I said, "you're not speaking of Dr. Lamb!"

"Yes, Connie; he's the old boy I mean."

"But, Josephine, he's a minister; and if you'd only go to Christian Endeavor meeting like the rest of us you'd hear how beautifully he prays. And he used to be a missionary, too, before he started this seminary."

"God help the poor heathen! Why in the world didn't they eat him, 'hat and coat and hymn-book, too'? Think of what we should have been saved!"

"Josephine, that's blasphemous; I don't see *how* you can talk like that about sacred things."

"What! Do you call Dr. Lamb a sacred thing? You won't for long, Connie—for I'll make him into a profane one. Yes, sir—I'll cause him to make cursory remarks yet."

"Josephine, I think it's *dreadful* of you to talk in that way—and you only sixteen, too."

"Well, Connie, I may be young; but I'm not so young as you by two long years; and I'm not so young but that I can see through that old guy. He's nothing but a lazy, pompous, hypocritical old good-for-nothing, ex-missionary or no ex-missionary; and he hates me because I'm not afraid of him. If it weren't that papa is paying such a lot of money for me here, he'd have packed me off home the second day. He calls himself head master, and gets all the glory; and all he does is to teach a little Bible history and say grace before meals and strut around and

look important. And look at the way poor Miss Elizabeth works! Why, she's a slave; she's going night and day—teaching and overseeing and keeping the accounts and tending to all the girls' squabbles and complaints and things, and doing simply everything. I tell you she's a martyr; and if I were she I'd tell the old boy what I thought of him."

"Oh, but Josephine; he's her father!"

"Father, fiddlesticks! Does that mean that he's got a right to eat her up alive? If he doesn't know how to be a decent sort of father he hasn't got a right to expect anything of his children. It's just because you're so good and sweet and gentle, Connie, that you can't see any bad in other people. But it's there, Con, all right, all right, and the fact that they happen to be religious doesn't make them any better. I'm not finding any fault with religion, Connie, I'm finding fault with the way people like Dr. Lamb bring it down to their level. The old fool got the habit from his father and his grandfather before him, and he sticks to it just as he sticks to side whiskers and black broadcloth."

It was really no use talking to Josephine—she hadn't a bit of respect for anything: religion, family ties and duties—all the things that mean so much to most girls. And yet, you know, I couldn't help liking her; I just couldn't.

She was certainly an awful girl—in some ways—"A blasphemous infidel!" I once heard Dr. Lamb say to Miss Waffles, the vocal teacher. And once when he found her playing ball in the stable yard with the janitor's son, on Sunday afternoon, when we're supposed to be in our rooms meditating, he told her that he trembled for her poor soul. Little she cared, though, about her soul.

I remember as well as anything the morning after she came. She came late at night, and none of us saw her till the morning; Miss Elizabeth had put her to sleep in the guest chamber. That morning a lot (I mean a number) of us were standing near the dining-room door, waiting for the breakfast-bell to ring, and Dr. Lamb and Miss Elizabeth were standing beside a window near by, talking in low tones. She came downstairs in a long Japanese kimono (we aren't allowed to wear dressing-gowns at breakfast), and she walked straight up to where Dr. Lamb and Miss Elizabeth were stand-

ing. Dr. Lamb turned and looked dreadfully shocked when he saw the way she was dressed, but she didn't give him a chance to say anything about it. "Dr. Lamb," she said, (she had an awfully loud clear voice; they say all those Americans have), "I don't know to whom I'm supposed to go with complaints, but what I want to say is that if I'm to sleep in the room that I slept in last night I want to have the mattress changed today; I couldn't possibly spend another night on a mattress as hard and lumpy as that one."

You should have seen Dr. Lamb's jaw drop; and his face got all apoplectic-looking. For about half a minute there wasn't a sound, and then someone behind me tittered. "Miss Lamb will assign you to a permanent room today, Miss Morton," he said, in the queerest sort of choking voice, as though he were trying to swallow something at the same time. And just then the breakfast-bell rang, and we all went in.

At breakfast she was put at the table where I sat, and of course we all stared at her. At least, we didn't exactly stare, for that would have been rude; but we all took looks at her whenever we thought she wouldn't be looking. She was the prettiest thing—and so stylish; *nobody* could deny that. She had great big dark hazel eyes and a cream-colored skin and dark-brown, wavy hair; and she had two of the biggest bows on it that anybody ever saw—a great deal bigger than Estelle Walters', who spent last winter in Buffalo, and came home with all the American styles. She had the sweetest turquoise brooch fastening her kimono in front, and a real diamond ring.

When the ham and eggs came on, Miss Waffles, the teacher at our table, asked her the usual question: "Will you have ham or an egg, Miss Morton?"

"I'll have a piece of ham and two eggs, please," she replied, just as cool and unconcerned as you please. Miss Waffles went a sort of brick-color all over; and, mind you, *she gave them to her*. When she had served us all and came to helping herself there was no egg left. Everyone of us was watching her out of the corners of our eyes to see what she would do, and the silence was *thick*. She got so nervous that she let the serving-fork fall onto the plate with an awful clatter. The only person who didn't seem flustered was Miss Morton. She looked up as calm as I

am now, and when she saw that Miss Waffles hadn't any egg, she said, so loudly that you could hear her nearly all over the dining-room: "I wish you'd take this egg, Miss Waffles; I haven't touched it yet. If I'd known that there was only one apiece, I wouldn't have asked for two."

Miss Waffles looked so surprised I thought she was going to fall out of her chair; and it was all she could do to gasp out that she didn't in the least care for any.

Well, mind you, she wasn't satisfied with making all that fuss in one day, but that night at supper she just simply excelled herself. There was another minister visiting Dr. Lamb; he was going to address the Christian Endeavor Society that night in the chapel—on self-abnegation—and he had supper at the little private table where Dr. Lamb and his mother always sat.

We never had anything but bread and tea and stewed fruit for supper at the pupils' tables; but Dr. Lamb always has extra things. His mother, being old and feeble, needs them, you know. His table is close by ours, so we can always see what they have. That night they had cold roast chicken and salad and olives, and a great big layer cake with the loveliest-looking icing all over it. The new minister was quite a stout man—"fat and greasy" Josephine said afterwards—but of course she always makes fun of everything that other people respect.

Well, we were standing all ready at our places, and Dr. Lamb asked the visitor to say grace. This is what he said: "Dear Lord, we render Thee thanks for all these delicacies that we here see spread out before us. Teach us to accept of them with humble hearts and to render Thee all the glory. Amen."

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than Josephine just simply snorted out a great big "*humph*" that you could hear all over the dining-room; and the next second Miss Elizabeth, mind you, who was standing next her, fell over, chair and all, with the most awful clatter you ever heard. You see Josephine had just come to sit there for that meal because her own table of girls had been invited out to tea at the Sunday school superintendent's house. Josephine told me afterward that she hadn't intended to dig her so hard, anyway—she just wanted to give her a little nudge. But poor Miss

Elizabeth was so surprised and scared of something that she fell over.

Miss Morton had been assigned that day to share my room, because my roommate had gone home for good several days before. She was very friendly, and easy to get acquainted with, and she started calling me by my first name right away.

She stayed three months, and she was as independent the first day as the last; and all the time she kept getting those big fat letters. She never would tell me anything about him (she said I was too young) but I just knew from the look of the writing on the envelope that he was one of those big fine chaps that a girl just simply can't help liking.

Well, that last night Miss Elizabeth didn't have a chance to speak to Josephine about the elopement until after supper, and the Christian Endeavor meeting was to be immediately after, so she had to call her out before supper was over. This was something very unusual, because nobody is supposed to leave the table until everyone in the room is ready to go; then Miss Elizabeth gives the signal and we all rise. It really did seem awfully hard on Miss Elizabeth's nerves, because there are such a lot of us (over a hundred) and it is so hard to see all over the dining-room; and toward the end she would have to keep watching all the time and yet try to seem as though she were not; and we would all sit, trying to look reposeful, but secretly glancing around to see who was going to be last. Everybody used to get sort of tense and nervous, especially the ones who were afraid they might be the last.

Josephine told me that Miss Elizabeth had tried to get Dr. Lamb to give up the custom, and let each table go out as it finished; but Dr. Lamb said it wouldn't look well when visitors came.

That evening, instead of waiting till the end, Miss Elizabeth got up and made a little sign to Josephine to follow her, and left the dining-room. Dr. Lamb had to give the signal to rise, and he looked rather cross about having to do it, and he didn't look carefully enough, and gave it just when Miss Perkins, the drawing teacher, was taking a piece of bread. She put it down as though it had burnt her, and got red in the face, and all the girls at her table tittered.

Josephine was in bed that night by half-

past nine, (the lights go out then) and so was I. I felt pretty certain that Miss Elizabeth had persuaded her to give it up; but I thought I'd just be on the safe side by staying awake. To tell you the real truth, I felt rather sorry that I'd told Miss Elizabeth, duty or no duty. It would have been so exciting and romantic to see a real elopement. As I lay there I began to hope deep down in my heart that she'd elope, after all.

All at once I heard a whistle—one, two, three—one of the kind that means something, you know (at least it always does in stories). My heart began to beat like a sledge-hammer. I lifted up my head cautiously, and looked toward Josephine's bed. She seemed to be perfectly quiet. I decided not to close my eyes for a second that night. Then I lay back and listened for the whistle again—but it didn't come. I listened and listened and listened, for what seemed like hours.

All at once I sat up in bed wide awake. It was bright daylight, and the sun was shining into the room. I got up and went over to Josephine's bed to speak to her. The bed was empty! Then I remembered! I looked for her clothes—they were all gone, too, and her comb and brush and all her toilet things. Her trunk was there all packed and locked. She had eloped; and I had fallen asleep and missed it all!

I threw on my dressing-gown and ran down the corridor to Miss Elizabeth's room. I knocked, but there was no reply. I knocked again. Then I tried the door. It opened and I peeped in; the room was empty. Then I recollected that Miss Elizabeth always got up at six o'clock and went down stairs to look after things. I ran back to my room to dress. On the dresser, under my hair-brush, was a note that I had overlooked before. It was addressed to me in Josephine's big, scrawling hand. I unfolded it and read:

"Dear Connie: I'm off with Miss Elizabeth and her husband; they were married tonight. He's my cousin. She met him last vacation. Dr. L. wouldn't hear of it, because Miss Elizabeth was so useful to him; and, besides, my cousin's a wicked novelist, and hasn't much money. But he's a darling, Con; so I came here and persuaded her to elope. Come and visit me this vacation; they are going to be at our house part of the summer, I guess. Will write in a day or so and tell all about it. Good bye, dear old girl. J.

P. S. Give my love to the old boy.

It'll be vacation in a couple of weeks now. I haven't quite made up my mind yet whether to go and visit Josephine or not—but I rather think I shall.



# ANNA'S LOVE LETTERS

By L. M. Montgomery

"ARE you going to answer Gilbert's letter tonight, Anna?" asked Alma Williams, standing in the pantry doorway, tall, fair and gray-eyed, with the sunset light coming down over the dark firs, through the window behind her and making a primrose nimbus around her shapely head.

Anna, dark, vivid and slender, was perched on the edge of the table, idly swinging her slippers foot at the cat's head. She smiled wickedly at Alma before replying.

"I am not going to answer it tonight or any other night," she said, twisting her full, red lips in a way that Alma had learned to dread. Mischief was ripening in Anna's brain when that twist was out.

"What do you mean?" asked Alma anxiously.

"Just what I say, dear," responded Anna, with deceptive meekness. "Poor Gilbert is gone, and I don't intend to bother my head about him any longer. He was amusing while he lasted; but of what use is a beau two thousand miles away, Alma?"

Anna was patient—outwardly. It was never of any avail to show impatience with Anna.

"Anna, you are talking foolishly. Of course you are going to answer his letter. You are as good as engaged to him. Wasn't that practically understood when he left?"

"No, no, dear," and Anna shook her sleek, black head with the air of explaining matters to an obtuse child. "I was the only one who understood. Gil *mis*understood. He thought that I would really wait for him until he should have made enough money to come home and pay off the mortgage. I let him think so, because I hated to hurt his little feelings. But now it's off with the old love and on with a new one for me."

"Anna, you cannot be in earnest!" exclaimed Alma.

But she was afraid that Anna was in earnest. Anna had a wretched habit of being in earnest when she said flippant things.

"You don't mean that you are not going

to write to Gilbert at all—after all you promised?"

Anna placed her elbows daintily on the top of the rocking chair, dropped her pointed chin in her hands and looked at Alma with black demure eyes.

"I—do—mean—just—that," she said slowly. "I never mean to marry Gilbert Murray. This is final, Alma, and you need not scold or coax, because it would be a waste of breath. Gilbert is safely out of the way, and now I am going to have a good time with a few other delightful men creatures in Exeter."

Anna nodded decisively, flashed a smile at Alma, picked up her cat and went out. At the door she turned and looked back with the big, black cat snuggled under her chin.

"If you think Gilbert will feel very badly over his letter not being answered, you might answer it yourself, Alma," she said teasingly. "There it is—" she took the letter from the pocket of her ruffled apron and threw it on a chair. "You may read it if you want to; it isn't really a love letter. I told Gilbert he wasn't to write silly letters. Come pussy, I'm going to get ready for prayer meeting. We've got a nice, new, young, good-looking minister in Exeter, pussy; and that makes prayer meeting *very* interesting."

Anna shut the door, her departing laugh rippling mockingly through the dusk. Alma picked up Gilbert Murray's letter and went to her room. She wanted to cry, since she could not shake Anna. Even if she could have shook her, it would only have made her more perverse. Anna was in earnest; Alma knew that, even while she hoped and believed that it was but the earnestness of a freak that would pass in time. Anna had had one like it a year ago, when she had cast Gilbert off for three months, driving him distracted by flirting with Charlie Moore. Then she had suddenly repented and taken him back. Alma thought that this whim would run its course likewise and leave a

repentant Anna. But, meanwhile, everything might be spoiled. Gilbert might not prove forgiving a second time.

Alma would have given much if she could only have induced Anna to answer Gilbert's letter; but coaxing Anna to do anything was a very sure and effective way of preventing her from doing it.

Alma and Anna had lived alone at the old Williams homestead ever since their mother's death four years before. Exeter matrons thought this hardly proper, since Alma, in spite of her grave ways, was only twenty-four. The farm was rented, so that Alma's only responsibilities were the post office which she kept, and that harum-scarum beauty of an Anna.

The Murray homestead adjoined theirs. Gilbert Murray had grown up with Alma; they had been friends ever since she could remember. Alma loved Gilbert with a love which she herself believed to be purely sisterly, and which nobody else doubted could be, since she had been at pains to make a match—Exeter matrons' phrasing—between Gil and Anna, and was manifestly delighted when Gilbert obligingly fell in love with the latter.

There was a small mortgage on the Murray place which Mr. Murray senior had not been able to pay off. Gilbert determined to get rid of it, and his thoughts turned to the West. His father was an active, hale old man, quite capable of managing the farm in Gilbert's absence. Alexander MacNair had gone to the West two years previously and got work on a new railroad. He wrote to Gilbert to come too, promising him plenty of work and good pay. Gilbert went; but before going he had asked Anna to marry him.

It was the first proposal Anna had ever had, and she managed it quite cleverly from her standpoint. She told Gilbert that he must wait until he came home again before settling that; meanwhile, they would be *very* good friends—emphasized with a blush—and that he might write to her. She kissed him good-bye, and Gilbert, honest fellow, was quite satisfied. When an Exeter girl had allowed so much to be inferred, it was understood to be equivalent to an engagement. Gilbert had never discerned that Anna was not like the other Exeter girls, but was a law unto herself.

Alma sat down by her window and looked

out over the lane where the slim, wild cherry trees were bronzing under the autumn frosts. Her lips were very firmly set. Something must be done. But what?

Alma's heart was set on this marriage for two reasons. Firstly, if Anna married Gilbert she would be near her all her life. She could not bear the thought that some day Anna might leave her and go far away to live. In the second and largest place, she desired the marriage because Gilbert did. She had always been desirous, even in the old, childish play-days, that Gilbert should get just exactly what he wanted. She had always taken a keen, strange delight in furthering his wishes. Anna's falseness would surely break his heart, and Alma winced at the thought of his pain.

There was one thing she could do. Anna's tormenting suggestion had fallen on fertile soil. Alma balanced pros and cons, admitting the risk. But she would have taken a ten-fold larger risk in the hope of holding secure Anna's place in Gilbert's affections until Anna herself should come to her senses.

When it grew quite dark and Anna had gone lirting down the lane on her way to prayer meeting, Alma lighted her lamp, read Gilbert's letter—and answered it. Her handwriting was much like Anna's. She signed the letter "A. Williams," and there was nothing in it that might not have been written by her to Gilbert; but she knew that Gilbert would believe Anna had written it, and she intended him so to believe. Alma never did a thing half-way when she did it at all. At first she wrote rather constrainedly, but, reflecting that in any case Anna would have written a merely friendly letter, she allowed her thoughts to run freely, and the resulting epistle was an excellent one of its kind. Alma had the gift of expression and more brains than Exeter people had ever imagined she possessed. When Gilbert read that letter a fortnight later he was surprised to find that Anna was so clever. He had always, with a secret regret, thought her much inferior to Alma in this respect; but that delightful letter, witty, wise, fanciful, was the letter of a clever woman.

When a year had passed Alma was still writing to Gilbert the letters signed "A. Williams." She had ceased to fear being found out, and she took a strange pleasure in the correspondence for its own sake. At first she

had been quakingly afraid of discovery. When she smuggled the letters addressed in Gilbert's handwriting to Miss Anna Williams out of the letter packet and hid them from Anna's eyes, she felt as guilty as if she were breaking all the laws of the land at once. To be sure, she knew that she would have to confess to Anna some day, when the latter repented and began to wish she had written to Gilbert, but that was a very different thing from premature disclosure.

But Anna had as yet given no sign of such repentance, although Alma looked for it anxiously. Anna was having the time of her life. She was the acknowledged beauty of five settlements, and she went forward on her career of conquest quite undisturbed by the jealousies and heart-burnings she provoked on every side.

One moonlight night she went for a sleigh-drive with Charlie Moore of East Exeter—and returned to tell Alma that they were married!

"I knew you would make a fuss, Alma, because you don't like Charlie; so we just took matters into our own hands. It was so much more romantic, too. I'd always said I'd never be married in any of your dull, commonplace ways. You might as well forgive me and be nice right off, Alma, because you'd have to do it, anyway, in time. Well, you do look surprised!"

Alma accepted the situation with an apathy that amazed Anna. The truth was that Alma was stunned by a thought that had come to her even while Anna was speaking.

"Gilbert will find out about the letters now, and despise me."

Nothing else, not even the fact that Anna had married shiftless Charlie Moore, seemed worth while considering beside this. The fear and shame of it haunted her like a nightmare; she shrank every morning from the thought of all the mail that was coming that day, fearing that there would be an angry, puzzled letter from Gilbert. He must certainly soon hear of Anna's marriage; he would see it in the home paper; other correspondents in Exeter would write him of it. Alma grew sick at heart thinking of the complications in front of her.

When Gilbert's letter came she left it for a whole day before she could summon courage to open it. But it was a harmless epistle, after all; he had not yet heard of Anna's

marriage. Alma had at first no thought of answering it, yet her fingers ached to do so. Now that Anna was gone, her loneliness was unbearable. She realized how much Gilbert's letters had meant to her, even when written to another woman. She could bear her life well enough, she thought, if she only had his letters to look forward to.

No more letters came from Gilbert for six weeks. Then came one, alarmed at Anna's silence, anxiously asking the reason for it. Gilbert had heard no word of the marriage. He was working in a remote district where newspapers seldom penetrated. He had no other correspondent in Exeter now except his mother, and she, not knowing that he supposed himself engaged to Anna, had forgotten to mention it.

Alma answered that letter. She told herself recklessly that she would keep on writing to him until he found out. She would lose his friendship, anyhow, when that occurred, but, meanwhile, she would have the letters a little longer. She could not learn to live without them until she had to.

The correspondence slipped back into its old groove. The harassed look which Alma's face had worn, and which Exeter people had attributed to worry over Anna, disappeared. She did not even feel lonely and reproached herself for lack of proper feeling in missing Anna so little. Besides, to her horror and dismay, she detected in herself a strange undercurrent of relief at the thought that Gilbert could never marry Anna now! She could not understand it. Had not that marriage been her dearest wish for years? Why, then, should she feel this strange gladness at the impossibility of its fulfilment? Altogether, Alma feared that her condition of mind and morals must be sadly askew. Perhaps, she thought mournfully, this perversion of proper feeling was her punishment for the deception she had practiced. She had deliberately done evil that good might come, and now the very imaginations of her heart were tainted by that evil. Alma cried herself to sleep many a night in her repentance; but she kept on writing to Gilbert, for all that.

The winter passed, and the spring and summer waned, and Alma's outward life flowed as smoothly as the currents of the seasons, broken only by vivid eruptions from Anna, who came over often from East Exe-

ter, glorying in her young matronhood, "to cheer Alma up." Alma, so said Exeter people, was becoming unsociable and old maidish. She lost her liking for company, and seldom went anywhere among her neighbors. Her once frequent visits across the yard to chat with old Mrs. Murray became few and far between. She could not bear to hear the old lady talking about Gilbert; and she was afraid that some day she would be told that he was coming home. Gilbert's home-coming was the nightmare dread that darkened poor Alma's whole horizon.

One October day, two years after Gilbert's departure, Alma, standing at her window in the reflected glow of a red maple outside, looked down the lane and saw him striding up it! She had had no warning of his coming. His last letter, dated three weeks back, had not hinted at it. Yet there he was—and with him Alma's Nemesis.

She was very calm. Now that the worst had come, she felt quite strong to meet it. She would tell Gilbert the truth, and he would go away in anger, and never forgive her; but she deserved it. As she went downstairs, the only thing that really worried her was the thought of the pain Gilbert would suffer when she told him of Anna's faithlessness. She had seen his face as he passed under her window, and it was the face of a blithe man who had not heard any evil tidings. It was left to her to tell him; surely, she thought apathetically, that was punishment enough for what she had done.

With her hand on the door-knob, she paused to wonder what she should say when he asked her why she had not told him of Anna's marriage when it occurred—why she had still continued the deception when it had no longer an end to serve. Well, she would tell him the truth—that it was because she could not bear the thought of giving up writing to him. It was a humiliating thing to confess, but that did not matter—nothing mattered now. She opened the door.

Gilbert was standing on the big round door-stone under the red maple—a tall, handsome young fellow with a bronzed face and laughing eyes. His exile had improved him. Alma found time and ability to reflect that she had never known Gilbert was so fine-looking.

He put his arm around her and kissed her cheek in his frank delight at seeing her again.

Alma coldly asked him in. Her face was still as pale as when she came downstairs, but a curious little spot of fiery red blossomed out where Gilbert's lips had touched it.

Gilbert followed her into the sitting-room, and looked about eagerly.

"When did you come home?" she said slowly. "I did not know you were expected."

"Got homesick, and just came! I wanted to surprise you all," he answered, laughing.

"I arrived only a few minutes ago. Just took time to hug my mother, and here I am. Where's Anna?"

The pent-up retribution of two years descended on Alma's head in the last question of Gilbert's. But she did not flinch. She stood straight before him, tall and fair and pale, with the red maple light streaming in through the open door behind her, staining her light house dress and mellowing the golden sheen of her hair. Gilbert reflected that Alma Williams was really a very handsome girl. These two years had improved her. What splendid big gray eyes she had! He had always wished that Anna's eyes had not been quite so black.

"Anna is not here," said Alma. "She is married."

"Married!"

Gilbert sat down suddenly on a chair and looked at Alma in bewilderment.

"She has been married for a year," said Alma steadily. "She married Charlie Moore of East Exeter, and has been living there ever since."

"Then," said Gilbert, laying hold of the one solid fact that loomed out of the mist of his confused understanding, "why did she keep on writing letters to me after she was married?"

"She never wrote to you at all. It was I that wrote the letters."

Gilbert looked at Alma doubtfully. Was she crazy? There was something odd about her, now that he noticed, as she stood rigidly there, with that queer red spot on her face, a strange fire in her eyes, and that weird reflection from the maple enveloping her like an immaterial flame.

"I don't understand," he said helplessly.

Still standing there, Alma told the whole story, giving full explanations, but no excuses. She told it clearly and simply, for she had often pictured this scene to herself and thought out what she must say. Her memory

worked automatically, and her tongue obeyed it promptly. To herself she seemed like a machine, talking mechanically, while her soul stood on one side and listened.

When she had finished there was a silence lasting perhaps ten seconds. To Alma it seemed like hours. Would Gilbert overwhelm her with angry reproaches, or would he simply rise up and leave her in unutterable contempt? It was the most tragic moment of her life, and her whole personality was strung up to meet it and withstand it.

"Well, they were good letters, anyhow," said Gilbert, finally; "interesting letters," he added, as if by way of a meditative afterthought.

It was so anti-climacteric that Alma broke into an hysterical giggle, cut short by a sob. She dropped into a chair by the table and flung her hands over her face, laughing and sobbing softly to herself. Gilbert rose and walked to the door where he stood with his back to her until she regained her self-control. Then he turned and looked down at her quizzically.

Alma's hands lay limply in her lap, and her eyes were cast down, with tears glistening on the long fair lashes. She felt his gaze on her.

"Can you ever forgive me, Gilbert?" she said humbly.

"I don't know that there is much to forgive," he answered. "I have some explanations to make, too, and, since we're at it, we might as well get them all over and have done with them. Two years ago, I did honestly think I was in love with Anna—at least when I was round where she was. She had a taking way with her. But, somehow, even then, when I wasn't with her she seemed

to kind of grow dim and not count for so awful much after all. I used to wish she was more like you—quieter, you know, and not so sparkling. When I parted from her that last night before I went West, I did feel very bad, and she seemed very dear to me; but it was six weeks from that before her—your—letter came, and in that time she seemed to have faded out of my thoughts. Honestly, I wasn't thinking much about her at all. Then came the letter—and it was a splendid one, too. I had never thought that Anna could write a letter like that, and I was as pleased as Punch about it. The letters kept coming, and I kept on looking for them more and more all the time. I fell in love all over again—with the writer of those letters. I thought it was Anna, but since you wrote the letters, it must have been with you, Alma. I thought it was because she was growing more womanly that she could write such letters. That was why I came home. I wanted to get acquainted all over again, before she grew beyond me altogether—I wanted to find the real Anna the letters showed me. I—I—didn't expect this. But I don't care if Anna is married, so long as the girl who wrote those letters isn't. It's you I love, Alma."

He bent down and put his arm about her, laying his cheek against hers. The little red spot where his kiss had fallen was now quite drowned out in the color that rushed over her face.

"If you'll marry me, Alma, I'll forgive you," he said.

A little smile escaped from the duress of Alma's lips and twitched her dimples.

"I'm willing to do anything that will win your forgiveness, Gilbert," she said meekly





# THE WRATH OF KWONG GOON

By Sarah Comstock

ALL Tuesday evening old Chin Gok squatted, yellow, shrunken, gnome-like, and chanted squealing songs. At the midnight that parted a forgotten day from the remembered one, he pushed aside the butterfly piano and hung the moon guitar and the snake-skin banjo upon the wall. Along the street passage died the footsteps of tourists.

"Bring no more visitors tonight," he said to Stuff-Em Bill, one of the guides, who lingered. "Silver has tinkled from the white devils' pockets in time with my melodies. We both have enough. My share will enable my beloved to feast on the morrow. She shall have varnished pig and steamed li-chi nuts and golden rice cakes stamped red with wishes."

Bill smiled. "Poor old Chin," he said to himself. "He's smart in other ways, all right, but he's cracked on that subject, sure." Bill received his commission for leading Chinatown sight-seers to the old musician's cellar, said good-night, and departed. Chin Gok felt his way to the door and bolted it. He stood hushed, a finger on his lips.

"Wait!" he whispered, apparently to no one. "Neighbors are still stirring."

Bill's footsteps clattered and vanished. The far-off cry of a child rose and fell away. A passing hurry of soft shoes came near and faded. For minutes after it became still Chin Gok waited, listening keenly. Then he moved toward a bunk. "Patience!" he murmured, and stopped again, fancying a knock. Then, as it proved to be nothing, he pressed a secret spring to which his acute sense of touch led him, and the entire front wall of the bunk fell forward. A worn, unkempt Chinaman appeared beneath it, cramped into a hard knot.

"Even young legs may grow weary," Chin Gok said, laughing softly at the fellow's smothered groans of relief as he proceeded to crawl out.

"Must I make off now?"

"Haste is imperative. One moment—

you are nearly starved, my poor friend. Store this in your blouse." Chin Gok gave the man a paste ball filled with shrimps.

"You must be silent as darkness," he warned the man. "The hostile tong always listens. I will send my beloved to guide you. Come, beautiful one!"

He drew aside a portière; there was a soft stir, and the beauty appeared at the door-board. She paused a moment, sniffed it, leaped lightly over it. She was as lithe as grass, as black as the glossy teak-wood. Her back arched with affectionate pleasure as her master's hand passed over it.

"Now hasten, beautiful Night! Lead this man as you would lead me, down the long passage of mystery until he can make his escape. Friend, may the gods preserve you from our common enemy."

The man hesitated, puzzled. "Am I to follow the cat?" he asked.

"She alone can guide. Long ago, when I constructed my wonderful tunnel, I taught her its secrets. It was fortunate for me that I did so; now, since the gods have sent blindness upon me, I myself cannot trace the path and no one else knows it. My sense of touch is well-trained, but the intricacies of the passage demand the keenest sight as well."

"Then I am to depend upon the cat?"

"You can trust her. Farewell. Take the cord of red silk that hangs at her neck. She will lead."

When the man took the cord, the great cat started off, trotting ahead like a dog. The padded patter of her feet was scarcely softer than the sound of the frightened man's footsteps. Together the two vanished into the intricate passage through which none but the faithful members of Chin Gok's tong had ever passed.

It was a strange experience for the man. Through dimness that often became blackness he followed the lead of the cord. It drew him around curves, up steps, down again, back almost upon his tracks. He

followed, stumbling. Ever and anon he would reach a solid wall, and fancy that he was caught and imprisoned in the bowels of the earth; suddenly the very wall would become an open doorway as the cat pushed her nose against its hidden catch.

At last Chin Gok's quick ears caught the sound of returning paws.

"You are here again, my beauty!" The cat rubbed gently against her master's trousers.

"Now we are alone, and the war of tongs may be forgotten. I have profited well tonight. Tomorrow you shall stroll with me through Dupont Street, and select whatever pleases your fancy. Smoked fish grown savory through many moons shall be yours. And jewels? Will you wear one more token of my affection, or are they already too heavy?"

As if she followed his words, the immense cat lifted her graceful tail with an indolent, vain gesture, letting it fall as a woman lets fall an arm weighted with the splendor of bracelets. What a sight it presented!

From base almost to tip it was encircled by a succession of precious rings—fingerbands of Chinese gold, so pure that it was deep yellow and pliant. Some of the rings were set with pieces of green jade, others with exquisitely-tinted rose crystal, with amethysts, with uncut pearls. Some were adorned with only the chiselling of the gold itself, work over which near-sighted jewelers had pored, peering through thick spectacles at the infinitesimal dragon scales they were carving. One in the form of a fish, its minute scales cunningly wrought from versicolor metals. And one, precious above all others, clasped between its dragon's claws a flawless, priceless bit of milk-white jade.

Chin Gok caressed the weighted tail with pride. "Let merchants waste their wealth upon bound-foot beauties. The money is gone in a puff of time, and no gratitude lingers. But you, my Night, you are faithful."

For as much as an hour the comrades feasted and played together. Refreshed by a meal of shrimps, the cat frolicked with a handful of beans that Chin Gok had purloined for her from a fan-tan table.

Suddenly there came a low, distinct rap. The old man went to the door.

"Who is there?"

"I—Quong Hing. Let me in quickly!"

Chin Gok slid back the bolt and admitted the man, who was panting.

"Chin Gok!" he whispered excitedly.

"The hostile tong has learned that our friend escaped by your aid!"

The old man pushed forward a stool and spoke quietly. "Rest from your running, Quong."

"Rest! Of what are you thinking, O aged and honored one? I must take you to some place of safety at once!"

The old man laughed. "Where would you make me safer than I am here in my own cellar, with my cat ever ready to lead me down the secret passage of escape?"

"But you are old and blind, Chin Gok, and our enemies desire your life! Their prey has escaped, owing to your loyalty in hiding and assisting him, and only you are left for them to wreck their vengeance upon. They will not delay to accomplish their end."

"But how can they reach me?" The old man smiled as at a child's alarms.

"They have their tricks as well as we, and they know much of your habits. They have always hated you, knowing that no one has successfully concealed so many of their chosen victims as have you—no passage has given escape to so many of our tong as has this wonderful maze of yours. And now the climax of their wrath is reached. I have discovered that Chou Nun vows to have your life, and, by way of indemnity, the jewels that you have lavished upon your pet."

"What is to come will come, Quong. A hatchet stroke—a pistol shot—"

"The enemy has no honor. It strikes in the dark."

The old man smiled. "The most honorable enemy must needs slay *me* in the dark," he said. "But," he added, "for the sake of my pet, I would that my life might be spared as long as the gods see fit." He stroked the cat. Quong felt himself dismissed.

"Let me remain with you," he urged, however.

"No; go. I would be alone. Fear no evil for me." Quong went reluctantly.

Once, while making ready to retire, Chin Gok paused at a half-heard noise. The cat pricked up her ears and went toward

the door, her nostrils making quick little dilatations of curiosity. It seemed as if a muffled cry fell from the darkness.

"Go to bed now; it was only a fancied sound."

With her nose smothered in the fur of her breast, the Night fell asleep in the room beyond the portière. Her long, be-ringed tail lay gracefully upon her body, the green and rose of many stones shining upon her blackness.

Chin Gok stretched himself in his bunk, his head upon a block pillow. "Tomorrow she shall have a duck from the earnings," lulled him to sweet slumber, "a duck and cakes—and now, with past savings, there is enough for a new pearl—if her tail will bear further weight—" his thoughts drifted upon pearl-capped waves of gold. He slept.

Unharméd, he knew nothing of the swift drama that had passed. At the entrance to his cellar one had been slain by a guard whom Quong Hing had placed there to watch over the old musician. Chou Nun, a powerful member of the enraged hostile tong, had promptly attempted to reach Chin Gok through an agent, who had as promptly met his death.

"Chin Gok is safe now," Quong Hing said. "What a blessing! We could ill spare him. He is a strange old man; although mad upon the one subject, his devotion to the cat, he is as sane as a sage otherwise, and one of the most potent members of our organization." He started to go away.

"After all, though," he said, turning back, "it may be as well for you to remain on duty until morning."

"I will not leave," the guard replied. And Chou Nun, lurking, stole away disappointed.

\* \* \*

As if by a rude hand, the block was struck from under Chin Gok's head. He wakened in the city of terror. The rumbling of earth, the crashing of timbers, the clattering thousands of mallet-like Chinese tongues deafened him. The ground beneath him reeled. Kwong Goon, most terrible among the gods, was come to seize the faithless.

Chin Gok felt his way toward the room beyond the portière. As he put out his hand to reach its doorway, there was a crashing—a rending—the doorway was suddenly

obstructed—the walls of the room where the cat slept fell like the tumbling cards built up in a game. The chamber of the beauty was wreckage.

"My pet! My Night!" he cried.

"Me-ow-ow!" replied heart-rending accents.

"Hasten, Chin Gok! The wrath of the joss descends. He wrecks vengeance because we sacrificed so few ducks at his last feast!" A man snatched his sleeve and tried to drag him along.

Another cried, "I will help you to escape, aged Chin Gok!"

If he had gone then, when, with friendly offers, the fugitives paused in their flight through underground ways! But, though he trembled from age and fear, he shook his head.

"My Night," he said.

"Fool," grunted one, and fled on.

While the earth quivered beneath him; while loosened timbers fell about him, he worked. All was blackness to him, in spite of the night lamp which miraculously still burned. He could only pry at random, led by the mews. He pushed aside board after board. The fearful minutes hurtled by. His arms shook.

One thrown board after another gave way before his onslaught. He knew that there was little chance of his ever finding his way to the cat. But at last there was a sharp, relieved cry—to his shoulder came a leap like a cast ray of the darkness itself—

"Beautiful one! Ah, my Night!"

He dropped the pole with which he had been working, and paused to recover his strength. The cat clung to his shoulder, gripping his blouse with her claws.

"We must hurry away now," he said.

A shower of bricks crashed from somewhere at his feet. A man shouted, "Hasten your slow and ancient feet. Kwong Goon, having played a game of ball with the earth, now speaks his scorn in words of flame."

Chin Gok set out to find the street outlet, his cat under his arm.

But he had delayed too long. Through the night in day outside swift feet sped toward his cellar. Chou Nun saw his chance now. Before dawn he had despaired of snatching Chin Gok's life. His agent had been slain in the attempt. He had then planned an attack of his own; but he had

crept away, disappointed, when the guard had, after all, remained. Then the strange dawn of that Wednesday broke, and Chinatown was chaos. Crippled, bound-foot women stumbled up from cellars, shrieking. Men ran wildly, children huddled. There was a screeching as of pigs, a chattering as of monkeys, a mad scurry of white soles, a rushing of blouse-clad figures, as if a thousand \*Fee Guees were descending in raid.

"Protect and aid me by thy very wrath, O Kwong Goon!" Chou Nun cried to the joss. "I will risk my own life for the sake of vengeance. Under cover of the chaos will I reach the aged Chin Gok, powerful enemy of our tong. He shall not escape me now."

Around him was panic. Through the confusion he slipped unhindered. He had but one purpose: that was to destroy Chin Gok.

"There will be no guard to stop me now," he thought.

But the guard was standing where he had been posted. Too much frightened to enter the tumbling building and rescue the old man, he was also afraid to run away.

"You shall not enter," he said to Chou Nun, with a faint show of bravery.

Chou laughed. "Like this I enter," he said, and struck the pistol from the man's shaking hand.

The guard sprang up at him. There was a sharp struggle. A long, agonized moan from the earth broke in upon it, and timbers overhead groaned in response. A door fell as if smitten by a giant fist; at its crash, the guard fell.

Chou Nun entered. "Nothing intervenes but a few steps now," he said. "If only the falling walls do not check me." He hurried. There was a lamp's gleam ahead; a turn of the narrow hall, and he came upon Chin Gok.

"Do you know my voice, old man?"

"Yes, I know you. You are the enemy of our tong. This is a time for hostile tongs to pray to one joss." The old man groped for the exit.

"This is a time for the joss to aid a tong in the settling of old accounts." He stepped in Chin's way. "I am intercepting you; no need to grope for the path," he said.

The old man trembled, but his calm never wavered. "So," he said, "you bring your weapon to my cellar to slay me here."

Chou Nun smiled. "No, Chin Gok. I have brought neither pistol nor hatchet to slay you. I have another way. It pleases me better. I have a sense of humor, Chin Gok. It amuses me to make you the victim of your own ingenious device."

He paused, enjoying the old man's bewilderment. Plaster fell.

"I must not delay," he went on. "I will explain briefly. A hatchet is too simple, too crude to satisfy me. So I cut off the street exit—so." He jerked a loosened door casing. The exit was hopelessly blocked at once. "Now there is but one avenue of escape—your own marvelous passage, the labor of years. Is it not so?"

"It is so."

"And one way only of penetrating that passage of mystery: guided by the cat. Is it not so?"

"Exactly. Now you see the situation. We are here, you and I, entirely dependent upon that animal—I, not knowing the passage, you, not seeing. My purpose is merely this—the cat shall lead me. You shall remain behind." He snatched the cat from the old man's arm. "She is indeed a treasure," he added. "Long have I coveted the jewels of this tail."

As Chin Gok grasped the whole of Chou's carefully wrought plan it left him stricken. No blow was to fall, then, no battle to be fought; he was merely to be left behind, prisoner of his own ingenuity, to await the final blow of Kwong Goon. The street exit was cut off, the tunnel was as useless to him without the cat's eyes as to one who had never known its intricacies. Here, immured in his own home, he was to await death.

"Joss! Be merciful!" he groaned.

But as Chou Nun, possessing himself of the silken cord, pushed the cat toward the tunnel, the creature halted stubbornly. "Go—lead!" the man cried, but she stood still. Chin Gok had not anticipated her refusal to guide the enemy; it seemed like human intelligence. Of a sudden Chou's endurance gave way, and he struck her. With a snarl and a spring, she was upon his breast, her claws at his throat.

There in the underground dimness, while the earth heaved beneath them; while stones and timbers hurtled above them, the man and the cat fought. Her bared white claws were hooked into his flesh; her teeth were

\* Fee Guee, Fat Devil—the name given the famous police sergeant who once became the terror of San Francisco's Chinatown.

gleaming like a tiger's. The yellow of her eyes had disappeared; they were black and burning. At times she would throw back her head and breathe forth her rage in a hiss; then she would fall upon her enemy again.

"Mercy, Chin Gok; command the creature to let go her hold!"

Chou struggled vainly. He could not remove the cat. The more he pushed her away, the more firmly the hooked claws fastened upon his flesh. Her long teeth seized his neck. His screams merged with those of the terrified people's outside.

"She will kill me!"

He struggled again to dislodge the beast, and failed. Then he ceased to beat at her, and reached into his blouse, taking out a small knife. He drew back his arm, the steel flashed; but a thought stopped him before the knife fell. He did not know the secrets of the passage. If he slew the cat there would be no means of escape left!

"I must wound her only enough to make her let go," another thought responded instantly. "Then I can surely compel her to lead me out." The knife fell.

With an enraged cry, the cat, although but slightly wounded, fell away. There was an instant's pause in which he might have grasped the cord—but the gems flashed—"I must make sure of not losing them." Greedy, he fell upon them. Then he made a snatch at the cord—it slipped through his hand as the creature ran to her master. The old man seized the cord—she started for the passage. A horror came upon Chou Nun

—was he to be left in the trap he had planned for his enemy? He followed, caught Chin Gok's blouse, in the hurry dropping a ring.

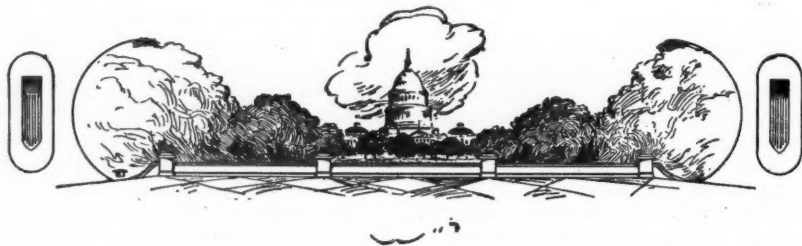
Even in that moment his greed was not forgotten. Relaxing his clutch for an instant, he stooped to pick up the gem, and reached back for it. The blouse was tweaked sharply away. He tried to follow, groping. There was a short turn in the tunnel—Chou stood alone in blackness, a blank wall confronting him. The old man and his cat were gone. Minutes later Chou realized that he held, securely grasped, a handful of precious rings, the long-desired treasure—that was in the all-seeing moment when the wrath of Kwong Goon fell.

\* \* \*

"I have tried in every way to reach you, most honored friend," Quong Hing said outside, at Chin's elbow. "My fish basket awaits you." He stooped, the pole across his strong shoulders. The basket at one end of the pole contained a few household goods; in the other one a little gnome-like man now curled. Against him snuggled a cat. Quong set off at a trot, the baskets swinging.

As they traveled there came a moment of dire discovery to Chin Gok. But the cat purred.

"Mourn not," he fancied she whispered. "Of small account to me are jewels. And because of them your enemy is vanquished. Together we now enter a green spot—a safe harbor."







### BLESSED LITTLE MOTHER

**S**MILING at the children,  
Round thy knees,  
Busy little mother  
Shelling peas.

Fragrance of June roses,  
Rich and rare;  
Finest of bird concerts  
Thrill the air.

Far away seem winter's  
Ice and snow;  
God's own summer nearer  
With its glow.

Willing hands so busy  
All the day,  
Loyal heart that bravely  
Seems so gay

Just to keep the shadows  
Out of sight  
So that loved ones round thee  
Walk in light.

Close to Mother Nature  
Leans thy ear;  
Sweetest of her secrets  
Thou dost hear.

Full of loving service,  
Faithful, sweet;  
Smoother the rough path for  
Tender feet.

*E. D. Williamson*

### LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

### A SPECTACLE CURE

*By Paul Suter, Cleveland, Ohio*

If your spectacles "sweat" in summer or cloud in winter, coat the lenses very lightly with toilet soap. Wipe off the soap with a dry silk handkerchief or a piece of tissue paper, rubbing until the glasses are once more clear and bright. This treatment will prevent the inconvenience referred to, and will not need to be renewed for several days.

### TOMATO CATSUP WISDOM

*By K. W., Knoxville, Iowa*

Cook sound ripe tomatoes thoroughly. Put through sieve to get rid of skins and seeds. Pour this pulp into jelly bag, allowing it to drip until of the consistency of catsup, then return to kettle, season, bring to boiling point and bottle. By this method you will have a delicious red catsup with the real tomato flavor, which is killed by the usual hours of boiling down.

The juice which ran through the jelly bag is excellent for baked beans, macaroni and fish, if boiled up once, salted and put in air-tight jars.

## INDIAN WASH FOR THE HAIR

By Mrs. A. B. Smith, Manassa, Colo.

In my travels in Arizona I learned from the Moqui Indians the value of soap root as a hair wash. Most all the women of that tribe have beautiful hair, but they keep it platted and knotted in such a fashion that one hardly ever sees the full length or thickness of it. One morning some of them came to our camp; one of the young girls had just washed her hair and had it covered carefully with a clean blanket, while it hung loosely down her back to dry. We could see her hair hanging two or three inches below the blanket, down to her heels, and we asked her to let us see it. I never saw such a growth of hair on anyone's head—so glossy, clean and beautiful that we asked her what she used as a wash for it. She told us to go and dig a handful of soap-root, and pound it good between two clean rocks. Take out all the black outside peel that covers the root, and which comes off readily when bruised; then put this root (the white inside part) into a pail of clean tepid water and let soak fifteen or twenty minutes or until you are ready to wash your hair. Take your hand and shake, rinse and squeeze this pounded root, and you will find the water will froth as if using ordinary soap. Strain through a strainer to take out the fibers, and it is ready for use. Wash and rub the scalp as usual then rinse in clean tepid water, and you will be surprised how clean, glossy and beautiful the hair will be. You never see dandruff where this method is followed.

This same root fixed the same way will wash all kinds of black goods most successfully, and cleans without the use of other soap. It grows almost everywhere in the Western States, but very few seem to know its real value.

## TO BOIL MILK

By Mrs. W. B. DeLacy, New York City

Before putting milk into a sauce-pan, boil rapidly a few spoonfuls of water (just enough to cover the bottom of the pan), and the milk will never burn, however fierce the fire.

## LACE CURTAINS

An easy way to "do up" lace curtains:—After the usual way of washing and boiling, lay a blanket on the floor in some empty room, spread the curtains on this (stretching them carefully) and they will keep their place without any further fastening until dried.

## FOR SHOES THAT TIRE

By Mrs. A. F. Wilson, New Hampshire

When boots and shoes are rough and uneven inside of them, cut some inner-soles from table or shelf oilcloth, slide these into shoe, having the oil side next the shoe-sole, cutting them to just a right fit. The warmth of the foot will cause these inner-soles to stick firmly to shoe, and leaves a nice smooth surface next the foot.

## TO RELIEVE CHOKING

By Mrs. Ernest Fellows, Syracuse, N. Y.

To relieve choking break an egg in a cup and give to the distressed one to swallow. The white of the egg seems to catch around the obstacle and remove it. If one egg does not answer the purpose, try another. The white is all that is necessary to use.

## TO REMOVE GRASS STAINS

By Mrs. N. S. Sabin, Johnson City, Tenn.

By applying alcohol to the spots and rubbing well, the stains will disappear.

## MENDING LACE CURTAINS

By Nellie M. Hall, Los Angeles, Cal.

No matter how many or how large the holes are in your lace curtains, here is an excellent way to repair them, either while they are stretched on the frames or just before hanging them: Make a good cooked paste of flour and water; have your patches ready, taking from discarded lace curtains. The patches must be larger than the holes. Rub paste well into them, one at a time, fit smoothly over the holes, putting out into sun to dry. When you hang your curtains you will be astonished at the effect.

## TABLE SYRUP

Try this method of making your own table syrup: Four cups of granulated sugar, two cups water, hot or cold; dissolve sugar by stirring after water has been added; needs no cooking, (if syrup is not cooked it will not grain); then add one teaspoon Crescent Mapleine, a vegetable product producing a maple flavor and color. This amount makes one quart syrup, which you will find delicious, and inexpensive.

## TO TEST BLUING

By Mame Buxton, Redondo Beach, Cal.

I was much annoyed by the appearance of rust spots on the clothes when they came from the wash. I found that it was caused by the bluing. Many bluing compounds are composed of iron and Prussian blue, and contact with the alkali in the soap in the clothes precipitates the iron, causing rust spots. Test the bluing by adding to a small portion a little soda, then heat it, and if it turns red and dark it contains Prussian blue; if, when a little nitric acid is used and the mixture heated, it turns yellow and then white it is indigo. These simple tests are valuable as they may prevent the ruin of a much-prized gown or fine table linen.

## TO STOP A LEAK

To stop a leak, mix whiting and yellow soap into a thick paste with a little water, applying to the place where the leak is, and it will be stopped at once; furnishing temporary aid until a plumber's services can be secured.

## TESTING FLOUR

By Mrs. Mary K. Folk, Wellington, Ohio

There are several methods of testing flour, one of which at least should be known to every purchaser of household provisions. If flour is white with a yellowish straw color tint, it is good, while if it has a bluish cast or has black specks in it, it is the opposite.

Flour can also be tested by its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. If a little flour is thrown against a dry, smooth surface and it falls like powder, you may know that it is not of the best quality. If flour squeezed in the hand retains the shape given it when the hand is released, it is of a good quality.

## MEMBRANOUS CROUP

By Walter C. Swarner Tipton, Mo.

Two-thirds pulverized alum and one-third granulated sugar. Give one teaspoonful and repeat as often as necessary, according to the case. This preparation cuts the phlegm in the throat, a process which is the first movement toward curing the croup.

## ONE-CRUST PIE

By M. L. Walker, Malta, Ohio

In baking a shell for a one-crust pie, put it on the outside of the pie-pan and it will not blister.

## THE HOME

### ELEVEN BRIEF SUGGESTIONS

By Alice Gross, *Sycamore, Ill.*

1. The worn-out mantles from gas burners are superior to any silver polish.
2. Mud spots on black clothes can be removed by rubbing with raw potato.
3. Make starch with soap suds, to give gloss to linen and prevent irons from sticking.
4. To clean silver with deep engraving, use a paste made of whiting and ammonia; apply with a brush.
5. Use olive oil when salting almonds or peanuts. It gives a finer flavor than butter.
6. Keep an old teakettle on the hot-air register, and have hot water all the time, besides saving gas.
7. A little grated horse-radish added to milk gravy is a nice accompaniment to boiled beef.
8. If when making corn meal mush to fry, milk is used instead of water, it will be found to brown in half the time.
9. Put scraps of cold meat through food chopper and stir in corn meal mush when making it to fry. An appetizing dish for breakfast.
10. Cold boiled rice left from a meal can be utilized by adding a beaten egg and milk and formed into cakes and fried. Nice for tea.
11. Rub worn spots on black kid gloves and shoes with a mixture of olive oil and black ink.

### TO ALLAY SORENESS

By Mrs. C. Conrad, *Des Moines, Iowa*

Oil of peppermint dropped in a fresh cut will allay soreness and prevent taking cold in the part.

### TO DRIVE OFF ANTS

Those troubled with ants will be glad to know that five cents' worth of tartar emetic mixed with equal parts sugar and dissolved in water and placed in small dishes where the ants frequent will drive them away. As the water dries add more.

### GASOLINE CLEANSING

By Nellie A. Combs, *Oshkosh, Wis.*

When washing silks, gloves, or other articles in gasoline, set the vessel containing the gasoline in a larger one partly filled with very hot water; this warms the gasoline and makes it more cleansing and pleasanter for the person doing the work. Wash each article as thoroughly as you would in soap and water; then rinse in more clean gasoline and hang up to dry.

### NEW WAY TO GATHER

By Ida M. Trickey, *Bangor, Me.*

Perhaps everyone will not know of this method of gathering: Use two threads, gathering one on the right side; then start from the end on the wrong side and gather back. Pull the threads as in drawing a bag, and the gathers are very evenly laid.

### NICE PUMPKIN PIES

By Mrs. A. E. Kephart, *Wellston, Okla.*

Put a little baking powder in pumpkin pies; they will be very light and it improves them very much.

### A BROKEN UMBRELLA HANDLE

By Mrs. L. F. Keysor, *Salt Lake City*

To fasten metal or any kind of an umbrella handle which glue will not hold, melt powdered alum and use while hot as you would glue.

### LOOSE LOW SHOES

By Mrs. M. P. Riche, *Nora Springs, Ia.*

When low shoes have become stretched so that they slip up and down at the heel in walking, paste a strip of velvet inside. The annoyance will cease and the wear on the stocking will be lessened.

### TO KILL BURDOCKS

Pour a tablespoonful of gasoline in the crown of a burdock root after having cut off all the leaves, and it will kill the weed entirely.

### REMEDY FOR HAY FEVER

If persons subject to hay fever will keep the inside of the nostrils well anointed with cold cream or simple vaseline, and diligently use a menthol inhaler, which can be purchased for fifty cents at any drug store, their suffering may be greatly mitigated, and in many cases entirely prevented. This treatment should be commenced well before the mid-summer sneezing sets in, and continued faithfully throughout the hay fever season.

### EASY WAY TO SPREAD THICK ICING

By Mrs. John R. Ripley, *Poultney, Ver.*

Have you ever tried to make a thick icing and failed? Always line your cake pan with a stiff paper which has been cut to fit. This must stand about an inch higher than the sides of the pan. When the cake is baked leave the paper on. This forms a support for the icing which can be poured in to any desired depth. When it has hardened, the paper can easily be removed. A thin layer of melted chocolate spread over a white icing makes a cake more elaborate with but little work.

### TO SET COLOR

By Miss A. L. McDonald, *Portland, Me.*

I have a recipe which is very valuable this time of the year when wash fabrics are so much in evidence.

Epsom salts dissolved in rinse water will set color and prevent the most delicate tint from fading. Use one heaping teaspoonful to a pailful of water (about six quarts) and have the clothes perfectly clean, else the salts will set the dirt.

### WALL-PAPER MATS

By Faustina Martin, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Wall-paper makes the prettiest kind of mats when framing pictures. Take, for instance, a plain color with a few dainty flowers here and there and use it as a mat when framing some magazine cover. I used a girl's head that appeared as a cover of the *National* some months ago, and nothing more charming could be imagined. Everyone admires it.

### TO REMOVE PAINT STAINS

By Mrs. Joanna Fogarty, *Dorchester, Mass.*

If your clothing should get soiled by contact with paint, rub a small amount of butter on the soiled spots, letting it remain five or ten minutes. Then take a whisk broom dipped in hot water and brush; the stains will come off.

### CASTOR OIL HELP

To destroy the repugnant taste of castor oil beat the oil with the white of an egg until both are thoroughly mixed.

### FOR CARE OF BROOMS

Brooms wet in boiling suds weekly will last longer and sweep like new ones.

## RELIEF FROM EAR-ACHE

By Ella Alcock, Piru, Cal.

Take warmed sweet cream in a teaspoon and fill the ear, inserting cotton to keep the air out and the cream in. Then apply warm applications, such as a hot-water bottle, or flat-iron wrapped in paper. In ten or fifteen minutes the worst case of ear-ache will be greatly eased or entirely gone.

This remedy has been personally tested. I used to suffer greatly with the ear-ache, and tried laudanum, onion-juice and other remedies, which did not seem to help, and a friend prescribed the cream. It is a very simple remedy and is not injurious to the ear, though effectual.

## IN THE PANTRY

By A. B. Skinner, Princeton, Ill.

To keep pantry shelves in the best and most sanitary manner, with the least trouble, buy white table oilcloth—the one and a quarter yard width being desirable; cut strips very straight the longest way of the shelf and about three inches wider. Make flour paste and put over the edges, allowing one to come up about one inch above the back of the shelf, the other to come over and paste under the lower edge of the front; this will last for years, only needing wiping off with a cloth and warm water.

## RAINCOAT BUTTONS

By Mrs. Oscar McCastor, Moscow, Idaho

I had trouble keeping the buttons on my husband's raincoat; now I sew small buttons underneath, allowing the same thread to go through both buttons.

## SAFETY-PIN BODKIN

When a rubber tape is too large for the eye of a bodkin, I pin a safety-pin in the end of rubber or tape, and use like a bodkin.

## DARNING COTTON HOSIERY

By B. N. M., Idaho

For darning cotton hosiery, you will find that fine darning wool or silk-finished crochet cotton will be more satisfactory than the ordinary darning cotton. The mended places will always be soft and not grow harsh and hurt the feet as happens when using regular darning cotton.

## TO PARE TOMATOES

By Genevieve Hedges, Atlantic, Iowa

Ripe tomatoes may be easily skinned without scalding by scraping the tomato with the back of a knife. This saves the bother of heating water and of cooling the tomatoes after paring.

## TO PRESERVE COLORS

By Jean P. Roberts, Boise, Idaho

To prevent fading of washable fabrics, put equal parts of vinegar and turpentine in cold water. Wet the goods thoroughly in this before washing.

## FRUIT-TREE GUM MUCILAGE

By Mrs. J. T. McClelland, Okmulgee, I. T.

The gum found on the peach, plum and cherry tree dissolved in vinegar makes an excellent mucilage which will keep indefinitely.

## NEW BISCUIT PAN

By Mrs. J. L. Rauhauser, Keokuk, Iowa

Ask your tinner to cut a piece of Russian sheet iron, which, after being turned under one-half inch on all sides, will be just large enough to slip into your oven. Have an oblong ring riveted to one or both ends for use in drawing it from the oven. This will cost only from twenty to thirty cents and is a great time and fuel saver in baking cookies, biscuits, cream puffs, etc., as the work can be done much more quickly than by using the ordinary pans. Also, cookies and biscuits are more easily removed from this sheet, as there are no high sides to interfere.

## TONIC FOR FALLING HAIR

By Luella Kittle, Shenandoah, Iowa

Dissolve in one-half pint of alcohol as much castile soap as it will take up. To this add two grains of tannin. Rub this well into the scalp every night and apply a little almond oil to the roots of the hair in the morning. After the hair has ceased falling out, apply once a week.

## TO FASTEN LEATHER UPON METAL

Wash the metal with a hot solution of gelatine or pure glue. Having previously steeped the leather in a hot infusion of nut galls, press it upon the surface of the metal, being careful to remove all air bubbles. Place under a weight until cold. It adheres so firmly that it cannot be removed without tearing.

## POLISHING OLD FURNITURE

By Mrs. N. M. Strang, Terre Haute, Ind.

When the polish of furniture has become dingy and rough from long usage, wash the entire surface in a strong solution of washing powder, applying with brush or mop to save the hands, and rinse in soft warm water, rubbing dry. Let stand over night. With a soft flannel or sponge (flannel is best) apply a coating made of equal parts of boiled linseed oil and turpentine, rubbing in thoroughly. After standing at least twenty-four hours, apply a second coat, polish well with the hands, and you have a piece of furniture as handsome as new.

## IVY POISON

By Dr. W. H. Young, Eldora, Iowa

On first finding that one has been poisoned with ivy, barley, wild parsnip, poison oak, or in fact any of the vegetable poisons, bathe the parts in sweet spirits of nitre (*Spt. arth. nit.*). It will kill the poison as fast as it can be applied. If, however, it runs untreated, twenty-four or thirty-six hours, then add to every ounce of the nitre five grains of sugar of lead (*Pumbi acetate*), and apply freely as before, sometimes using several applications to effect a cure.

## THE NOSE-GLASS AND THE NOSE

By R. L. Carpenter, Londonville, Ohio

If you wear nose-glasses and your nose becomes irritated, rub the portion of the nose on which the guards fasten with alum three or four times a day, and you will have no more trouble. This is one of my own ideas, and I have tried it with success.

## A NEW USE FOR SALT

By Marion Wait, Reynolds, Illinois

Salt thrown on fruit juice that has boiled over will deaden the smell and make it more easy to remove from the stove.

# TWO MEN

By Emil Carl Aurin

TWO men there live in every town,  
With lives as like as nuts of brown;  
But the one wears a smile, the other a frown  
For the one looks up and the other one down.

The one that looks up is a merry chap  
With a hearty hello and a friendly slap,  
While his neighbor, Grouch, across the way  
Has seldom a friendly word to say.

The things they see are just the same,  
But the one will praise, the other one blame.  
A rose bush for one has flowers grand  
For the other but thorns that prick his hand.

If it happens to rain, why Grouch will say,  
"Tis a beastly, nasty, stormy day."  
While Smiles will laugh as the drops come down  
"Twill lay the dust on the way to town."

They work side by side, and when night comes along  
Smiles starts for his home with a snatch of a song,  
Happy in knowing his day's work is through—  
Grouch only thinks of the chores yet to do.

And thus through life they go along,  
Grouch with a grunt, Smiles with a song;  
One always happy, the other one blue—  
And now, dear friend, which one are you?



# THE HAPPY HABIT



ONE cannot express or even conceive a greeting for New Years that does not include and emphasize the word *happy*. What more appropriate day for a universal Happy Habiter celebration! Ever associated with that word happy, in more than an alliterative sense is the word *home*. A happy home and happy New Years—can a more comprehensive salutation be extended to the readers of the National? This is the greeting and the sentiment for not only the first day of 1908, but for all the days and the years that follow in the cycle of Time.

\* \* \* \* \*

A valued contributor to our Home Department calls attention to the tendency to radical changes in home-making. Who does not remember the conventional "best parlor" of thirty years ago, with its haircloth-covered furniture? Can we ever forget that black, funereal and forbidding "sofy" that sternly resented the mere suggestion of "rest"; the primly hung pictures and the "whatnot" or many-paned bookcase with its imprisoned books in stiff array. All these treasures were unused save when "company" sat forlornly in the chill and gloom, until sufficiently well-acquainted to be brought into the cheery living room. At set times, with stern regularity, the room was opened, swept, dusted and aired, once more being put in readiness for the stated visit of "callers" or the parson. It may be that these dreary parlors account for the gloom of religious thought of half a century back. Methinks a succession of visits in such rooms might cast a pall over the most cheerful disposition and brilliant intellect; and if the minister is gloomy, the church services are apt to be likewise.

The old-fashioned dishes, the dark luster of the highly-polished old mahogany that were the pride of the housewife a few years ago—where are they? Scattered to the four winds among the relics awaiting sale in the shops of the dealers in antiques, who soon learned that money was to be made from these now obsolete heirlooms.

The soft, white, lavendered linen stored away in the "presses" that was almost enough to start a small department store—there might even have been a few pieces that were "woven by Grandmother herself." Sprigs of lavender lay between the folds, and the children came and peeped in at the shelves and wondered when it would all be worn out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Heigho! Presto! Change! Another swing of the pendulum of time, and along come the boys and girls of today, who seem to have no reverence for ancient things to be kept merely for the sake of their associations. The utilitarian spirit has possessed them, and they cannot be content with owning unless they may also use and enjoy. Sometimes they carry this idea too far, but bye-and-bye they will find the "happy medium"—meantime, how many mothers are surrounded by devoted boys and girls today because they permitted them to make trains of cars and doll's houses out of the parlor furniture, weaving the "tidies" into reins or using them as window curtains as the case demanded. In such families a stormy day was not a wearisome stretch of hours sure to end in dire punishment and disgrace for the little people, because mother's nerves were worn to the breaking point. Certain rules were laid down and religiously observed by the little people, but outside of those they

had abundant material for a jolly playtime. Yes, there were stains on the carpet and scratches on the mahogany, but these were not half so distressing to mother as tear-marks on little faces; or in later years misunderstandings and slowly-widening breaches between parent and child.

As we look back over the years, we recall, as it were, the stage-setting of our lives. We see again, oh so plainly, that sitting-room where mother sat at work. How different its atmosphere from that of the spare room. There reigned silence, stiffness and gloom; but in mother's room were cheeriness, love and warmth; and what jolly times she and the boys had about the fire in the long winter evenings!

I remember how, sometimes, the boys took a sacreligious delight in taking their play-things or work into the stilted parlor, just to see how it looked when untidy.

In old days it was imperative to sacredly keep the "best bed" for "company," although members of the family, perhaps, reposed on hard mattresses while the fine, springy hair mattress lay unused in the "best chamber." This keeping the best things for "company" is at an end. The other day I met a friend who remarked to me, "I've just returned from investing in a fine hair mattress."

"You'll put it in the spare room?" I queried.

You bet your life it *won't* be put in the 'spare room!' he said. "I'm all through keeping things for company and for show. When we have visitors we enjoy their company, but they only stay a few days or perhaps just one night. I guess they can put up with our second-best mattresses for that time, but I have to lie on my bed every night out of the 365, and the folks at home are going to have the best mattresses in the house."

You know the homes where you enjoy visiting; are they not the places where there is no fear of "mussing?" You go in and lay your hat off anywhere. If you forget to wipe your feet, you don't notice agonizing glances cast at the carpet. Everything is plain and useful, and suited for the purpose for which it was bought. You feel at home right away, and don't have to stop to thaw through three or four inches of conversational ice before you feel that you know these friends. The chairs are comfortable, and not the spindle-legged variety that are apt to groan dolefully when sat upon by a man of more than average weight. It is just like home; and you can go in and visit there as long as you like. That's the place I want to go to; and I don't want the best bed, or the best damask tablecloth, or the "company" silver, or the finest dinner-set. I just want to come in and have a part of the every-day things—to have a part of the real home life of my friends.

That's the way to live. True, things may not always be as nice as you would wish to have them; but the chief thing is to have your guests enjoy themselves, and if you treat them that way they will surely want to come often. You need never apologize, because the children's toys are in the middle of the floor, or because Tommy has the boot-jack in the parlor, playing it is a real ship, or Willie is driving the flatirons about the carpet, "pretending" that they are "choo-choos." Bless their hearts! That is the most beautiful decoration a home can have—let's have the children's playthings about now and then as an evidence of real life.

\* \* \* \* \*

'There is reflex of character in the way a house is decorated. This does not mean a house that is passed over to a professional decorator and turned out "just so." I mean a house that displays the little, individual touches that indicate the character of the people who live in the rooms. It is singular how certain sorts of ornaments obtain favor with a certain type of people. When I have been in the old country I have been surprised to observe in the neat homes of the coastguard a marked preference for bunches of colored dried grasses rather than bouquets of the abundant, fragrant flowers that bloom outside the doors of the white cottages. They probably consider the colored grasses more uncommon, and the same idea prevails among many other people—if anything is uncommon, it must needs be beautiful. Some want a picture because it is rare and costly; others are content with a photograph that means a reminiscence of some "good time;" some like stuffed animals and birds, or other trophies of the hunt and chase. To some there is nothing more attractive than a statue which

seems almost like a living presence in the room. Like many of the famous pictures, these silent presentations of great men grow on you every time you see them.

The other day I met a friend in New York, the owner of a large number of magnificent paintings that are a joy and delight to one with artistic tastes. They are the pride of his household. Imagine my surprise when he took me into a little room and stood before a small insignificant chromo representing a handsome collie with a family of three puppies.

"There's the picture that I prize the most," he said, "because when I was a boy I saw it every morning the first thing when I awoke and the last thing at night before my mother put out the light. Those dogs always seemed real to me, nestling there in the straw. It was to me all that a picture ought to be, and it made me hungry to own a dog." He smiled, and continued:

"I remember the first dog I owned. It was a yellow, scarred mongrel that came along, limping on three legs, hunting for something to eat. It had the most appealing eye, and I was hungry for a dog, so I tied a rope around his neck and led him home and tied him to a post and fed him. He seemed so glad to be my captive; he was grateful for the smallest attentions, and the happiest moments of my life were spent with that one-eyed, yellow dog that no one else in the village would own. I found in him a companion that understood me and entered into all my moods, and with him I was happy."

\* \* \* \* \*

IT is curious that the old village philosopher always has the best chair in the front of the livery stable, where he is regarded as an honored guest. One of his remarks is that a "man's comfort in this life is secured by his having a good forgetter." When you come to analyze it, there is a good deal in that; how much nervous energy is wasted, and worryment endured by simply bringing up old vexations and trials that were surmounted years ago. These bygone grievances are worked over by some people at every meal, and are about as appetizing as warmed-over coffee.

Then we all know people who are not perhaps named Ichabod, but yet they are prone to dwell upon bygone glories, and rest content upon the laurels of former years rather than press on to win new honors, forgetting that if the same amount of thought and force were expended upon some new project, as is consumed in raking up both pleasant and unpleasant incidents of the past, much good might be accomplished in the present. I have heard it said that when a man or woman begins to live in the past, rather than the present, it is a sure sign that old age is creeping on; whatever their actual age, they are already "stranded on the sea-deserted shores of inaction;" but I have known veterans of seventy and eighty years who were as keenly interested in affairs of the hour as any young person could be.

*"Every month is June when the heart is young."*

There is no doubt that many of these old memories act as ballast, but the point is that no boat should be over-ballasted, for then what is intended to be useful becomes a burden. That's the time to "lighten ship."

I have a friend who has the most retentive memory for unpleasant scenes and incidents that I have ever encountered. He can sketch accurately all the little "spats" that occurred ten or fifteen years ago, although those disputes have long been settled and forgotten by the other participants. No incident is ever closed with him, but upon the least suggestion up it comes, and nine-tenths of the time he is talking about things which are forgotten by everybody else—thus his vitality is frittered away, and the living enterprises and duties of the present are neglected—in the expressive Cornish phrase, he is "forever killing dead bees."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear old 1907, goodbye, with all your happy and your sad memories; goodbye as long as you must be going. For now 1908 blazes forth with all the blush and bloom of Hope—the never-failing harp of happiness.

*Sir Mitchell Thapple*

# A GOVERNMENT CURRENCY

SAFE, FLEXIBLE AND UNIFORM

By C. F. Latimer

Vice-President Northern National Bank, Ashland, Wisconsin

[It was at the earnest solicitation of my old friend Joe Chapple, that this article was written. I expressed my views to him upon the currency question years ago. The views have not changed materially since, and the article is *not* the outgrowth of the present flurry.—THE AUTHOR.]

THE recent financial flurry has evoked discussion of the present currency situation. In fact the subject has been discussed at different times for thirty years. Various "plans" have been proposed. Nearly every one of the so-called plans has contained merit, but not one has met with the approval of our people.

The old original greenbackers had a plan: it satisfied the man who wanted to pay his debts with cheap money, but it did not satisfy the business man. The greenback theory was not without merit. Its supporters put their trust in the resources of the government, but did not propose to back up their issue with a reserve such as the world recognizes as the only true reserve for the issuance of such money, viz, coin.

Later on we have had the "Baltimore plan," the "Fowler plan," and asset currency plans without number, but all failed to meet the requirements after thoroughly sifting them to the bottom. At this time a Central Bank of issue seems to meet with considerable favor in all parts of the country, but this Central Bank, owned and managed by the other banks of the country (as practically all the promoters of such a bank propose) would, in our opinion, meet with violent opposition on the part of the people, as it savors too much of monopoly, and would be liable to be used for private ends.

Our currency lacks the quality of flexibility and is not uniform. At the present time it is a patch work of seven kinds, it is like Joseph's coat, of many colors. The asset currency theorists propose to put another patch upon the coat. They propose to take from the assets of the National Bank, in which one deposits his money, sufficient of the assets to raise money with which to pay the other fellow.

The writer is a national bank officer, and has been for many years. He admires the national bank system from the banking

standpoint. As banks of discount and deposit, in which men of moderate means as well as those of large resources can receive accommodations, they are without equal in any country. Any five men with \$25,000 can start a national bank. Government supervision is excellent, and the loss to depositors is merely nominal. But the national bank as a bank of issue is a lamentable failure. The national bank note is an outgrowth of the war. It was created in order that the government might float its bonds. It has served its purpose, and like the war taxes, should give way to something better. It is wrong in principle, and would not float except for the guarantee of Uncle Sam; and he, out of the kindness of his heart, pays the bank two per cent. interest upon bonds deposited, for the privilege of going good for the bank's notes. Practically all that a national bank now does in the way of issuing these notes, is for the president and cashier to sign them, and this is more often done with a stamp than otherwise. We are today paying the national banks some twelve millions of dollars annually, as interest upon United States bonds deposited as security for notes that would not circulate at all except as guaranteed by the government. The only return is in the shape of a tax of one one-half of one per cent per annum. What other country is so generous with a special class of its people?

Our country and its resources are so great, the demand for a circulating medium so large and constantly increasing, it will be, perhaps, but a few years before the government bonds will be exhausted. The organization of new banks requiring bonds to secure circulation will probably exhaust the supply. At this time we are witness to the fact that our government is issuing many millions of bonds to be used in aiding the national banks to secure circulation, and not for the legitimate needs of the govern-

## A GOVERNMENT CURRENCY

ment, as the government now has on deposit with the national banks over 200 million of dollars. Money which has been deposited from time to time to facilitate the business of our country.

The question naturally will be, what next? Shall we put another patch upon the coat, issue more bonds, more asset currency, or what? Someone may ask, "What plan is proposed that is better than the plans already brought forth?" In answer, will say the subject is so serious that one hesitates about advancing any theory. To our mind, a return to first principles is necessary. Before our Constitution was adopted the various nations of the world used gold and silver as a medium of exchange. As the world progressed it was found that a representative paper currency was more desirable and convenient as a medium of exchange. Today the average person takes a well protected paper currency in preference to either gold or silver, and *any paper currency not protected by a good coin reserve, or guaranteed directly or indirectly by a government meets with little or no favor*. In our own country we have a currency to the amount of 350 million issued directly by the government. Until there was a disposition on the part of the government to redeem this paper money on demand in coin, it was badly depreciated. Later on, when there was a doubt in the minds of the people as to whether the holder of the currency was to get gold or silver when the paper was presented, came the "endless chain," which nearly exhausted the gold in the United States Treasury, and would probably have done so, if the President had not issued bonds to protect the reserve. As soon as this was done, and it became known that the currency would be redeemed in as good coin as used by any nation on earth, the trouble ceased, and no one has since doubted the value of our legal tender notes.

Such being the case, why not enlarge upon the proposition, and by so doing simplify our paper money and place it beyond the realm of politics?

Have a board of commissioners or governors, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, of not less than nine or more than fifteen men, who, by experience in a financial way are qualified to fill a trust of great responsibility, men who will in no way be identified with the different

banking interests of the country, and will, therefore, be entirely independent in their actions; to hold their positions for life, and to be paid salaries such as the responsibility and dignity of such positions are worth, placing them, as are our judges of the Supreme Court, above reproach; make the secretary of the treasury an ex-officio member of this body; place in charge of this body of governors or commissioners our entire treasury system, giving them power to issue government notes, backed by a coin reserve of not less than forty per cent; refund the legal tenders and treasury notes into a new form of government note; refund the national bank notes into government notes of like character; take the gold and silver certificates and do likewise. To do all of this and procure the necessary coin for reserve, it may be necessary to issue United States bonds to quite an extent, possibly 400 million dollars, but as some 600 million will be surrendered by the banks the bond issue will be reduced about 200 million. The ultimate saving to the government will be a large sum of money. The coin purchasers will be naturally from the banks, as they will have no further use for coin except for export, and it can then be procured on demand by the presentation of government notes, or by the presentation of securities, the kind of which we will mention later.

One might inquire, "What is meant by the word 'Coin?'" It may be said that coin should be construed to mean gold only; that gold is the only true measure of value; that everything should be measured by the gold standard.

We would not depart from that standard, neither would we wholly ignore silver.

Consolidating the gold and silver coined and in use in four of the most progressive nations of the world, viz.; the United States, Germany, France and the United Kingdom, we find that silver is used to the extent of 24½ per cent of the whole.

To do away with this metal as a part of our circulation, or as a part of our reserve would be a move in the wrong direction and tend to disarrange values to a great extent.

Therefore, as substantially twenty-five per cent of the coin held by four of the leading nations of the world is silver, we contend that our reserve should be held seventy-five per cent in gold and twenty-five per cent in silver.



## A GOVERNMENT CURRENCY

That coin is both gold and silver.

Thus far we have procured theoretically, an uniform currency, protected by a coin reserve. How about its flexibility? How are we to issue new currency or withdraw the old as required?

The stock of money in the United States is something over three billion dollars. Of this some two and one-half billion is in coin or coin certificates, and of the coin one and one-half billion is in gold and some 700 million is in silver, 350 million is in legal tender notes and over 500 million is in national bank notes. All of the above should be converted into a new form of government note, excepting the forty per cent reserve to be held in the treasury, being practically the percentage of reserve now held by the banks and the treasury. This could be done without the least possible friction or disturbance, and without the expansion or contraction of a single dollar.

To increase the amount the government could authorize the banks or others to deposit securities against which notes could be issued. Railroad bonds and bonds of other corporations, which are subject to great depreciation and appreciation should not be used as such security, but the class of bonds so deposited should be of a *public character, such as municipal, county and state*, all to be carefully selected with a *good margin of security*, subject to a *graduated tax* as the circumstances warrant, forcing their withdrawal when no longer needed.

Public securities could be lodged in advance with the governors or commissioners that they could be available as security for circulation at almost a moment's notice.

To avoid an accumulation of funds in the treasury in excess of the amount required for the reserve and a working balance, deposit any surplus in national banks, under the direction of the governors or commissioners, taking as security the same class of bonds as would be acceptable for an emergency circulation. The governors or commissioners should fix a rate of interest to be paid upon deposits so that whenever there is a redundancy of money the banks, in order to stop the payment of interest, could turn the deposits into the treasury where they could be held until again needed.

*Its action would be entirely automatic.*

*The process outlined above would enhance the value of all classes of bonds issued by the people, lower the rate of interest on the same, and would be a healthful stimulus to the development of all public works.*

Our aim has been to formulate a plan whereby the currency of our country can be placed beyond the realm of politics, out of the reach of men who might manipulate it for private ends, to give an uniform and flexible circulating medium with a percentage of coin reserve larger than almost any other nation, and *backed by the God-given resources of a country unequalled in the history of man, the development of which is still in its infancy.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE.] In seeking expert and definite information on the financial disturbances that have occurred at different times for some years past, it was quite natural that I should turn to my "old home" banker—one who taught me to use my financial legs, so to speak. Some years ago, when chatting with him, he uttered words that I now recall as being a concise summing up of matters financial, which, in the light of recent events, seem almost like a prophetic forecast, with a remedial suggestion that was eminently practical.

Mr. Latimer has had wide experience in dealing with general business and industrial problems, and he has always kept in close touch with the expanding interests of the country. His wise counsel has developed a great many large business interests. He sees clearly and acts decisively, and while never allowing sentiment or friendship to interfere with the just demands of business, he is always humane, kindly and just. It is especially gratifying to note that his recent summing up of the necessity of government currency, to relieve the present situation, is simply the re-affirmation of his statement to me some years ago. Mr. Latimer's article on the new plans for banking has been widely read and quoted by such papers as "The American Banker," "The American Lumberman," and other financial and trade papers.

Mr. Latimer is comparatively a young man, and has been prominently identified, for the past quarter-century, with lumbering interests in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan. He is an extensive traveler, is familiar with natural and industrial resources, and has been identified with the work of the American Bankers' Association.

# PUBLIC HIGHWAYS AND PROSPERITY

By Thomas F. Walsh

An address delivered at Trans-Mississippi Congress at Muskogee, Oklahoma

THERE are many great and important public questions engaging the attention of the American nation at the present time, but amongst them all, I doubt if there is one that so deeply affects all of our people financially, morally and ethically as does the theme assigned to me, and upon which it is my pleasure to address you, namely, the building, beautifying and maintaining of good roads throughout the broad expanse of our glorious country.

By good roads I mean roads that are not merely surveyed and opened, but such as are built. Not roads for temporary convenience, but for permanent use. Not roads which are good when the weather is pleasant and warm, but roads good in all seasons and all weather. Not roads which are adapted to light or ordinary traffic only, but roads which will carry weights that any extraordinary occasion may demand. Not roads established solely for the benefit of those living along their line, or in the immediate vicinity, but roads suited to the public who may have occasion to travel, or to haul loads over them. Not roads built for communication between one hamlet and another, but roads having a definite purpose for social and business accessibility and improvement.

Good roads mean to the toiler better filled dinner pails at a lessened cost; to the farmer an increased revenue from the products of his land; to the dwellers in the country freedom from isolation; to the residents of congested cities an opportunity of enjoying the glorious health-giving atmosphere of the country, to come in contact with nature, and to receive blessings and inspiration at her hands that they can never enjoy in the vitiated atmosphere of city life.

Good roads are the boulevards—the health promenades—and since the advent of the automobile, the railways of the people, they reach down into and touch every chord and fibre of human life, and, like the gentle dew from heaven, they bring blessings and benefits to all.

Strange to say, until the recent past, we

have treated this great question with an indifference which, viewed in the light of our progress in other directions, seems astounding.

If our civilization were judged by our roads, we would be placed at the lowest mark in the scale; for among all the civilized nations of the earth, there is none so poor and backward in the march of progress but can boast of better roads than ours. As a matter of fact, we have neither roads, road systems, nor road government. We are barbarian in the abysmal impassable condition of our roads and in the semi-political bandit system through which we annually carry on the farce of caring for these mudways which we honor with the name of public highways.

Far and away in the lead of all nations in the material and ethical things in life, and I say it with conscious pride; keen to invent and utilize money-saving machinery; quick to build railroads and waterways that will lessen the cost of transportation; alive to advantages to be realized from employing the highest and best in all other of the great channels of industry—we are strangely indifferent to the building of public thoroughfares that would save us more money and bring more distributed blessings to all of our people than any other public work in which we can engage.

Look at Europe with its hoary age of experience behind it. See the netted maze of tree-lined, well-kept roadways, that traverse every hill and valley, every glen and canon and mountain in every place within its confines. It matters not where you go, be it along the fairy glens of the Emerald Isle, through the fields and valleys of Merry England, over the incomparable roads of La Belle France, through the winding canons and towering mountains of picturesque Switzerland and Italy, through the fertile valleys—so teeming with human life—of Belgium, Germany, Austria, Hungary and northern Spain, all are traversed with a system of magnificent roads that are as free as the air to their own, as well as the citizens from every clime, giving out pleasure and blessings to

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the passer-by, as well as to those whose homes are beautified and made more valuable by these expanding arteries of commerce.

In all of the countries of Europe the care of roads receives the most constant and intelligent attention of any department of the different governments, whilst in ours it receives the least.

If the railroads of Europe were disabled, the large cities would suffer no inconvenience, because nearly all of the necessities of life are hauled in wagons over their splendid roads, whilst were such a thing to happen in our country, a famine would in a short time rage in our cities, because only a fraction of life's necessities could be hauled over our impassable roads.

It may be asked why all the old and progressive countries of Europe give so much attention to the building and maintaining of such fine roads. To any visitor who gives the least attention to the subject, the answer is easily found. It is because centuries of experience has taught them that good roads bring more financial and ethical benefits to their people, beautify their homes, make life in the country a joy and a delight, and, in a word, give back more all around beneficent compensation to them than any other work which their respective governments can perform.

Ask the business men along the beautiful Riviera or those in northern Italy to what one thing they are most indebted for their prosperous trade and its continuance, and they will promptly respond, "Good roads." You may suggest that their beautiful scenery should have the credit. They will respond, "No, no; the scenery could not be enjoyed without good roads, nor could the vast army of visitors be kept here did we not have good roads."

Ask the thrifty and prosperous Swiss people to what they are most indebted for the fifty millions that tourists annually bring to their little domain of mountains and lakes, and they will give the same answer. Ask the farmers and the mechanics of the towns and cities of these countries (for they all share in the prosperity conferred) what part of the governmental work gives them the most returns for their taxes, and the same answer will be given. The people of Europe differ amongst themselves on many domestic questions, but in the desirability of building, beautifying and maintaining good roads they are a unit, and they give their roads that con-

stant, vigilant care that keeps them always in perfect condition. Other public matters may be neglected—but the roadways—never!

In discussing this subject I have often been met with the excuse that we are a young nation, and that when we get old like Europe we will have good roads, too. As a matter of fact, the care of roads in Europe is old—and yet ever new. This care has been going on for centuries, but the work on the roads there is carried on with more thoroughness and science today than ever before. Had the people stopped work for, say ten years after Napoleon's time, the magnificent highways which that great soldier built would have been destroyed exactly as some of the fine roads that were spasmodically built by our governments, both state and national, which, having no provision made for their maintenance, were in a few years utterly destroyed.

Hide it as we may, the facts are that the Europeans are alive to the advantages of good roads and we are not; and we will never have good roads unless we make a beginning and go to work with the same intelligence, thoroughness and vigor with which we have accomplished our successes in other great undertakings.

It may be asked if we have the same inducements to undertake and carry out the work that Europe has. Yes—and a thousand times more inducements! We have a free citizen population—highest in the scale of intelligence. We have a country vast in its dominion and which the Creator blessed with more natural gifts than any other country upon this revolving earth. We have a country whose valleys, dells and glens, mountains and plains are incomparably rich in their fertility and indescribably grand in their scenic beauty, awaiting but the construction of good roads to open them to the full enjoyment of our own people, as well as to the people of all lands.

The railroads of our country are each year expending untold millions of dollars in cutting down grades, straightening curves and perfecting their roadbeds, to reduce tonnage cost per mile of freight haul, so that now the cost to the farmer of shipping by rail, his produce to market, several hundred miles distant, is often less than the cost of delivering it from the farm to the shipping station only a few miles away.

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As the weakest link in a chain measures the strength of the chain, so the steepest grade in a road determines the limit of the load that can be hauled over that road.

In the improvements made by the railroads, in increasing the size of the engines and rolling stock, in perfecting the roadbeds, and in the elimination of curves and grades, our railroads have increased their freight tonnage per train load in the past twenty years from three to four hundred per cent., with a corresponding reduction in the cost of haul per ton, while our farmers, by reason of the failure to make improvements, continue to haul to market but a few more pounds of produce than was hauled by their ancestors over the same wretched road.

Our farmers, producing as they do so large a percentage of the wealth of the country, are entitled to the best possible results from their labor, and that they do not obtain them is due largely to the lack of information which will come to them from the awakened public interest upon the subject that it is the purpose of this organization to foster.

Permit me to cite one illustration of the loss to farmers from bad or indifferent roads: In an irrigated district in northern Colorado, comprising portions of Boulder, Larimer and Weld counties, careful estimates were made of the average load and total tonnage of beets delivered for shipment to the six sugar factories in that territory last year, and from the data thus obtained it was ascertained that the cost to the farmers in delivering those beets was \$300,000 more than it would have been if they had had properly-constructed roads over which to haul the same tonnage.

It is only fair to assume that sugar beets were less than one-half of the total tonnage marketed, so that the \$300,000 should be doubled, or trebled, to ascertain the total loss to that one locality, whilst in the entire nation the annual loss in moving the necessities of life over our present poor roads reaches into the hundreds of millions of dollars, all of which becomes a direct tax upon the toiling masses of the people, to say nothing of the not infrequent loss of the whole crop in some localities because of the complete impassability of their present roads at some seasons of the year.

With good roads provided, our farmers would soon be marketing their crops with steam or gasoline motors capable of hauling two or three loads at the same time, and thus

reduce the cost from one-half to three-fourths, and, too, they could market them when prices or other conditions made it most desirable to do so, without having to wait, as now, for the roads to become passable.

While the pecuniary loss to the country from the lack of good roads is something stupendous, the loss in a social, intellectual and religious way is even greater.

Good roads will be a greater factor in adding to the happiness, intelligence and prosperity of the people and will contribute more to their moral and social elevation than anything else that the state can do for them.

Nothing would be more conducive to civic pride than properly-constructed and well-maintained roads, and the artistic touches that would be given residences, gardens and farms would make a country ride one of the joys of life.

The good Lord never intended that families should live and children be reared in crowded tenements or even flats, away from shrubs and flowers and green grass and singing birds, and yet notwithstanding this, the tendency is for people to flock to the cities, and while the cities are growing with leaps and bounds, our rural population is increasing but slowly, and in many places barely holding its own.

This condition is an unnatural one, and I am firm in my conviction that it can be traced directly to bad roads. Give the farmers good roads, and each community will soon establish its churches, schools, libraries, debating societies and places for recreation and amusement, the craving for which now causes the farmers' sons and daughters to dislike the farm and to rush to the cities.

Gentlemen, it is easy enough to criticise. When a man is ill, he does not require a skilled physician to tell him that he is ill. I know that the roads of this country are bad, and you know it. We are all agreed on this point, and we are all agreed upon the necessity for improvement. It is necessary that we diagnose the case and apply the proper remedy. My views are very decided as to why we are backward in road-building, and the remedies which I have to offer are by no means complex. Many able minds have in recent years been giving careful consideration to the road problem, and the most gratifying progress has been made in some of the states. I am making no new suggestions today, and am evolving no theories.

## PUBLIC HIGHWAYS AND PROSPERITY

Now, a few words as to the defects of our road systems. A dispassionate study of the facts has convinced me that localization in road work secures the least possible return for the outlay. Nearly all of the states west of the Mississippi River have local road systems. To emphasize this point, consider what would be the result if, instead of having great railroad systems, we had the railroads in each county under separate jurisdiction. Suppose that instead of having one centralized administration for a great railroad system, at the head of which is a man selected for his peculiar fitness, we had an administrative head for each county. Suppose that instead of building a railroad system to develop the resources of an entire section of country, we built little sections of railroad according to the whims of influential citizens in small localities? On the other hand, suppose you abolish the thousands of petty road officials and place one man, infinitely more capable than any of the petty officials, at the head of one great system, and give him a corps of trained, competent men all the way down the line, who will be sure to obtain a dollar's worth of results for every dollar expended? I leave you to draw your own conclusions as to which system would yield the better result.

The laws under which the road work in most of the states is carried on do not require road officials to have any knowledge of road-building. This I consider the second weakness in our road system.

A third feature which is a decided handicap, is the use of statute labor. Nobody ever expects a day's work out of a man who is working out his tax. It is a burden upon him. A work to which he is unaccustomed, and if he hires a substitute the substitute feels in duty bound to act just as his employer would act under like circumstances. In our private dealings we never think of employing men to do for us that for which they are incompetent. Then why not apply the same rule to public affairs? A fourth weakness in this system is the laxity in the safeguarding of public funds. I believe that there are comparatively few counties that could give a clear, accurate and justifiable list of revenues and expenditures for roads.

We need only to compare results with expenditures to be convinced of the weakness of our present road systems. With an expenditure of over \$79,000,000 in the year

1904, we could only show a mileage of improved roads amounting to a little over seven per cent. of the total mileage of the entire country. This seven per cent. does not represent the work done in one year, or five years, but all that we have to show for the roadwork which we have done since the white man first put foot on this continent.

Another ground for criticism is that under the county systems the burdens of cost are not equally distributed, and the great cities where the wealth of the country is largely concentrated are practically immune. Good roads are essential to the prosperity of the cities as they are to the prosperity of the country. Public roads are no longer mere local necessities. The traffic which passes over them is of value far beyond the confines of the county. So complex and far-reaching is our present commercial and industrial system, that benefits and burdens travel swift and far. And still another cause for our poor roads is that no provision is made for maintaining them, which is fully as essential as is the building of them.

The subject is too great to deal with exhaustively in a general address, and I shall content myself with stating briefly the measures which I believe will place our roadways on a more satisfactory basis.

I have already spoken of the splendid highways of France. A system which produces such results is worthy of the most careful consideration, although I realize fully that our plan of government precludes the adoption of the French system in its entirety. The national roads built and maintained by the French government are under the jurisdiction of the Department of Bridges and Roads, which constitutes what we would term a bureau, this department or bureau being under the minister of public works. The government at Washington maintains no bureau in any way similar to the French Department of Bridges and Roads. The United States office of public roads, with an appropriation of \$70,000 a year, is engaged in purely educational and investigative work.

The second class of French roads, namely, the department roads, correspond to state roads in those states of the American Union which have roads built by the state. The third class, consisting of township roads, may be compared to our own county and township roads. The road and bridge service of France is a strong and effective or-



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ganization, responsible men are employed in it, thoroughly trained, and the work is subjected to close inspection by government engineers. No part of the road system is neglected. The routes are divided into sections of half a mile to three miles in length, according to the importance of the road, each of which is confided to a man, or a number of men, so that every foot of roadway is inspected daily and kept in thorough repair.

It is well known that the system of raising revenues for the federal government is such as to make possible the raising of an enormous sum annually without imposing an unpopular burden upon the shoulders of the people. We could not, of course, have a system of national roads built and maintained by the national government, but we could have a great system of national roads paid for partially by the national government, partially by the state and partially by the counties and townships. The national government could afford to maintain a corps of the best engineers in the world, who could see to it that the government's money was being expended to the best advantage. Each state should have a highway department in charge of a thoroughly competent engineer, who would by and with the advice of a United States consulting engineer, make all surveys, plans, specifications and estimates and superintend the building of this great system of improved roads. The local autonomy could be preserved by having the assistant state engineers selected as far as possible from the local men available and stationed permanently within the respective counties, their salaries to be paid from county funds. Thus the assistant engineers, linked to the counties by sentiment and by necessity, would follow such course as would be to the best possible interest of their respective counties. At the same time being subordinates of a state highway engineer, they would necessarily conform to the wise regulations prepared by this central authority, and every foot of roadway improved in each county would be the result of plan and method, and be one more link in the great system of intercounty and interstate highways.

Instead of incompetent overseers, we should have assistant engineers and expert foremen, and every mile of road would receive the attention it requires just as the French roads, and just as our railroads are inspected and

maintained by engineers and track foremen. I do not pretend that I have worked out the problem in all its details, and I would view with suspicion any cut and dried plan, however plausible, unless it carried with it the evidence that every possible source of information had been searched and analyzed and every feature of the plan subjected to the most searching comparison and the most thorough consideration. I am in favor of a commission to be authorized by Congress to make such thorough investigation and to recommend such road system as to them would appear to best solve all of our road problems. In the meantime, I urge every state to adopt some plan whereby the state will pay a portion of the cost of roads and require that they be built under state supervision, abolishing statute labor, providing clear-cut and simple means for safeguarding the public funds.

The improved roads should not be left in a bare, desolate condition. Trees and grass should be planted all along their borders, which would make them sheltering, picturesque and beautiful.

The United States stands first among the nations of the earth in material wealth, in its credit, in its varied commerce, and in many products of that commerce, and in the per capita wealth of its people, and it is regarded as the leader in all movements looking to the betterment of humanity, except in its public roads.

Let it but little longer be said of us that of all the civilized nations of the earth, we have the poorest roads!

I long for the day when the average size of the farms of the country will be much smaller than at present; for the time when the land for miles around our large cities will be cut up into fruit and vegetable gardens, because that will mean more intensive farming—more scientific farming. It will, also, mean, that our rural population will have all the advantages without the disadvantages of urban life.

This cannot be accomplished without good roads, but with them it must inevitably follow.

The happy homes of its citizens and the contentment found therein are the best guarantees of the stability of government, and good roads will multiply such homes as will nothing else that can be done for our people, and if this Congress can in any way materially aid in its accomplishment, that alone will have justified its existence.



MAIN STREET, MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

## MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

By Harold G. Rogers

DELIGHTFULLY situated on the west bank of the Connecticut River, at a point sixteen miles south from the state capital, Hartford, and thirty miles from Long Island Sound, lies the historic New England city of Middletown, Connecticut, the county seat of Middlesex County. Surrounded by fertile valleys and wooded hills, and in a setting of natural beauty, Middletown lies stretched along the surface of a gently sloping hillside. The visitor's first impression is of broad, shaded streets with spacious public squares, skirted by a number of colonial residences about which the aged and imposing elms casting their shade over the wide lawns, are relics of the time that Washington passed through the town and was entertained at one of the mansions. Nursing the traditions of their revolutionary forefathers, the people of Middletown possess a patriotic love for their beautiful city which makes a lasting impression on all outsiders.

Middletown is practically midway between Boston and New York, and the Air Line Division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, which passes through the city, is the shortest route between those points. This line, together with the Valley Division of the same road, connecting Hartford and Saybrook, and the line to Berlin, New Britain and beyond, offer exceptionally good railway facilities and provide easy and direct communication with other important points. There is an average, including both the summer and winter schedules, of fifty passenger

trains daily at the Union Station. In addition to this, Middletown is connected with Meriden and Berlin by a fast trolley service, and a new line is being planned to reach Meriden by way of Guilford. The freight service also is prompt and reliable, and is amply sufficient for business demands.

The steamboats of the Hartford & New York Transportation Company maintain a daily service (except during the winter season and Sundays) between Hartford and New York, and quite a number of sailing vessels load and discharge at the wharves. Manufacturers and dealers thus have a choice of shipping facilities, and, owing to the choice being open between the railway and river routes, they gain the advantage of extremely low rates of freight. Vessels drawing eleven feet of water can pass from Middletown to the Sound during the driest season of the year. The city is on tide water and as a result the inhabitants are able to enjoy the delicacies of the season in sea-food as much as any city on the coast.

Middletown boasts of five hotels. One of these, the Chafee House, is a well-known landmark of New England. While strictly modern in its accommodations, it is nevertheless of the "olde tavern" type, and its old-fashioned fireplace, surrounded with curiosities and Indian relics, has attained a celebrity not entirely local. The motto over the hearth is that of the hotel "As we journey thro' life, let us live by the way!"

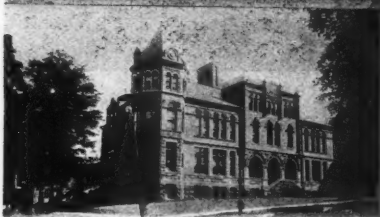
The main street of the city about a hun-

## MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

Hospital  
for the  
Insane



High  
School



College  
Campus,  
Wesleyan  
University



The  
Narrows



Middlesex  
County  
Historical  
Society



Berkeley  
Divinity  
School



dred yards back from the river and running parallel to it, is one of the widest streets in the country, and is lined on both sides with fine business blocks, bank buildings and stores. The residential section is west of the main thoroughfare, and the homes of the inhabitants are models of beautiful architecture. This part of the city is spread out so that none of the houses are cramped for lack of ground and the effect of the wide streets, shaded by monstrous elms and the residences set far back from the highway, is one of beauty and comfort. The people of Middletown are doubly fortunate, for not only is the city beautiful, but the scenery all around it is in harmony. It makes no difference which way one drives—along the river, or among the hills and woods west of the city—as far as natural picturesqueness is concerned.



RUSSELL LIBRARY

A fine drainage system, due to the admirable natural location of Middletown and a fully adequate pure water supply, contribute to the general good health and consequently a low death rate.

The Middlesex Theater, owned and operated by the Middlesex Mutual Assurance Company, is one of the finest in the state, and as it is on the direct line of travel between New York and Boston, the management is able to secure the best of attractions.

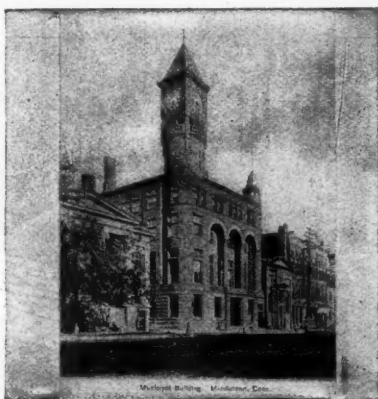
The famous Portland brownstone quarries are directly across the river, and furnish attractive building material for most of the large houses and public buildings.

As is usual in a college town, the citizens refer with special pride to the honored institution of learning whose name and influence are so widely and favorably known. Wesleyan University maintains the same

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high standard of scholarship which has always been characteristic, and it offers exceptional advantages for experimental research. Its age, its list of famous alumni, as well as its reputation for clean and fair athletics, cause it to be regarded as in the front rank of the smaller educational institutions of the country. The university buildings are admirably located on spacious grounds in the highest part of the city, and command an extensive and beautiful view of the Connecticut River and Valley.

Another institution in the city deserving of its wide reputation is the Berkeley Divinity School which is connected with the Episcopal Church. It is the only school of its de-



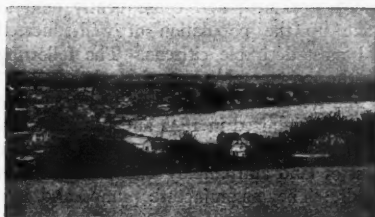
MUNICIPAL BUILDING

nomination in the state, and its work is held in high esteem.

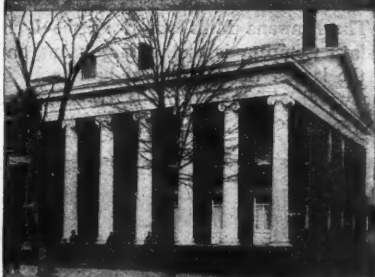
The Connecticut Hospital for the Insane, with its beautiful buildings and grounds, overlooking the river, is doing a great and noble work of which the city and state are justly proud.

Among the other public buildings, Middletown boasts of twelve flourishing churches, a handsome Y. M. C. A. headquarters, a new and up-to-date public high school, the Russell Public Library, and the Girls' Industrial School, and the Elks' headquarters.

Besides its natural beauty and urban advantages, Middletown is the home of many large industries which are known throughout the country for their manufactures. All of the factories are of that class which require



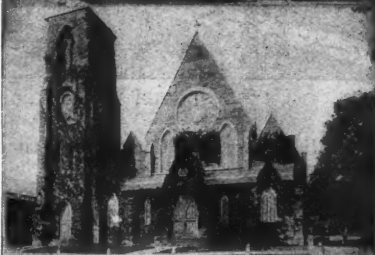
Birdseye  
View of  
Middletown



Elks  
Building



Middlesex  
Hospital



Holy  
Trinity  
Church



Psi Upsilon  
House,  
Wesleyan  
University

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skilled workmen, and consequently tend to make up the population of well-educated and most desirable citizens. The following are the most notable manufactories:

The W. & B. Douglass Company is a large concern organized in 1842 and has gradually expanded until now they cover an immense tract of land and employ a great number of hands. They manufacture pumps and iron goods.

The Arawana Mills owned by the I. E. Palmer Company is another large plant, and is the largest manufactory of hammocks in the world. They also make crinoline and cotton tissues.

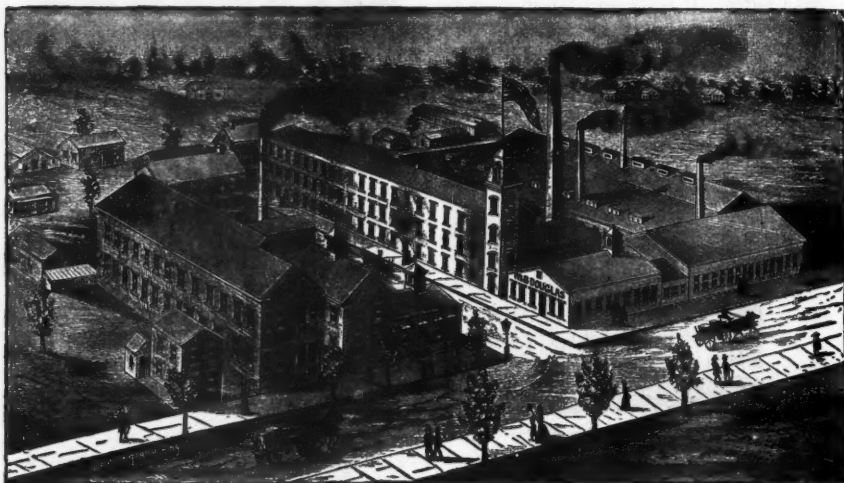
The Compound Motor Company are the makers of the Compound automobiles.

The Portland Silk Mills, a branch of the York Silk Mills of Pennsylvania, are located here.

The soap factory of Allison Bros. is a large concern.

The Beuvenue Granite Quarry is just south of the city, and furnishes excellent curbing and building material.

The Feldspar Quarries, southeast of the city, furnish the Trenton potteries a very large percentage of the material that enters into and makes perfect our American porcelain.



THE W. & B. DOUGLAS COMPANY PLANT

The Middletown Silver Company are manufacturers of silver-plated hollow ware.

The Goodyear Rubber Company manufactures rubber goods of all kinds.

The Omo Manufacturing Company manufactures dress shields.

The Wilcox & Crittenden Company is an old established concern and make ship chandlery hardware.

The Russell Manufacturing Company comprises seven mills and manufactures webbing, girths, belts and cotton goods.

The New England Enamel Company manufacture enamel household ware.

The Rogers & Hubbard Company are manufacturers of fertilizers.

The W. H. Chapman Company manufacture saddlery and harness trimmings.

The Middletown National Bank and the Middletown Savings Bank are two of the oldest and strongest institutions in the state.

Thus most every line of industry is represented here, and the factories are thriving. The city offers great advantages to newcomers, and manufacturers could not pick a better location if they desire a new site.

\* \* \*

In mentioning the prominent manufactories and points of interest about Middletown, one should not overlook the following:

The Middlesex County Historical Society



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has its headquarters in the city, and carries on historical researches and the lectures given by its members are open to the public.

The Middlesex Hospital is the best equipped institution of its size in the state.

The Middlesex Yacht and Canoe Club and the Arawana Golf Club furnish an opportunity to the people of the city to enter into the pleasures of yachting and golf and tennis as well as the social functions that the clubs give.

Middletown has the reputation of being a city of peace, prosperity and good order. This reputation is well deserved, for the city government is wisely administered, and the people are well-to-do and law-abiding. It is noted for its natural advantages and picturesque location, its railway and river facilities, and the intelligence, industry and prosperity of its people. It is centrally and healthfully located, and offers exceptional manufacturing and educational advantages.



# THE CHEAPEST WAY TO WARM A HOUSE

[ Copyright, 1907, by Louis Bruch ]

THE advantages of warming a house by steam or hot water are now too well known to be doubted by anyone. It is only the question of costs that needs argument.

The lowest-priced apparatus for heating a house is a stove. Next comes the hot air furnace; next comes low pressure steam heating outfit, and then hot water.

That is, if you figure the cost of the outfit alone. If all owners of homes would figure further than first cost, stoves and hot air furnaces would be more rapidly abandoned.



The outfit itself is much the lesser part of heating costs. The outfitting cost comes but once in a lifetime, if you get the right method.

It is the fuel that counts—the constant expense that continues as long as the house shall stand.

THE EXPENSE OF HEATING IS NOT MEASURED ALONE BY THE FUEL BURNED

Strange as it may seem, the majority of people look upon heating costs from the wrong end.

If the building owner and the cottager could be brought to study this subject as an *investment* no house would be without modern steam or water heating, whether the building is old or new.

You will find steam or hot water now in nearly every home or building where comfort rather than first cost is held to be of most importance. Also all large buildings where fuel economy means much.

This confirms the truth of the statement, which is often taken in jest, that it is only the small building owner who apparently can afford to be extravagant in the necessities of life. Large owners do not make such extravagant mistakes.

## OTHER IMPORTANT SAVINGS

There are other savings more important than fuel, but they cannot be so accurately figured in dollars.

Grates, stoves and hot air furnaces bring ashes and coal-dust into the living rooms. All housewives know how much extra housecleaning they necessitate; also that they soon ruin carpets, wall paper and draperies.

Housekeeping and house cleaning must necessarily be toilsome and expensive where old-fashioned heating methods are used. But the health-saving of this way is most important. A house warmed by Ideal Boilers and American Radiators has no cold corners, no draughts—just sure, cozy comfort in every room and every nook.

Uneven heat is not only uncomfortable,—it is dangerous. Four-fifths of the colds of children are caused by playing on floors or near windows of rooms not uniformly heated. This protection to family health is a feature which figures cannot measure; the healthfulness, the comfort, the convenience of this way of warming changes any house into a home.

## HEATING SHOULD BE CONSIDERED FROM THE STANDPOINT OF AN INVESTMENT

The fuel saving alone in warming by steam or hot water will pay ten per cent. annually on the extra investment for the outfit, and those dividends are perpetual.

The small amount withheld by putting in a hot air furnace or several stoves instead of a modern heating outfit is often banked at three per cent. or invested in four per cent. bonds. That isn't economy, is it?

## THE CHEAPEST WAY TO WARM A HOUSE

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators are put in thousands of homes each year to replace stoves and hot-air systems which have been tried and abandoned. The waste of the old way is enormous, the principle is wrong—antiquated—unenlightened—found wanting.

Have you ever heard of anyone going back to stoves or hot-air furnaces, once they have tried this way? Any argument in that to you?

### WHY THIS MODERN HEATING IS AN INVESTMENT

The average life of a stove or a hot air furnace is about twelve years. While the stove or the hot-air furnace may not be entirely replaced, the repairs in that period often equal a large portion of the original cost.

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators cannot rust out, as they are made of the finest grade of new cast iron. Cast iron does not rust or corrode, as do sheet iron, steel, etc. All parts screw tightly into one another, and all are of the most substantial character. Ideal Boilers will therefore continue to give best results, and as long as the house shall stand. They are made on the unit or sectional plan—therefore can be increased or decreased in size if building or rooms are altered—(sixty-five per cent. of all buildings are remodeled.)

### STEAM OR HOT WATER ADDS TO THE REAL PROPERTY VALUE

If you equip your house with stoves or a hot-air furnace they do not add to your substantial building investment. Quite rightly, everyone regards such equipment as temporary,—certain to need replacing from time to time—losing investments. If you equip your building with an Ideal Boiler and American Radiators, their cost is added to the real permanent value of the property.

Everyone expects to allow the full price paid, or a higher rental. They are more valuable to the building than the veranda, bay-window or any other feature. So, too, the little larger first cost could be quickly made up by omitting the useless inner doors, extra chimneys, mantels, fancy lamps that are never lighted, books which are never read, vases which contain no flower, etc., etc. In fact, a steam or a water outfit is *the* one improvement which will prove a dividend-paying investment. These dividends will long continue—dividends in comfort, coal economy, family health protection, house-

hold cleanliness, convenience, safety—low insurance rates.

### COST OF A HEATING OUTFIT FOR ORDINARY SIZE HOUSES

The vast majority of houses cost between \$2,000 and \$5,000. A steam or hot water outfit of suitable size costs from nine per cent. to twelve per cent. of the total cost of the house. This only applies as a broad rule, some houses being so constructed with bay-windows, wings, etc., as to demand an unusual amount of piping and radiating. Then, too, freight charges, condition of labor market, method of piping, etc., may somewhat affect the costs.



The saving of but one ton of coal in a year will meet the interest upon \$100 and this sum will cover the difference in cost of a steam or water outfit as compared with a hot-air furnace for a good-sized house.

If one were to credit all benefits arising from use of steam and hot water to this cost difference, that amount would show dividend returns far greater than any other investment feature of the home. It is probably the only feature which in time repays its own cost—saves itself.

### WHY A MODERN HEATING OUTFIT IS DIVIDEND-PAYING

It should be easy to decide between buying old-fashioned heating methods, paying a high penalty for their troublesomeness, waste-fulness and short life, as compared with the durable, perfect heating by steam or water.

## THE CHEAPEST WAY TO WARM A HOUSE

Some cottagers commence by putting in a few radiators only (as in dining-room, living-room, bath-room and children's bed-room), and later adding others as they can afford them. That is sometimes a good plan, but if the owner lacks capital and feels withheld from purchasing outright, he should consider whether he is not justified, nay, cannot neglect an opportunity to borrow the additional sum required at the usual low bank interest, when he takes into account the great dividends which this heating investment will bring.

It is better to delay buying extra fine furnishings. Ideal Boilers and American Radiators should be made the very foundation-post of the home investment. The savings they effect will assist to pay for fine furnishings.

### COTTAGE HEATING

Ten years ago it was rare to find a residence costing less than \$15,000 having steam or a hot water heating outfit. But largely through the work of the American Radiator Company in bringing out a great variety of Ideal Boilers and American Radiators in smaller sizes, though equally complete, suitable in capacity and price for cottages, small stores, churches and schools, their use has wonderfully extended. Even three or four years ago few houses of less value than \$5,000 were equipped with steam or water; but as the public has rapidly come to learn of this greater living comfort, their use has extended into the \$2,500 cottages, and even today into the \$1,000 homes, and laborers' cottages of less value.

The rapidly increasing use of these outfits for all classes of buildings rests very largely on the investment features of their purchase, and on the present lower costs as compared with former years.

### FIRE RISK REDUCED AND INSURANCE MADE LOWER

The statistics of large cities show annual losses running into millions of dollars from defective stoves and hot air furnaces. The tin pipes from a hot air furnace not only obstruct the cellar, but they are also frail. The settling of the building often loosens their seams and joints, increasing the danger of fire.

The substantial character of Ideal-American steam and hot water outfits practically

removes all fire risks and not infrequently their use secures a lower insurance rate.

In heating with stoves, fires are kept up in several rooms with increased fire risk; whereas with this outfit one fire is confined in a tight iron firepot, having no connection with rooms above. As every inch of the fire surface is surrounded by water, there is no fire risk at all. That is why these outfits are used even to warm powder and dynamite factories, government forts, battleships, etc.

### AN AID TO BREAD-WINNERS

There's nothing so discomforting as a cold house. To rise, bathe, dress and breakfast in rooms of varying temperature—each just short, or away short, of being comfortable—means a poor start for the day's work, either to the loved ones who remain at home or, especially, to the family bread-winners.

An evening in a cold house, no matter how brightly lighted or richly furnished, is a sad climax to the day's efforts. Then, too, there are vacant chairs in a cheerless room—the genial, cozy warmth of "other places" often lure family members away from what should be the place of all places—*home*.

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators will assist to increase the earning capacity of the bread-winners; will yield them comfort, convenience and health protection; will assist to hold together "the family circle."

### CAPITAL SECURELY INVESTED IS MONEY PERMANENTLY SAVED

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators introduced into homes or buildings are permanent investments. They are quite indestructible, and will endure as long as the building stands. Their cost, therefore, is capital invested in lasting property. They enable the whole investment to command a larger rental, if the owner becomes a landlord—usually ten per cent. to fifteen per cent. increased rental. They enable the owner to secure a higher price for the whole property, if offered for sale. They enable the owner to raise a larger loan and more readily on property thus modernized.

Other and less reliable means for heating can be bought at a smaller first cost, but Ideal Boilers and American Radiators offer the only way to convert into an investment the money thus spent with the sure sanitary and economic advantages that follow.



IF every subscriber realized the scope of his own personal influence, I am sure there would be no hesitation in seizing every opportunity that presents itself to say a good word for his favorite magazine. While assuming that this favorite may be the National, even if it be some other, let me beseech you always to be ready to speak well of your favorite periodical. It deserves it; it does its best for you; why not give it the small return of appreciation. You have no idea how much this would mean; your championship might result in bringing to that periodical a contract for advertising which would be worth thousands of dollars—meaning thousands of improvements in the magazine; or your kindly remarks might bring in subscriptions that would remain as a solid asset for years to come; so don't fail to say a good word for your magazine.

If that periodical is the National, of course it would be especially gratifying to have that word spoken, or written to us that we may file it away in our Pleasure Book. At all events, let your words be spoken in season, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," as the wise Solomon said.

When you are speaking of the National, don't forget to let your friends know something about that wonderful book, "Heart Throbs," which is unquestionably one of the greatest books ever published. It cannot too strongly be urged that every subscriber should have a copy of "Heart Throbs," especially if there are children in the house, for it is an educative influence in the life of a child which cannot be over-estimated.

How well you remember those old books

"at home." Perhaps it was "The Treasure of Poetry," "The Fireside Cyclopedia of Poetry," or some other valuable collection of verses to which you always went when you wanted a recitation or apt quotation. "Heart Throbs" is a veritable "treasure trove" of old memories, for it contains the favorite selections of thousands of people, and that is why I feel that every subscriber to the National ought to own at least one copy of this unique work.

In response to many requests, it has been decided to autograph copies of the book when desired with all orders received after the first of January, for one month. In this volume the name of the owner of the book and a sentiment will be inscribed by the editor. Let's have your orders for the "Heart Throbs" book, and secure this offer. I expect to be kept busy autographing books for hundreds of good subscribers and "Heart Throbs" purchasers—to begin the new year that way. It will be a great pleasure, even if I wear out my best fountain pen in the service.

\* \* \*

AMONG the books of verse that have proved very popular as holiday gifts is "In Forest Land" by Douglas Malloch, widely known as "The Pine Tree Poet." Prosaic and practical as is the life of the average lumberman, in it there are always moments of leisure when he can read the poems of his favorite writer.

These verses have the sweet scent of the pine woods, the tingle and snap of the logging camp, and the rush and activity of the saw-mill.



## LET'S TALK IT OVER

It is one of those books which one delights to take up and read and re-read, enjoying free outdoor life while seated by the cozy fireside on a chilly winter's day. No vocation is so full of virile and picturesque interest as that of logging and lumbering, and this dainty book of poems will find its friends among all admirers of good verse.

\* \* \*

**A**MONG the interesting innovations introduced in the Navy Department are the recruiting methods established by the Bureau of Navigation, under Captain Wilson. The work has been singularly successful in increasing the number of recruits and reducing the expense of procuring them.

Mr. J. R. Cox is in immediate charge of the work, and no advertising expert managing a costly industrial campaign takes a more enthusiastic interest in his work. The campaign was begun about a year ago, when advertisements were placed in a large number of agricultural journals. The principal feature of the advertising scheme is an attractive booklet, "The Making of a Man-O'-Warsman," which describes the life afloat and ashore of the men of the United States navy. Looking at the experiences portrayed in this little book, it would seem that our naval service offers about as attractive and profitable a career as any government position can offer. This mode of recruiting promises to be infinitely more successful and lasting in its results than the old time "naval rendezvous," which are still in vogue in European countries.

The great charm of this book is its appeal to the romantic as well as the patriotic side of human nature, and many a great name is recalled—Paul Jones, Lawrence, Decatur, Perry, Farragut, Porter and Dewey; all immortal names in American history, and all products of the United States navy. Many a thrilling sentence that fell from the lips of a hero on some notable occasion, is here reproduced: "I have only begun to fight!"—"Don't give up the ship!"—"We have met the enemy and they are ours!"—"Damn the torpedoes; go ahead!"—and Dewey's, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," all were uttered on the deck of some American battleship.

The book deals also with the social side of a sailor's life, and tells of his leisure hours

spent in playing football, rowing matches, baseball, or it may be fencing and boxing. It tells of the little morning concerts during the breakfast hour, the dancing and the minstrel shows by the crew's own troupe—the American "Jack" has abundant variety of entertainment.

In addition to this, the book gives those solid facts that the hard-headed, dogged, young American wants to know before taking up a life-work or entering a business. In vivid colors, the opportunities of the navy are painted for any man who desires to ob-



MONUMENT ERECTED IN THE TWIN CITIES TO THE HONOR OF THE STUDENT SOLDIERS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

tain an experience that will be invaluable to him in any other life-work that he may later desire to undertake, though the great purpose of recruiting is to get hold of the "stayers," and it speaks well for the navy that the number of desertions is constantly diminishing.

The most attractive feature of the book is a practical suggestive analysis of the opportunities afforded to any man enlisting at eighteen, serving in the navy for thirty years, winning his promotion up to warrant officer, as he can and ought to do by paying attention to his work. If he is ordinarily economical and saves a fair proportion of his pay, he will be able to retire at forty-eight years of age with \$23,923 in cash, and on a pension, both of which would yield him an income of \$2,000 a year. In what career is

# Ideal Heating

Cheerful Winter evenings of cozy family comfort—hours so dear to the heart of wife and mother and restful to the bread-winner—are assured by our ways of Low Pressure Steam and Water heating with



## AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

High winds cannot arrest nor chilling frost offset their ample, gentle, and certain flow of warmth. Do you know that the more any room or rooms are exposed to the cold, the more Steam or Hot Water will automatically move in that direction? Every nook and corner is thus made livable—enjoyable. No ash-dirt,

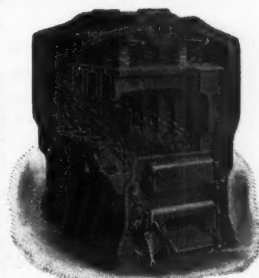
soot, and coal gases to vex the tidy housewife, as with stoves or hot-air furnaces—the needless tasks which make slavery for women.

Savings in labor, fuel, repairs, and the cleanliness in the use of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators (made in many sizes for cottages up to largest structures) make them paying investments—far beyond 3% on bank money.

If your coal bills are large and burly and you have scant comfort, why wait longer with five months' Winter ahead? OLD buildings can be newly fitted while the old heater stays in place and without disturbing occupants.

**ADVANTAGE 10:** Correctly proportioned circulation spaces inside of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are a scientifically planned feature. Heat is taken from fire instantly by the Steam or Water; and the free, unobstructed circulation insures rapid deliveries of warmth to the rooms—which means full value of fuel money.

Write for valuable heating books (free) telling of all the ADVANTAGES. Sales Offices and Warehouses in all large cities.



Note the thin water sheets surrounding the fire surfaces of IDEAL Boilers, which bring quick, sensitive, full heating value from every ounce of fuel burned.

DEPT. 18

### AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

CHICAGO

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

a young man sure of such results? If one out of a thousand young business men could have the certainty of half that sum annually at the age of forty-eight, and for the rest of his life, he would hasten to embrace that career.

This remarkable booklet is the product of Messrs. Street and Finney of New York, and does them honor. The drawings by Gibbs are effective, and were reproduced in the National for December. The Bureau of Navigation certainly ought to be congratulated upon the success of an innovation which is strictly in harmony with the business spirit of the age, and is effectively meeting the tendency to routine stagnation that had previously resulted from too closely following official precedents.

\* \* \*

ON the sluggish yellow waters of the Ohio River pass acres of coal boats. These great boats are locked together so that they are veritable coal fields; eight to ten feet deep of solid coal finding its way down to the industrial markets.

A trip down the Ohio River, from Pittsburgh, is certainly a revelation of the great industrial heart of the nation. On either side of the river, reflected in the water, were mighty furnaces belching forth lurid lights, and the twinkling electric lamps betokened activity by day and by night. No wonder that the people dwelling here understand the meaning and the stimulus of American industry.

When I arrived at Wheeling, West Virginia, the first thing I called for was a "stogie," and my next thought was of Senator N. B. Scott, for he is the most famous man in that locality. In him West Virginia has a devoted son who is always especially eloquent over its wonderful growth and development. He calls attention to the fact that manufacturers, mine owners and laboring men are all alike prosperous. When there was some talk of a revision of the tariff, the Republicans of West Virginia were well content with existing rates, and so were the Democrats.

The development of the great coal industry of West Virginia, the senator believes, is but in its infancy. Lands which twenty years ago could not find purchasers at two dollars and a half per acre, today are worth one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. This indi-

cates something of the tremendous fortunes which have been made, and in this same ratio is the advance of other values; if things continue to rush along as they are doing in West Virginia, there will be figures in the future that will make even the profits of the Standard Oil Company look trivial. Such facts as are to be found in the history of Wheeling make one pause to consider that amid all the wonderment caused by the profits of industrial operations, there are few people who realize the tremendous multiplication of land value—how it doubles and trebles until certain land is worth four times what it was a few years previous.

\* \* \*

The senator came to Wheeling after the war, a young man full of vigor and enterprise, and has since become prominently identified with the development of the industries of the state.

Senator Scott was born in Ohio, and recently he attended the old home week exercises in his native place. He referred to the days in the old country school house in a way that was indeed touching. He began life as a clerk in a country store, slept under the counter, and in the meantime dreamed of the great things that he would do when he started out into the world.

Standing on the street car in Wheeling, one can readily see that, owing to the way in which the boundary lines on either side of the river curtail the actual limits of the city, the magnitude of Wheeling as an industrial center is scarcely done justice to in the records of the United States census.

Wheeling was the head of the famous national turnpike to Washington. Here Henry Clay came on his way home to Kentucky, and on his way to Washington. Here Elizabeth Zane carried powder in her apron to help in the fight against the Indians; for in those early days there were savage conflicts.

In the center of the river at this point is a large island, which is also an important port for Wheeling. Near-by is located historic Fort Henry. What interested me most were the iron and steel plants which it is said have made more wealthy men in Wheeling today than can be met with in any other town of its size in the country. Many of these men began as mill workers, and through their own thrift and energy, given the oppor-

# Steinway Pianos



WHEN purchasing a piano, no matter what consideration may be paramount, it is invariably best to buy a Steinway, for no other piano stands for the same high standard of piano construction.

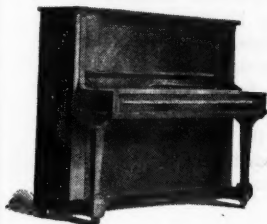
If it is a question of quality and permanency of tone, of superior materials and workmanship, of proven durability—then the recorded judgment of the world's most eminent musical and scientific experts declares the Steinway the Standard of the World.

If it is a question of price—then, all things considered, the Steinway is the greatest piano value for the money paid, for experience has proven that a Steinway Piano depreciates less both in intrinsic and market value than any other make

For visible, tangible proof of Steinway primacy, examine a Miniature Grand at \$800, or a Vertegrand at \$550 in ebonized cases.

Each piano the criterion of its class.

VERTEGRAND  
PRICE \$550



*Steinway Pianos can be purchased from any authorized Steinway Dealer at New York prices, with transportation cost added. Illustrated catalogue and booklet, "The Triumph of the Vertegrand," sent on request and mention of this Magazine.*

**STEINWAY & SONS**

Steinway Hall

107 and 109 East 14th St., New York

MINIATURE GRAND  
PRICE \$800



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## LET'S TALK IT OVER

tunity to advance, they have acquired a competence.

The Wheelingites have a river of historic interest. The old levee, which was the scene of great activity in the river days, has a touch of the picturesque romance of the river towns of yore.

\* \* \*

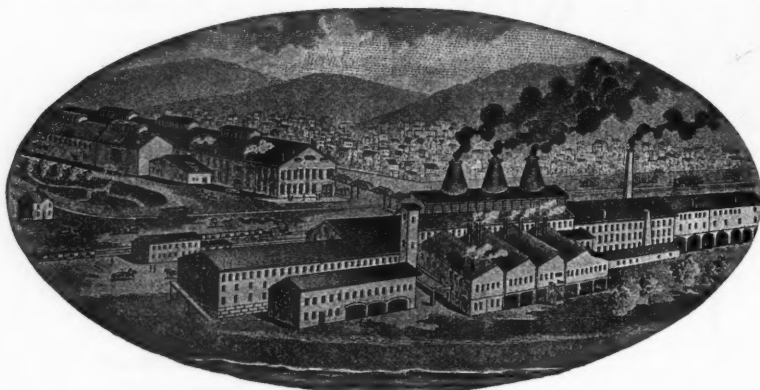
At the handsome McLure House I began to understand why so many traveling men pronounce Wheeling the best place for headquarters. The handsome post office in the city is regarded as one of the monuments to the enterprise of Senator Scott.

The visit to the glass works, in which Sena-

that he worked for the senator thirty years ago. The Dollar Savings Bank which Senator Scott established twenty years ago with \$30,000 capital stock, now carries deposits of four or five million, which is an index to the thrift and prosperity of West Virginia workmen.

The great pottery interests in Wheeling have found a world-wide market. Here, too, is the home of the famous Mail Pouch tobacco—you have seen the sign. Here is also a large wool warehouse which handles millions of pounds of wool.

West Virginia, with its rich and unparalleled resources, has proven a great revelation.



CENTRAL GLASS WORKS AT WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

tor Scott is interested, was a great pleasure. Here glass tumblers of all sizes are manufactured, and it was entertaining to stop and see the senator, in his attentive, quizzical way, pause to note the working of an invention recently made by him. Some of the embossing of the glass is done with acids, the designs being automatically placed upon the glass by machinery, but a great deal of fine cut glass is also manufactured.

It was his efforts to secure a bridge from one of his factories to the other that occasioned the entrance of Senator Scott into politics. He was first elected to the city council, and from that steadily won his way until he was honored with the highest office within the gift of West Virginia. There every man, woman and child seemed to know him, and even the street car men all had a word of greeting for the senator. One of the car men insisted

Its mountains are filled with rich bituminous coal, which is shot down direct from the different levels into tipples on the river. There seems to be no limit to the future wealth and development of this new state.

\* \* \*

The state was the Whig section of the Old Dominion state and enjoys the distinction of being about the only commonwealth in the Union without state debt, and the resourceful, self-reliant initiative of the people is indicated by their grip on every proposition that comes along. Not so long ago, almost all wrought iron nails used in this country came from Wheeling, and expensive machinery was used in the manufacture. But, in the twinkling of an eye, wire nails superseded the chief product of the city, and thousands and thousands of

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## OPEN A SAVINGS BANK IN YOUR OWN HOME

Deposits Made Daily Interest Begins Monthly  
Dividends Paid Yearly



Size of Bank, 4x3x2½ inches

### THIS "HOUSEHOLD" BANK MAKES YOU SAVE MONEY

AND TEACHES THE HELPFUL HABIT OF SAVING  
**MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED**

A "Household" bank kept in your home is equivalent to having your city bank open a branch bank in your household.

Drop your pennies, nickels and dimes into this bank; once a month deposit the contents in your city bank where it draws interest; keep on doing this, and before you know it your savings and the interest will amount to money enough

**TO PAY FOR YOUR BOY'S EDUCATION,  
TO BUY A PIANO FOR YOUR GIRL,  
TO LIFT A MORTGAGE FROM THE HOME,  
TO PROVIDE FOR OTHER FAMILY NEEDS.**

**"DIME SAVERS ARE DOLLAR DEPOSITORS"**

A certain boy wanted a book, skates and a sweater; his sister wished to take music lessons and a magazine. Everyone in the home dropped pennies, nickels and dimes into the bank, and in a month there was money enough in it to pay for all. No one had missed the money.

### THE BANK SAVES MONEY AND YOU DON'T MISS IT

These banks are made of finest steel and drawn into shape from a solid piece. Beautifully finished in oxidized copper. Admits paper money and all size coins. A perfect safety lock. A Yale-style key with each bank.

**Sent Postpaid, One Dollar Each**

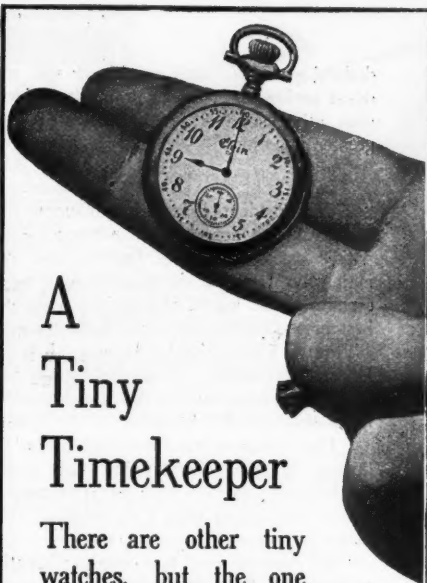
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WORCESTER, MASS., U.S.A.

Agents, our offer will interest you—write.

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## A Tiny Timekeeper

There are other tiny watches, but the one worthy to bear the name which always and everywhere stands for reliability and excellence must be a *timekeeper*. This dainty little watch is called the

## Lady Elgin

It is in every respect a true Elgin—made as small as consistent with Elgin perfection. The smallest watch made in America—the illustration shows its actual size. Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed—all jewelers have them. Send for "The Watch," a story of the time of day.

**Elgin National Watch Co.,  
Elgin, Ill.**

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

dollars' worth of costly machinery was rendered useless, but it was promptly replaced with other suitable for industries of even greater magnitude.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Prudential Insurance Company of America has changed to a non-participating basis because it believes that the man who buys life insurance today wants a policy at the lowest possible cost, with the best protection that money will purchase."

Former United States Senator, John F. Dryden, president of The Prudential, thus stated the reasons for The Prudential's change in its plan of doing business.

"The Company has taken this course believing that the general public now prefers low life insurance rates with liberal guarantees, rather than higher rates with estimated dividends.

"We believe our new non-participating policy meets these demands, and that it will be found equal to, if not better, than any other policy now offered to the public. It is issued in amounts from \$1,000 up, and contains the entire contract, everything in the policy being guaranteed. It is a great success.

"In the Prudential's office and field administration," President Dryden continued, "many important improvements have been introduced, the effect of which will be to further reduce the expense-rate and bring about economies in management in other directions. This is in strict conformity with the Company's established plan for many years, each succeeding year indicating progress and success, as measured by the most rigid standard of sound economy.

"During 1906, The Prudential's general expense-rate, exclusive of taxes, was the lowest in the Company's history, the reduction being nearly three per cent. of the premium income.

"The Prudential has the well-earned reputation of thorough familiarity with every detail of office and field administration, and its complex business, financial, actuarial, medical and other expense now extends over more than three decades. Every precaution is employed to safe-guard the interests of policy-holders against the admission of inferior risks, and the question of quality alone determines the business policy of the Company.

"The Prudential has now over 7,000,000 policies in force, and its new low-cost, non-

participating policy is one of the best selling policies The Prudential has ever issued. Prudential agents all over the country are handling the new policy with great success, and reporting big business.

"In a table just published, the Prudential compares its new low rates with the average rates of one hundred and two life insurance companies of the world. The comparison is exceedingly instructive, and graphically



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UNITED STATES EXPRESS COMPANY BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

emphasizes the assertion that the new rates of The Prudential are the lowest, consistent with liberality and safety, offered to the public by any company of corresponding size, importance and responsibility in either the United States or Europe.

"A specimen of the new policy will be sent,

# IVER JOHNSON

## SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

In these days of stress, men do things that they would never do in normal times. Guard against marauders by having a good but a safe revolver.

The things you can do to an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver without discharging it would keep you busy all day. The one thing you can't do to it is—fire it in any other way whatever than by pulling the trigger.

Handsome in appearance, made in many styles—like a rifle for accuracy—hard-hitting and speedy—but always safe to handle.

Send for "Shots," a booklet about absolutely safe revolvers, and our illustrated catalogue of superior firearms

### Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32-38 center-fire cartridge **\$6**

### Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center-fire cartridge **\$7**

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 188 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.**

NEW YORK: 99 Chambers Street.

SAN FRANCISCO: P. B. Beckett Co., 717 Market St.

HAMBURG, GERMANY: Pickhuben 4.

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Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles



**Hammer the Hammer**

## Financial Possibilities in the Navy

A RETIRED INCOME OF \$2,000 A YEAR  
AT 50 YEARS OF AGE, WITH NO MORE  
ACTIVE DUTY! THIS IS POSSIBLE IN

### The U. S. Navy

if a man enters at 20 or younger and serves faithfully for 30 years—and most of us expect to keep steadily employed for that length of time.

WRITE FOR A BOOKLET explaining how this may be done and still live comfortably in the meantime.

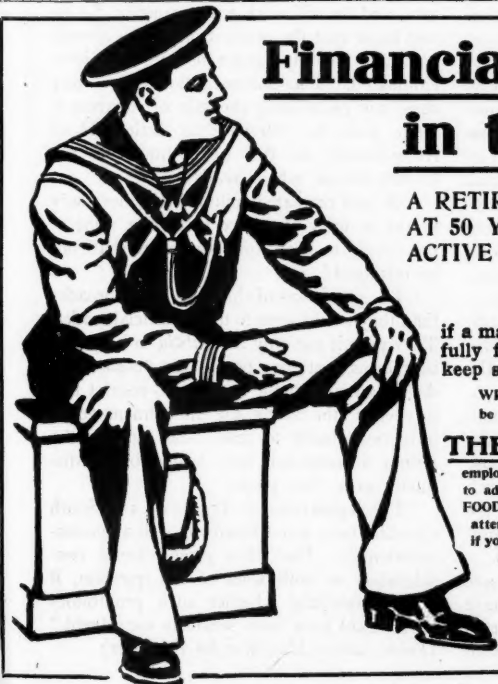
**THE NAVY** offers better opportunities today than ever before. You are sure of steady employment so long as you are worthy; are given a chance to advance steadily, are furnished with GOOD NOURISHING FOOD and SANITARY QUARTERS; are given the best of attention if sick; are pensioned if permanently disabled, and if you remain 30 years are RETIRED on THREE-QUARTERS PAY and GENEROUS ALLOWANCES.

Address for Full Particulars:

BUREAU OF NAVIGATION, Box 37

Navy Department

WASHINGTON, D. C.



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## LET'S TALK IT OVER

free of cost, to any person sending age and occupation to The Prudential, Newark, N. J., and we believe that upon comparison it will be found there is no policy in the world equal to the new policy of The Prudential."

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IN all the years of the National Magazine's history, there have been only two instances in which the editorial department has suffered imposition from spurious story writers. "The Voice of the Conscience," published in our October issue, as has been pointed out to us, is clearly taken from a story published by McClure's Magazine in 1894, and we feel that it is only justice to our readers, as well as to McClure's Magazine, than an announcement be made of this imposition.

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THE prohibition, through legislative enactment, of the sale of firearms in Tennessee, South Carolina and other Southern states, has aroused widespread discussion as to the constitutionality of state laws of this character. Fred I. Johnson of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, in presenting the situation from the viewpoint of the manufacturer, says:

"The movement by the legislatures of certain states to prohibit the sale of firearms within those states is, beyond doubt, unconstitutional; it is detrimental to the business interests of the states in question, without in any way restricting the quantity of firearms purchased and in use; it is intended to deprive those who live in rural districts where police protection is inadequate, or wholly lacking, of the means to protect themselves, their families, and their property; it is a hardship to an excellent class of merchants, for, while the law proscribes the sale of firearms by hundreds of hardware stores in the states affected, it does not prevent their citizens from buying such arms elsewhere, and the money thus expended goes, not into the coffers of the local merchant, but into those of great business houses in other states. Such a result is demoralizing to the trade of the state in question, and to the firearms manufacturing industry as well.

'It cannot be denied that firearms have been misused in many instances, and have caused no little loss of life. The same is true, however, of many utilities with which

civilization could ill afford to dispense. The trolley car, the railway, the passenger elevator, the steamship, the automobile, and other modern devices cost thousands of lives annually, yet what sane legislator would introduce a measure prohibiting the use of any one of these? In its own field of usefulness the small arm is fully as beneficial as any of them, and exacts a much smaller toll in human life.

"The police force is an excellent institution, if only for the moral influence it exerts. In how many communities, however, is the police force inadequate! How many communities are there with no police force at all? And even in those communities enjoying the best police protection obtainable, how many instances are on record in which the police have arrived in time to *prevent* a robbery, instead of after the robber had fled? It is not the police that the housebreaker fears, but the defensive weapon of the citizen whose house he enters with criminal intent. Let the housebreaker and the second-story man feel assured that the houseowner is prohibited by law from purchasing or having in his possession a revolver or other small-arm, and he will work with impunity, for he will know that the greatest danger to himself—in fact, the only danger he fears—has been eliminated. The unconstitutionality of any state law prohibiting the sale of firearms is made plain by reference to Article II of Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which reads:

"A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

"The provisions of this section are broader than they would seem to the superficial reader. They permit not only the *militia* to keep and bear arms, but they permit the *people* so to do. Had it been the purpose to restrict this privilege to the militia, the Amendment would have been made to read, 'the right of the *militia* to keep and bear arms;' but it distinctly says, '*the people*.'

"The legislatures of Tennessee and South Carolina have acted hastily as well as unconstitutionally. Had they given careful consideration to both sides of the question, it is very doubtful whether such prohibitory laws would have been seriously considered." (From Success Magazine for December)